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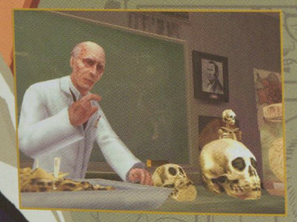
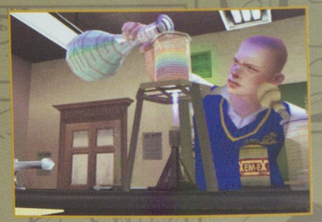

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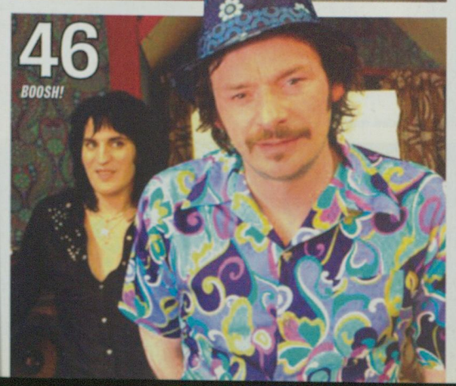
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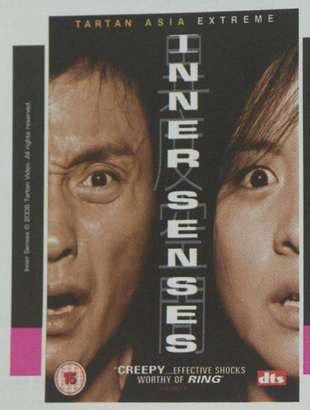

INNER SENSES
A young woman who is plagued by visions of ghosts eventually seeks the help of a psychiatrist – Jim, who helps her realise that they are simply manifestations of her own repressed psyche. The film's star, Leslie Cheung was one of Asia's biggest stars before his suicide just a year after completing this film.
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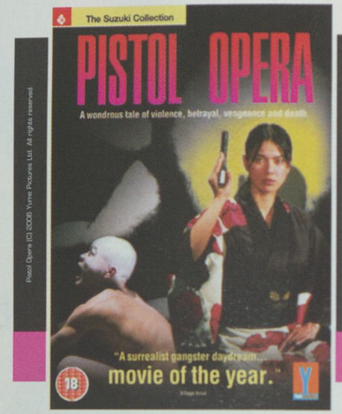

PISTOL OPERA
Highly stylised action film by cult Japanese director Seijun Suzuki, made as a remake-cum-sequel to his 1967 gangster film Branded to Kill. Makiko Esumi stars as Miyuki 'Stray Cat' Minazuki, a beautiful female assassin who is branded number three in the hierarchy of professional killers - all of whom are trying to kill their opponents and be No.1.
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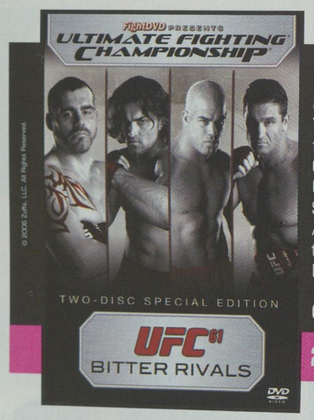

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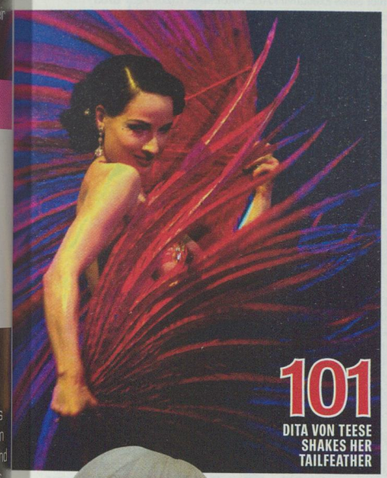

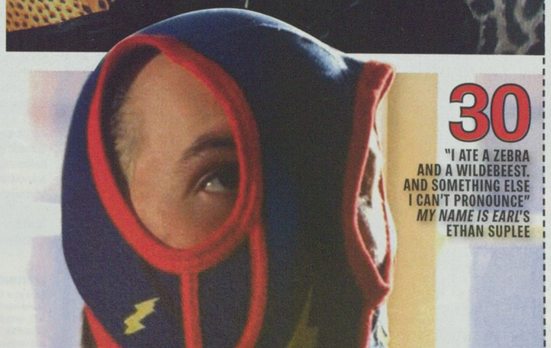

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EDITOR'S LETTER

TV NIGHTMARES

I had the weirdest dream last night. There was this beauty salon, and two of the women working there were former male child prodigy Lauren Harries and glamour model Michelle Marsh, and they were having a shouting match with each other, while in the room next door, Danny from Hear'Say was waxing some poor lady's pubic region into the shape of a heart.

Oh no, sorry – it wasn't a dream, it was on Channel Five's reality show *Trust Me, I'm A Beauty Therapist*.

This is where we are in 2006, folks. It's nuts. So nuts that we decided to do a TV special and in no time at all had our entire features section filled with the stuff. Other than our report on insane reality television **(p56)**, there's an interview with *The Mighty Boosh*, the most surreal comedy duo on the box **(p46)**, a chat with that strange man who lets parasites grow inside of himself **(p52)**, a great feature on the madness of obsessive *Lost* fans **(p66)**, and loads more.

This is a great time for bizarre TV, and on the big screen, too – we have an expanded reviews section at the back this issue to accommodate all the great films coming out in the cinema this month (involving sex, monsters, magic and murder), a story about the film director taking on his critics by beating them up **(p20)**, and *My Name Is Earl* star Ethan Suplee on eating the jowels of a pitbull **(p30)**.

I said earlier that our entire features section was devoted to television. That was a lie. We could have asked our outstanding covergirl, Amsterdam's fetish queen Ancilla Tilia, about TV, in the name of some tenuous link, but seeing as she had more interesting things to say about S&M and ball-gags, we thought better of it. Anyway, it's business as usual next issue – see **p128** for a teaser.

See you later alligator(s).

FIVE

Last month, Kirsty Money of Norwich caught our shifty Picture Editor hanging around some corpse on p90, most probably interfering with it in some way. Well done. It seems you all think this is too easy, so let's just see how many of you can find him this time. It's our best effort yet. Come on, if you really want to win some useless junk from our office that is of no use to anybody, delve deep. Email "I love you, Thomas Broadbent", to bizarre@dennis.co.uk, and include your address.

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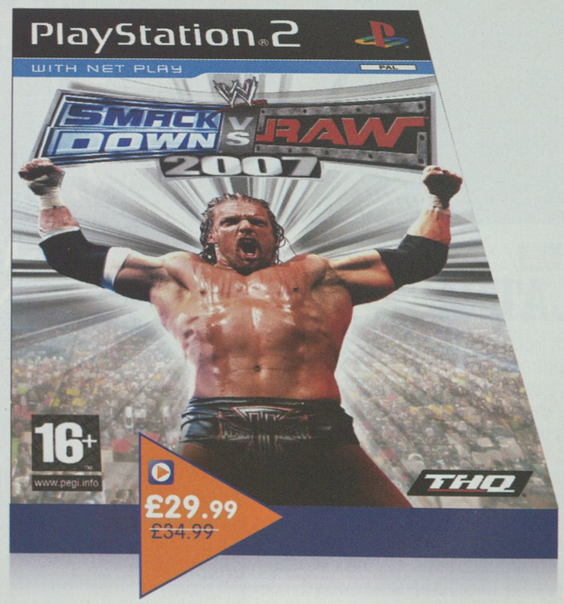

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USA

FLATPACK DAD

Spare a thought for six-year-old Ashton Gardner from Ellsworth, Maine. His father, Troy, is a serviceman currently stationed in Iraq, where over 2,000 US soliders have already been killed and a further 15,000 injured. And aside from living with the daily fear that his daddy may die in a dusty ditch for a frankly questionable cause, the poor kid doesn't have anyone to teach him how to play football or ride a bike. So what did the Maine National Guard do to help? They made Ashton part of the Flat Daddy programme, where cardboard cut-outs of deployed servicemen are given to their families (actually, all they do is enlarge the photos, and it's up to the families to cut them out). Still, Ashton's mother is pleased: "We put Troy's cut-out on the living room couch sometimes, and we bring him out with us. It's good because we kind of feel as if he's here."

LINDA COAN O'KRESIK/NY TIMES SYNDICATE

UK

MOLE BUNTING

Life isn't easy for your average mole hunter. Aside from dodging animal-rights protesters and breaking the hearts of children weaned on *The Wind In The Willows*, as the burrowing beasts live underground it's hard for exterminators to prove they've done a day's work and haven't just been getting stoned under a tree all afternoon. So when a local mole hunter in Eals, near Brampton in Northumberland, came to the end of an epic slaughter session, he simply hung the bodies of his velvety victims on a strip of barbed wire to prove how industrious he'd been.

Ironically, in this pose it looks like a little mole angel winging its way to heaven. Bless

PHIL KIRKWOOD

CZECH REPUBLIC

GOLDEN SHOWER

When controversial Czech artist David Cerny – the man behind such memorable works as a pickled Saddam Hussein in a tank of formaldehyde, and a statue of two bronze men proudly pissing at each other – was commissioned to produce a sculpture for Prague's National Theatre, he decided that a giant golden man clutching his penis with both hands would be an appropriate image. Even better, a powerful jet of steam was to erupt from the sculpture's colossal cock at random intervals, presumably to surprise blasé passers-by unmoved by the sight of a giant man wanking in public, hunched over in onanistic ecstasy. Sadly, the sculpture wasn't installed in May 2003 as planned as it was only weeks before the Czech referendum about joining the EU, and the theatre managers feared they'd lose their jobs if Cerny's installation went ahead. Anyway, here's what it would've looked like...

DAVID CERNY

CHINA

BEAR ON A MOTORCYCLE

Thank goodness for China. Not only has the emerging world power given us a horned octogenarian this month (see p16), but it's also the home of a bear riding a motorcycle along a high wire, with a stern-faced woman dangling underneath. Honestly, the only way this could be any better would be if Mr Bear had a fag on the go. Apparently, this display of bestial ingenuity was unveiled during the annual Animal Games at a Nanjing wildlife park, in eastern China's Jiangsu province. Whether or not the RSPCA know about it is another matter entirely.

EYEPRESS/AP/EMPICS

ECUADOR

BURNING MAN

When Mario Quishpe was allegedly caught stealing from a store in Pelileo Grande, Ecuador, in October this year, enraged locals stripped him to his underpants, tied him to a huge concrete cross in the village square and set him on fire. They didn't even have the decency to take his socks off. Fortunately, a passing parish priest was able to push through the baying mob and douse the flames, shortly before Quishpe was whisked off to hospital by police to have his burns treated. Where the cops were when the screaming man was lashed to the cross in broad daylight and doused in lighter fluid is anyone's guess.

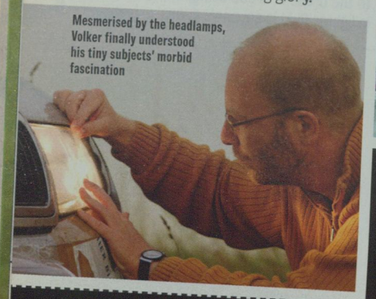
WILSON PINTO/AP/EMPICS

GERMANY

BUG KILLER

What's the last thing that goes through a fly's mind when it hits your windscreen? If you said "its arse", you'd be wrong – and German photographer Volker Steger has the snaps to prove it. Fascinated by the pasty muck left by flies, mosquitos and moths on his car after long journeys in the country, Volker covered his headlamps in clear, microscope-friendly plastic, then magnified the images to see what the unfortunate critters looked like at the moment of impact. And here they are in all their break-dancing glory.

VOLKER STEGER/SCIENCE PHOTO LIBRARY



Mesmerised by the headlamps, Volker finally understood his tiny subjects' morbid fascination

CHINA

ME SO HORNY

Having reached the ripe old age of 80, this unfortunate gentleman from Zhengzhou City in China's Henan Province could have expected all sorts of age-related ailments, from Alzheimer's and arthritis to heart disease and a prostate the size of a weather balloon. Instead, some sort of crusty devil's horn has grown on the side of his head, which doctors attribute to "a kind of dermatosis". Still, when he gets home after a hard day being mercilessly teased by local youths, at least he has somewhere to hang his coat.

WANG ZI/CHINA FOTOPRESS/MAXPPP

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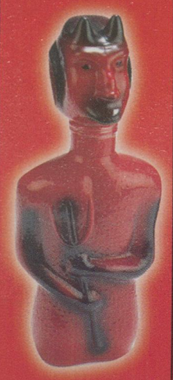

I saw the article (*Bizarre* 117) about the 20-year-old embalmer who's going into the full funeral business, and I thought I might as well email to say I'm 15, and I'm going to take a funeral-directing diploma next year, after my GCSEs.

I did work experience with a firm, and really enjoyed it. I had originally wanted to be an embalmer, but the rest of the business was so interesting that I changed my career aspiration. All aspects of funerals and funeral-directing are so interesting, and rewarding to boot. I'd say more young people should get into the trade, but I'd rather have more business to myself than none at all, so I won't encourage people.

Death, in my opinion, is one of the last 'true' taboos: children are deemed as 'too young' to understand the concept, or go to funerals; adults skirt around the issue and use watered-down phrases like 'passed away' and whatnot. Death is death. Death used to be accepted as just another part of life, and that's what it is. There's no use sugar-coating it: you just set people up to be hurt when they have to face the reality.

Anyway, yes, that's my ten-penneth or however the phrase goes.
Have a nice day.
Nia, by email

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GOREGRIND

As readers of your magazine we were shocked to see the goregrind album review you have on p103 of *Bizarre* 117 actually featured our (Vomit Slit) demo cover and our band photo (that's us above).

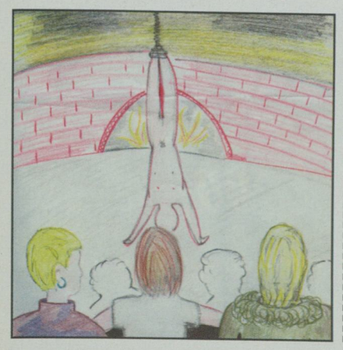
At first we were happy our gore-loving, porn-addicted personalities and music made it into your magazine, although this quickly turned to horror as it wasn't for our own glorious exploits, but for some other less witty band. As compensation, any chance we can have some porn, that release that was using our pictures or even a feature – ha ha!
Thanks for your time.
Marek – Intestinal Destruction & Bile
Spewage of Vomit Slit, by email

Many apologies for this unforgivable error. The last thing we want to do is upset a band called Vomit Slit. But seeing as we don't part with porn lightly, I'd direct our readers who may like listening to tracks such as 'Menstrual Nourishment', 'Zombie Semen Stench' or 'Anal Babies' to Myspace.com/vomitslit for all their goregrind needs. Keep up the sick work, lads.

NICE TO EAT YOU

I once wrote you a letter, which you printed titled 'Eat Me' (*Bizarre* 108, Star Letter). If only that was true. This fantasy still rules my life very much. I know it will never come true, but I wish it would with all my heart. I'm trying to build up the courage to have a roleplay, possibly in the Glasgow Dungeon. I want to be examined and prodded, with a lady talking about executing me and describing how I'll be cooked, what I taste like and who'll eat me. Would you please print my picture where I'm ready to be slaughtered and cooked and eaten by people in mohair jumpers? I've been on the internet looking at cannibal fantasies.

I like your magazine better because I like pictures more than words. I pick people I'd like to be eaten by. For me, it's something I've lived with for 30 years. I dream of being in the warm belly of my benefactor as she carries on with life knowing I've been put in my place – a real honour. Please, Denise, print my picture with any wording you feel fit. Keep up the cannibal stories.
Willing Victim, Tyneside



BULL BOTHERER

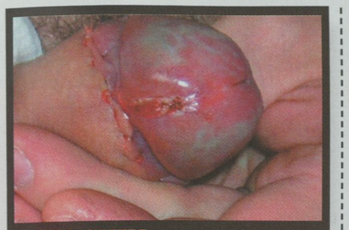
I have a question, which only you can answer. When I was a child I was raised on a farm. At 15, my father asked me to assist him with the artificial insemination of one of the prize cows. Far from finding this experience repulsive, I was aroused by it.

This feeling grew as I got older and subsequently I've 'touched' cows on a number of occasions – never having full penetrative sex, but inserting my hand up to the elbow.

I realise this is immoral and undoubtedly unhygienic, but I can't stop myself. I've tried not to act on my desire and have watched all manner of fisting videos and animal porn – but I'm at the mercy of my hormones. My question is this: I'm attracted to all bovines, both cows and bulls. Last week I 'touched' a bull. Does this make me gay?
Dillon, Hertfordshire

All this and you're worried you might be gay? Right then. A quick search on the internet unearthed a multitude of gay bestiality sites with men and their 'furry lovers', all of whom are obviously male. But as my expertise in this area is nil I contacted Professor Colin Williams, co-author of Zoophilia In Men: A Study Of Sexual Interest In Animals, *who said: "Though some persons attracted to animals may have a preference for males or females, this has nothing to do with being 'gay' or 'straight', which are simply identity labels chosen to signify one's attraction to a human being of the same or other sex respectively."*

Either way, this sort of activity is not to be advised. Or recommended. Obviously.



GORESKIN

I just bought your new mag and saw a pic of some guy who shredded his tadger on a barbed-wire fence. I didn't realise you could show that stuff so I've never sent the pics of my own circumcision before!

There were about 40 stitches to close the skin up and I had to remove half myself as they didn't dissolve the way they should have. Your mag is awesome!
Mike, Plymouth

HEAVY METAL

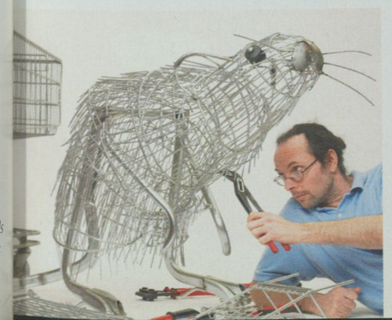
Kudos to you all, but especially James Doorne for his article on Ptolemy Elrington in *Bizarre* 116 (Shopping Trolley Sculptures). I found the article interesting and the work impressive, but in many ways like a loving Hobbit: too short and sweet. I felt like I'd just had a fantastic starter and was waiting for the main course that never came. I'd had the foreplay but not the sex.

I was hoping your magazine might be featuring the fascistic 'stabiles', to use the art-terminology of Mr Elrington again, having seen more of the artist's work on that thing I'm told is called the internet. I myself studied art at one of the Colleges of St Martin's, wire being my speciality, so at the risk of sounding like an arrogantly pompous SOB I think I can appreciate the skill involved in making such creations more than most.

Wire is a bitch of a material to use, but ultimately satisfying as well. As well as buying it in the shops you get into the habit of salvaging it; old electronics equipment, beer cans cut to ribbons, scrapped fence wire, electronics in domestic and industrial skips alike. A typical salvage mission consisted of a gang of us dressed like black ninjas and keeping to the shadows to avoid arrest; think of that scene in *Fight Club* where Pitt and Norton are stealing women's fat and you're quite close to the mark.

(I personally made Cristina Scabbia of Italian metal band Lucana Coil the wire rose she was photographed with in *Kerrang!* magazine; I hope to God she never finds out where the wire came from!)

The point I'm making is this: You make do with what you have, learn the materials and their characteristics, and go from there, trying to identify and utilise more resources as you go. However, using shopping trolleys from canals and the like to make animal-stabiles? Fucking genius! Genius! As a joke, my friend, who set up my Myspace page for me, called it Myspace.com/chubbsgodofwire, though in comparison with Mr Elrington my stabiles are nought and I'm but a wire worm; I'd very much like to send him an email of congratulations – please do pass my details to him.
RD 'Chubbs' Stevenson, by email



HYPNO-SHIT

I'm writing with regards to a story written in Issue 116, 'The Hypnotised Spy'.

WHAT UTTER BULLSHIT. Some people ARE more easily hypnotised than others, but in an hypnotic state they DO NOT obey commands or suggestions that would make them behave in a manner they'd normally regard as dangerous or improper to the point it would cause harm to themselves or others.

So, Jessica Wilcox (aka Candy Jones) was obviously mentally sick and deranged to do the things she did. She obviously didn't know the difference between wrong and right. It's wrong to assume people can be hypnotised into such crimes as murder and spying for the CIA. It puts the reputation of harmless hypnotists such as Paul McKenna under scrutiny and unfounded publicity.

Human behaviour may be controlled by hypnotism, but natural human instinct cannot. Please can I have a 'syringe pen'? I'm an avid reader of your FAB mag and never miss an issue.
I NEVER WIN ANYTHING.
Puss2211, by email

WORRYING US THIS MONTH

DI-SOLVED

Lady Diana went to the US in 1996 to see the Clintons and was put under surveillance by the CIA. She was heard talking about Ed Kennedy, whom she thought gay, and John Kennedy Junior, whom she thought sad. Suzan Goldberg, CIA advisor to Senator Kennedy, manufactured a photo of JFK Junior having sex with Kennedy, a homo in love with his 'son's' nephew, asked Hillary Clinton for advice, and Suzan's husband said he suggested killing Lady Diana.

There were no paparazzi following the car. A motorcycle rider shone a bright light in the driver's face while he swerved to avoid a small car, and crashed. The tabloid public were allowed to believe the paparazzi caused the crash. Senator Ed Kennedy, Hillary Clinton and Suzan Goldberg had her murdered through CIA or police out of jealousy and envy. Ed Kennedy, Hillary Clinton and Suzan Goldberg had Lady Diana killed because they claim she was threatening JFK Junior, and she had criminologist interests.
Name and address not supplied

iSMELL

Why is it in this day and age, we can record sound, video, pictures, even clone animals but there's still no device to which I can record a smell.

Back in *Bizarre* 116, there's an article about a Japanese professor who's practically recreated himself in a robot. I feel if people have the ability to do this why not build something worth having, like a smell player.

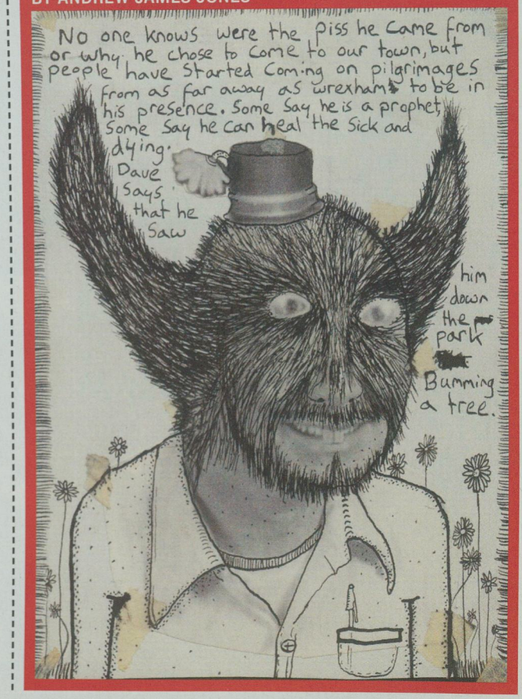
If you really hated public toilets, say, you could just insert your 'smell-phones' into your nostrils and excrete to your heart's content.

Or you could maybe use it in self-defence. Record the smell of something completely vile so the next time some overexcited Brian Peppers wannabe decides he likes you, you can just hold your nose and blast the smell up to max and run for your life.
Toby Aird, Herts

Yes, if we had such a machine we would put all Bizarre-related duties on hold and work day and night to recreate our favourite odours, such as decaying meat and the sweat between Lauren Harries' toes. Thank God for the smartypants engineers at the Tokyo Institute of Technology, who've developed the Smellophone. It's a mobile that can pick up any scent, analyse it and 'play' it back by recording the smell onto 15 microchips that define the odour. It then recreates it from a combination of 96 non-toxic chemicals that form a gas. The device has successfully recorded and reproduced the smell of bananas, melons, lemons and oranges. We think they're still working on poo, though.

LEAD

BY ANDREW JAMES JONES



WWW.STOLENIDEAS.COM

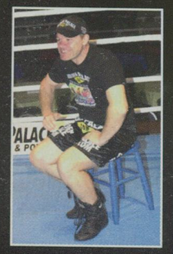
MONDO BIZARRO

Our planet is sick... here's this month's health report

CANADA

Boll Buster

FILM DIRECTOR (AND EX-BOXER) BEATS UP CRITICS FOR SLATING HIS MOVIES



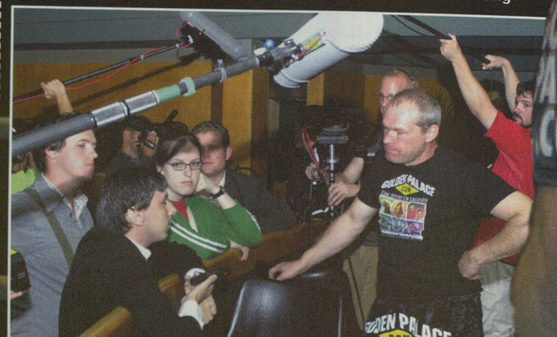
Uwe 'Raging' Boll flew five commentators who criticised his films to Canada, at his own expense, so he could mash their faces in the ring

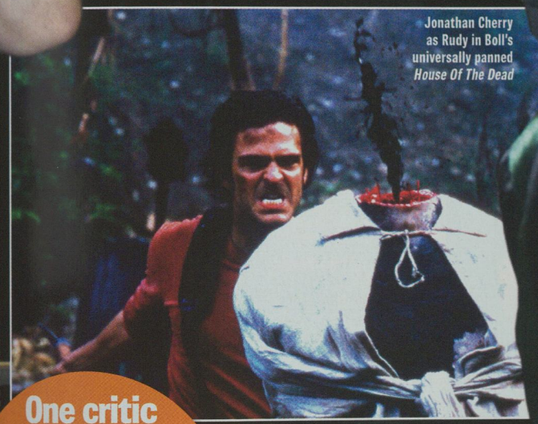
It's the evening of 23 September at the Plaza of Nations, an outdoor arena in Vancouver, Canada. In one corner of the boxing ring stands German-born filmmaker Uwe Boll, notorious for directing such widely panned videogame adaptations as *Alone In The Dark* and *BloodRayne*. In the opposite corner stands Something Awful website owner Richard 'Lowtax' Kyanka. Ladies and gentlemen… Let's get ready to RUUUUUUMMMMMBBBLLLE!

Boll doesn't like the fact his work has been the subject of such widespread abuse. Here, cheered on by a paying crowd of 600 and a group of minor celebrities, he's finally answering the challenge he sent out to his critics several months ago; the furious German was willing to fly five of his haters to Vancouver – where he's shooting his new movie, *Postal* – put them up in a five-star hotel, and then smash them in the face repeatedly within the confines of a boxing ring. Four signed up for the Deutschland Destroyer's deal, while a Spanish web writer was convincingly crushed in his native country during the first week of September (why he never opted for the free trip we have no idea).

"One of the reasons I did this competition is because people were writing the same stuff about *BloodRayne* as *Alone In The Dark*," complains Boll to *Bizarre* prior to his fights. "They said there was no progress between the two movies. This was disappointing for me, because there most obviously was progress. *BloodRayne* is much better, but people go over the top – they like to say it's trashy and amateurish. I have nothing against the people who don't like my movies, and if they write a bad review then it's up to them. Where I have a problem is when people are writing something negative about me or trashing my work upfront on IMDB.com, even when it's not out yet. This is what happened with *BloodRayne*."

The only problem tonight is that three of the guys lined up for a surefire beating





Jonathan Cherry as Rudy in Boll's universally panned *House Of The Dead*

One critic takes such a beating he is left gasping into an oxygen mask for an hour

courtesy of the former amateur boxer don't actually have an axe to grind with him. "It's a free trip," comments Kyanka. "I've seen much worse movies."

Similar feelings come from Nelson Minter, a 17-year-old film student who sent the director a scathing email in the hope of visiting his set (Boll is currently shooting *Postal* in the area). "I've never written a review of any of his films," he admits. Likewise for Ain't It Cool News boffin Jeff Sneider, who says, "I've seen none of them – nor will I ever. I'm doing this to raise my own profile." However, Chris Alexander of Canada's *Rue Morgue* horror journal genuinely does have a problem with the director. "His films suck," Chris says. "So now he's saying, 'Put your money where your mouth is.'"

Despite holding all four fights back-to-back

mask and a sick bucket. "I'm OK, I'm hanging in there," gasps the sickly critic in between bouts of puking his guts up. Seventeen-year-old Minter, meanwhile, is shit-canned so badly the referee throws in the towel within moments of the opening bell. "I hurt a bit, but I'm alright," the kid assures *Bizarre* in the backstage area.

As to what this has proven, Boll says, "If you're only an internet guy writing shit on your webpage you take no responsibility for anything, but you're always trying to damage others. But the people who've shown up – they've at least shown they have balls."

Not only this, but each fallen foe will gain some form of screen immortality, with the fights slated

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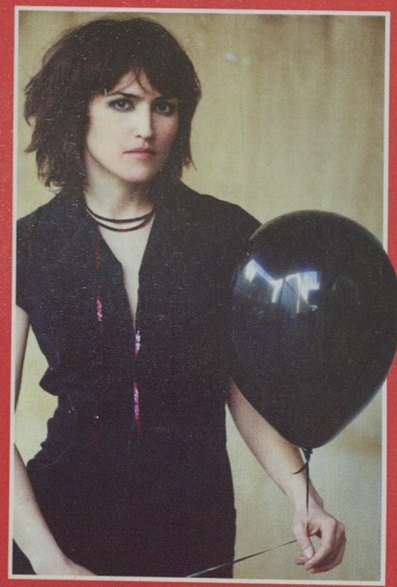
MIDWAY

Songs to make love to

JOAN WASSER
(FROM JOAN AS POLICEWOMAN)
"THERE ARE NO SONGS THAT LAST LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE LOVE TO. HERE ARE SOME ALBUMS..."



1 *HOT BUTTERED SOUL* – ISAAC HAYES
"The lover for lovers."

2 ANYTHING BY OUM KALSOUM
"Her voice has brought theatres of men to tears."

3 *I'M STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU* – AL GREEN
"The classic."

4 *CONTE DE L'INCROYABLE AMOUR* – ANOUAR BRAHEM
"Slow it down."

5 *FIRST TAKE* – ROBERTA FLACK
"The voice will make you fall in love even if you ain't."

6 *SPIRIT OF EDEN* – TALK TALK
"Again, the slow build is always good."

7 ANY SOLO PIANO PIECES BY ERIK SATIE
"Less is more..."

8 *ASTRAL WEEKS* – VAN MORRISON
"Ecstasy."

9 STAY WITH ME – LORRAINE ELLISON
"Rabid ecstasy."

10 *IN A SILENT WAY* – MILES DAVIS
"When you're actually in love with your lover."

Joan As Policewoman's album *Real Life* is out now on Reveal Records

UK

Bettie Page Comp Winner!

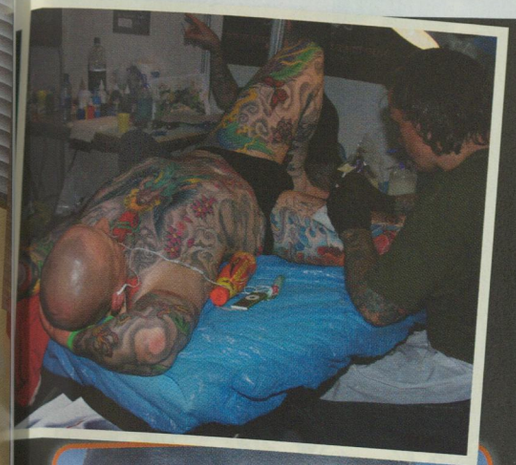
BIZARRE READER BECOMES 50S PIN-UP GODDESS

Congratulations to the lovely Vicky Decay, who won our Bettie Page website competition. Ms Decay, seen here modelling saucy suspenders and a cheeky grin, jumped at the chance to be Bettie for the day. "I've been told I can come out with some pretty cheesecake facial expressions and poses," she says. "So I decided to enter and try to capture the spirit of Bettie Page."

Judging by the pictures, you'd never guess this was Vicky's first time as the 50s fetish pin-up girl. "Being blonde, I normally get compared to Marilyn Monroe," she says, "but Bettie stood out from other models because of her light-hearted approach to shoots. She knew how to pose to make the most of her assets; boobs out, tummy in and legs stretched out to show every curve."

Handcuffs, heels and whips were the order of the day at the shoot, but Vicky enjoyed squeezing herself into the retro outfits. "We shot recognisable props and outfits from Bettie's pictures. I loved the leather corset. It holds you in in all the wrong places and pushes out in all the right ones!"

The calibre of entrants was high, but we think you'll agree Ms Decay was a deserving winner to wear Bettie's crown. ***Denise Stanborough***



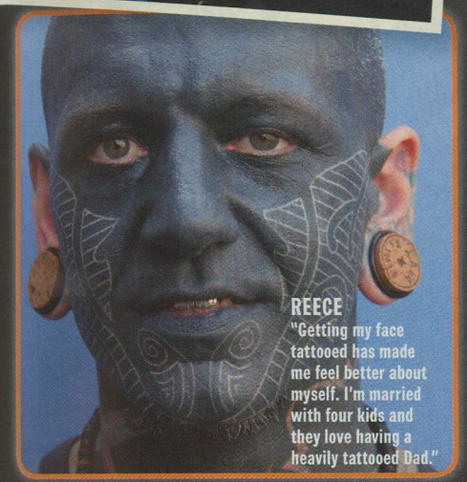
UK

SKIN CROWD

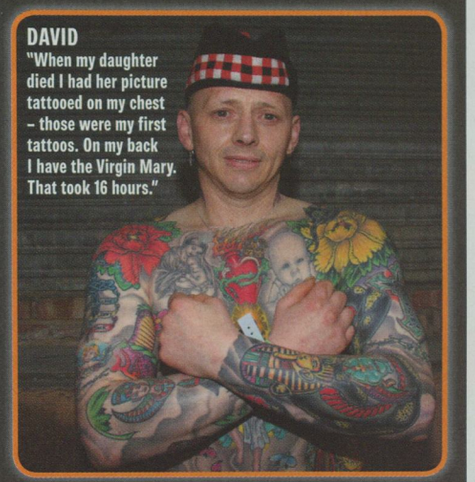
THE 2ND LONDON TATTOO CONVENTION

Running from 6-8 October, the second London Tattoo Convention brought 150 of the planet's top ink masters together to administer pleasure and pain in equal measures. The Suicide Girls were there in force, along with the most tattooed man in the world, Lucky Diamond Rich, plus *Miami Ink*'s Kat Von D (see p70 for our interview with the lady herself.)

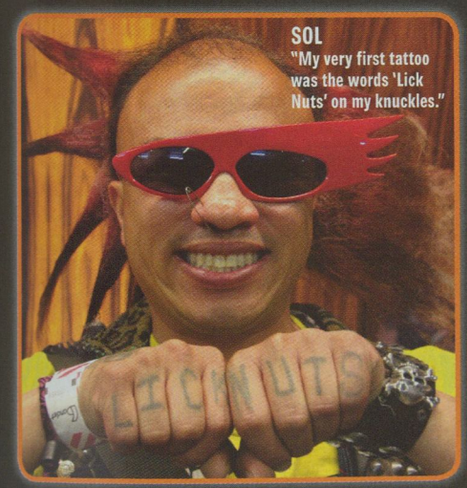
Here's a selection of the prettiest needle-happy punters. ***Denise Stanborough***



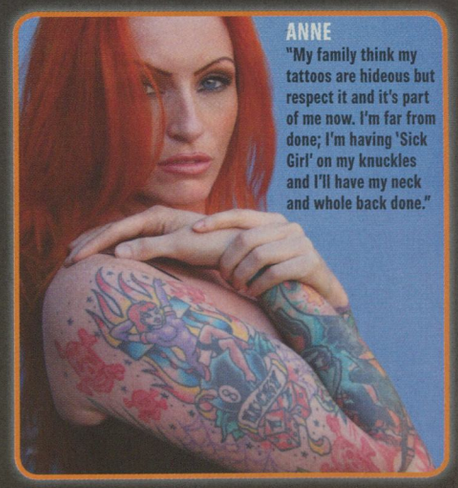
REECE
"Getting my face tattooed has made me feel better about myself. I'm married with four kids and they love having a heavily tattooed Dad."



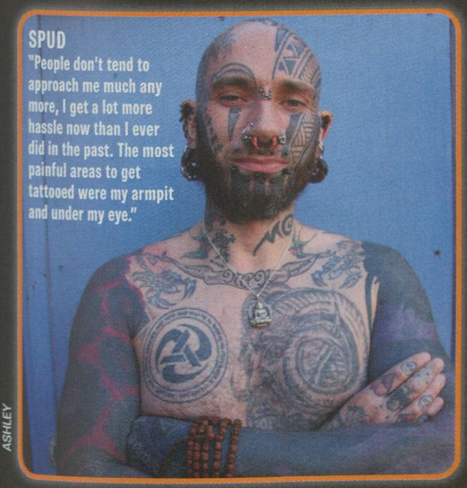
DAVID
"When my daughter died I had her picture tattooed on my chest – those were my first tattoos. On my back I have the Virgin Mary. That took 16 hours."



SOL
"My very first tattoo was the words 'Lick Nuts' on my knuckles."

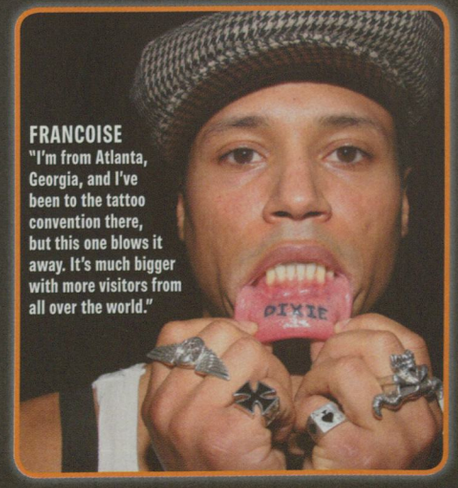


ANNE
"My family think my tattoos are hideous but respect it and it's part of me now. I'm far from done; I'm having 'Sick Girl' on my knuckles and I'll have my neck and whole back done."



SPUD
"People don't tend to approach me much any more, I get a lot more hassle now than I ever did in the past. The most painful areas to get tattooed were my armpit and under my eye."

ASHLEY



FRANCOISE
"I'm from Atlanta, Georgia, and I've been to the tattoo convention there, but this one blows it away. It's much bigger with more visitors from all over the world."

BIZARRE NUMBERS OF THE MONTH

2,252,006

YEAR the world is due to end, according to a team of geologists and paleontologists from across Europe, who studied an amazing 22million years' worth of fossils from central Spain.

1,000

CORPSES believed to have been harvested from funeral homes over the past five years by the Brooklyn bodysnatchers. They stole bones, skin, cardiac valves and other bodyparts from corpses and sold them to the burgeoning underground transplant business. The parts were then sold to legitimate companies and tissue banks for cleaning and resale to hospitals and other healthcare providers.

2

WEEKS before the first successful penis transplant was unexpectedly reversed due to the "severe psychological problems" the donated dangly bits caused to the recipient's wife. Surgeons at Guangzhou Hospital in China performed the complex 15-hour surgery on a 44-year old man whose penis had been irrevocably damaged in an accident.

Readers' Art

SEND THE WEIRD AND WONDERFUL DRAWINGS AND PICTURES THAT LIVE INSIDE YOUR HEAD TO GREG HUGHES AT THE USUAL ADDRESS, OR EMAIL GREG_HUGHES@DENNIS.CO.UK

JIMMY JAMES, BY EMAIL
"Sometimes this kinda stuff just comes together and seems like a good idea. Gotta love the random nature of coincidental inspiration. For some reason people need to see this"

ANDY PRIOR, BY EMAIL
"Hello, I thought maybe you'd entertain one of my zombie sluts! Check Andyprior.com for more or, if it's not working, there's plenty of work backlogged on Fotolog.com/gecs"

DR TWISTID, BY EMAIL
"Hi, I'm a big fan of your magazine and have attached a couple of my drawings. See more at Dr-twistid.deviantart.com"

USA

Tattoo Hell

NON-OPTIONAL HEAD DECORATION

Last month, an inmate at the Wasbah Valley Correctional Facility in Evansville, Indiana, got a shocking permanent reminder of why he was in prison: His victim's name forcibly tattooed on his forehead.

Anthony Ray Stockelman, who's serving life for the sexual assault and murder of 10-year-old Katie Collman, was removed from the general prison population when the tattoo, which reads 'KATIE'S REVENGE', was discovered. Pictures were leaked onto the internet via Lostinlimaohio.blogspot.com, which describes itself as a true-crime blog. And unconfirmed reports speculated that a relative of Katie's may have been responsible.

And while it would be wrong to condone violence, even against child-killers, you have to admire the artist's ability to apply a possessive apostrophe when scraping a revenge tattoo into someone's forehead against their will. That's the real story here. Finally, punctuation has a hero. ***James Doorne***

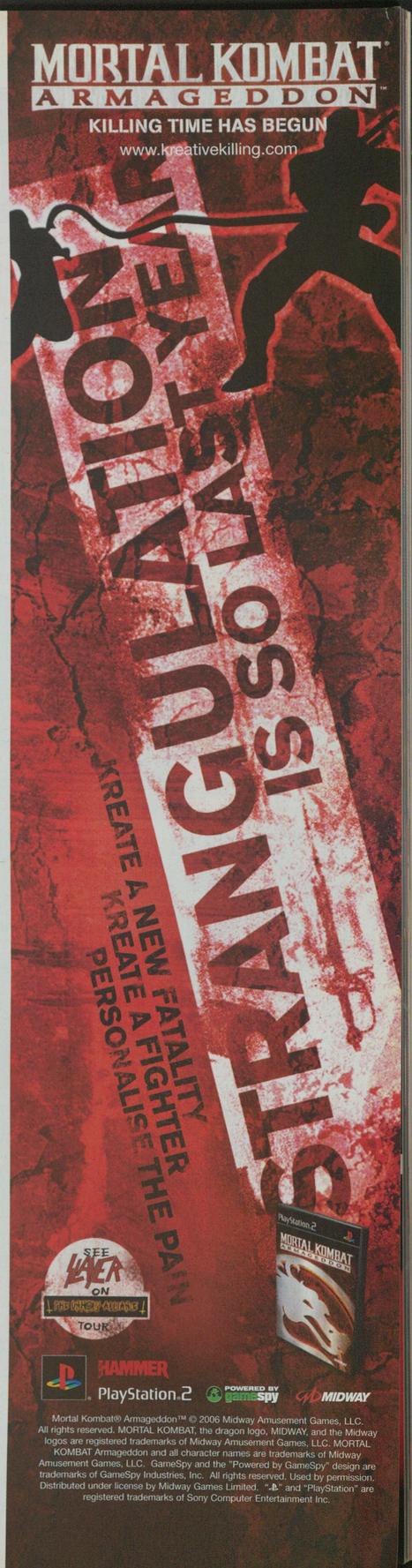
COLOMBIA

Guitar Guns

ROCK OUT WITH YOUR GLOCK OUT

Back in the 1970s, scraggy-haired Dave Hill of glam legends Slade often played a guitar shaped like an alien raygun. Not surprisingly, it was a piece of shit, and nothing like the awesome axes peddled by Luis Alberto Paredes in Bogota, the capital of Colombia. Paredes and his family have been crafting fine stringed instruments for years, but decided to branch out and fashion electric guitars from the numerous shotguns and AK47s left over after years of fighting between Colombia's government, far-right paramilitaries and leftist rebels. ***David McComb***

JOSE MIGUEL GOMEZ/REUTERS/CORBIS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Parties

SKIN 2 RUBBER BALL

VENUE: SEONE, LONDON **DATE:** 7 OCTOBER **WEBSITE:** SKINTWORUBBERBALL.COM

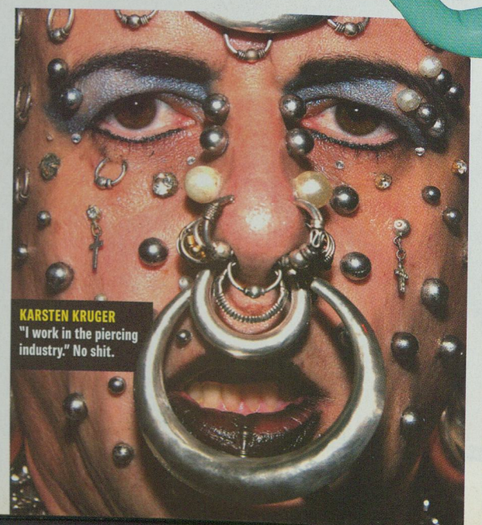
WORDS **DENISE STANBOROUGH**
PHOTOS **ASHLEY**

This year's Rubber Ball seemed more packed than ever, with a heaving mass of sweaty bodies crammed into every available corner. The theme was 'stage and screen' and we spied a kinky Superman, pervy pirates, a host of cabaret and chorus girls, and a Latex Jesus, complete with a barbed-wire crown of thorns. The club was split into different rooms with plenty of punishment being dished out in the Hammer House of Horrors Dungeon and lightsabers at dawn in the Sci-Fi room. As free ice creams were passed around by sexy usherettes, clubbers enjoyed a randy nun wearing a huge black strap-on dripping red-hot wax on a convent girl's shaved bits, and a man and woman with an oversized penis and vagina storming the stage and ending in a squirting finale. Brian Molko from Placebo rubbed shoulders with gladiators and *Star Trek* freaks and everyone enjoyed bumping and grinding into the wee hours.

LADY PINQUE
"People have dreams to explore and it's OK to explore them here... some in rubber."

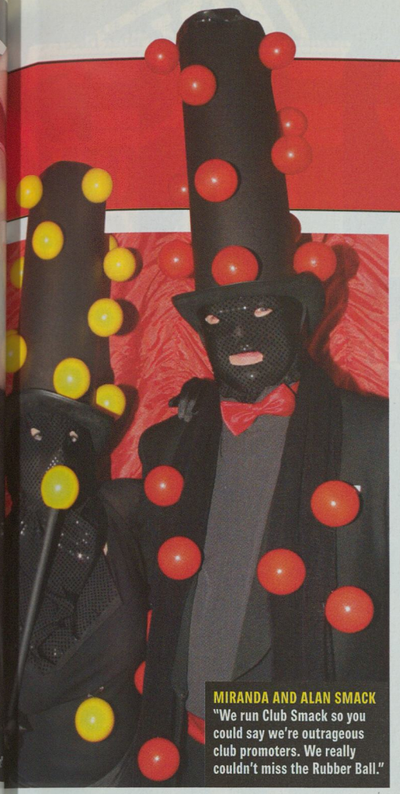
SHADOW
Traditional Japanese Rope Bondage

BRIGITTE
"I'm a designer and organiser of Dom parties in the Netherlands and I came over to check out what the Ball had to offer."



KARSTEN KRUGER
"I work in the piercing industry." No shit.

MISS TWIRLYHEAD
"I don't want to say too much other than I make all my own costumes."



MIRANDA AND ALAN SMACK
"We run Club Smack so you could say we're outrageous club promoters. We really couldn't miss the Rubber Ball."

EVA VORTEX
"I dislike giving quotes as I've often been misquoted." Um, not this time, hopefully...

ROB AND KATHERYN
"We're definitely into it because it hurts."

STEFFY
"In one life I'm a rubber fetish model, but in another I'm just a boring technician. It's pretty easy to guess which persona I prefer."

DICK'N'TRACY
Crazy White Sean and Vivid Angel super-size their genitalia for a unique performance show.

RACHEL AND SCOTT
"This is the place where you can be whoever you want to be, whatever that is. It's a wonderful place in which to express yourself."

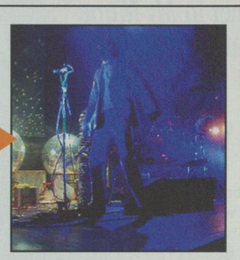
MIDGET BONES' DIARY

HAVE YOU GOT A BIZARRE EVENT TO PROMOTE? EMAIL ME AT MIDGETBONES@DENNIS.CO.UK (WITH AT LEAST SIX WEEKS' NOTICE PLEASE!)

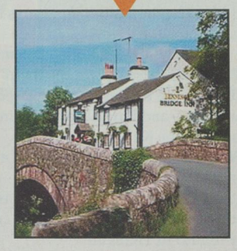
THIS MONTH'S WEIRDEST HAPPENINGS

14-19 November
Resfest, National Film Theatre, London
To celebrate Resfest's 10th anniversary, there's a retrospective of Radiohead videos, Pixies doc *LoudQUIETloud*, and an impressive selection of innovative film, art and design. **Resfest.co.uk**

14 November
Gig: The Flaming Lips, Hammersmith Apollo
"Indie post-punk-style rock music, with lush, multi-layered, psychedelic arrangements, Lispacey lyrics and bizarre song titles such as 'Pilot Can At The Queer of God'." So says Wikipedia, anyway…



16 November
World's Greatest Liar Competition, Bridge Inn, Holmrook, Cumbria
True aficionados of speaking shite won't even need to attend this annual event in Cumbria. Just say you did. **Santonbridgeinn.com**

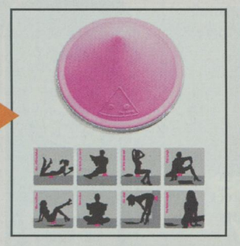


17 November
Film: *Tenacious D In The Pick Of Destiny*
Follow Jack Black and Kyle Glass as they form their band in a bid to prove themselves the best rock'n'roll group in the world. But are they better than Wyld Stallyns? You decide.

16 November
TV: *My Shocking Story: Dying To Sleep*, 10pm, Discovery Channel
Meet a family with Fatal Familial Insomnia – a mutant gene that horrifically deprives its victims of their balance, memory, speech and sleep until they die.

18 November
The Erotica Ball 2006 Club Koko, London
Squeeze yourself into a corset and slather yourself in pirate-red lippie, for a line-up of dazzling burlesque and cabaret, catwalk shows, fire-eating, shower scenes and sword-fighting. **Erotica-uk.com**

19 November
The Art of the Female Orgasm, Toronto, Canada
Gagging for a good going-over, or completely ignorant of the infamous G-spot, whatever your skill level, Ducky Doolittle will demystify the infamous female orgasm in one easy session. **Comeasyouare.com**



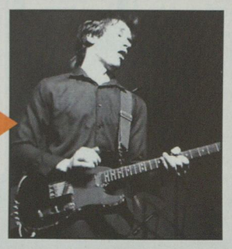
20 November
Transgender Day of Remembrance
Take time out to remember those killed due to anti-transgender hatred or prejudice. The event is held in November to honour Rita Hester, murdered on 28 November 1998. **Gender.org/remember/day**

24 November
TV: *Class Of 1984*, Zone Horror
Mark L. Lester's cult classic is a tale of a high school embroiled in drugs, prostitution and extreme violence. Watch out for the biology teacher who teaches his students by holding a loaded gun to their heads.

21-22 November
The Immodest Tease Show, The Bloomsbury Ballroom, London
Join Ms Immodesty Blaize for an evening of burlesque glamour and comedy with Dirty Martini, Murray Hill and Steve Clarke from the world-famous Clarke Brothers. **T-I-T-S.biz**

3-7 December
Art In Ice, Sondrio, Italy
The tenth international Art In Ice competition sees 10 teams of three sculptors compete to transform pressed snow into amazing and unusual shapes and sculptures. **Artinice.org**

8 December
Gig: Wilko Johnson, The Spitz, London
Not The Same Old Blues Crap brings the "Godfather of UK punk blues" and ex-Dr Feelgood member to the stage, thankfully minus the infamous pudding-bowl haircut. **Punkrockblues.co.uk**



NEXT ISSUE OF BIZARRE GOES ON SALE ON 12 DECEMBER

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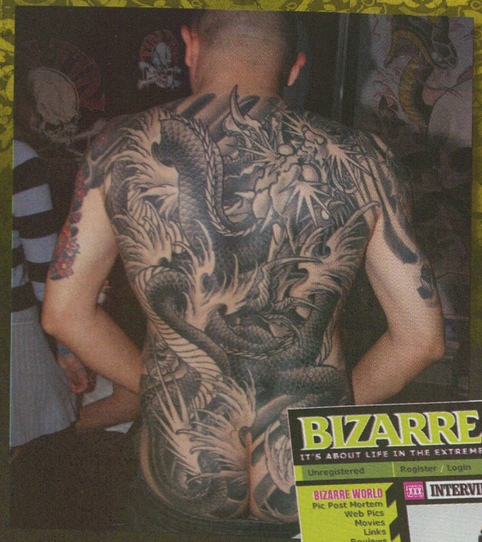
BONUS!
Ooh Bettie!
Trillions of unseen photos from our Bettie Page lookalike winner!

EXTRA!
Tattoo City!
Loads more exclusive shots from the 2006 London Tattoo Convention!



MORE!
Bizarre Beauties!
Many more pictures of this issue's naughty vixens!

WELCOME TO THE FORBIDDEN ZONE

How Bizarre are you?

Ethan Suplee

Randy Hickey, Earl's brother in *My Name Is Earl*, on dog-eating, death and dirty sex

WORDS **JAMES DOORNE**

Do you collect anything weird?
I collect knives and watches.
Why?
So I know what time it is when I kill someone. I'm just kidding. I have a fascination with both of them. And I also collect action figures of MMA [Mixed Martial Arts] fighters that I like. They're little dolls of guys that I watch pummel each other.
Have you ever had any recurring dreams?
Yes, I'm being chased down the flight deck – you know, the tunnel from the airport to the airplane – and I'm naked and being hounded by the Ku Klux Klan.
OK. What's the strangest thing you've ever had in your mouth?
Right now I have a nicotine lozenge in my mouth, that's pretty strange. I had a cricket in my mouth in Thailand.
Were you eating it or did it just hop in there?
I was eating it. They like those down there.
What was it like?
It was spicy and crunchy. But other than the flavour of the chilli and texture of crunchiness, there wasn't much to it.
So you wouldn't recommend it?
It wasn't that bad. It wasn't disgusting. It wasn't like a big horrendous beetle or anything. I was walking down the street and there were various food merchants selling disgusting stuff, and crickets were the only things you could actually identify – everything else just seemed to be some form of animal, but you couldn't exactly tell *what* it was. I wanted to delve into Thai culture and immerse myself, and I felt like it'd be brave of me to try and sample some of this stuff. So I wound up with the cricket.
It would've been so much braver to eat something that was just meat and hope it wasn't something gross.
But then you'd get it into your head that it was a dog or a monkey, and then you'd start to feel guilty.
You don't want to turn up at hospital with stomach pains and, when they ask you if you've eaten anything strange, have to say, "Yes, but I don't know *what* it was…"
Right, exactly. At least this way I knew it was a cricket.
So what's the strangest animal you've ever eaten?
I ate a zebra in Africa.
A whole one, or steaks, burgers and nuggets?
It was kind of a Brazilian-style barbecue. It was quite tough and gamey.

"I collect knives and watches… so I know what time it is when I kill someone"

So not something you'd repeat?
I also had gazelle and wildebeest, and something else I can't pronounce.
Is there anything you wouldn't eat? I mean, where do you draw the line when it comes to eating animals?
I don't know. I probably wouldn't eat a cat or a dog, but that's really arbitrary and only because people keep them as pets. I don't know where I'd draw the line. I'd like to be able to try whatever is the actual cuisine of any country I travel to. If I was in Korea and they told me something was the best Korean barbecue and the national delicacy, but it turned out to be a German Shepherd, I'd probably still eat it.
I can imagine a German Shepherd tasting quite nice, but a Dobermann would be my choice – all sleek and tender. What breed would you choose?
Either a Dobermann or Pitbull. I bet the jowels of a Pitbull would taste nice.
I can just see someone carving a Pitbull.
Like a suckling pig, but a dog.
What's the weirdest animal you've ever ridden?
Actually, I think I rode an elephant in Thailand as well.
How was it?
It was fine. It had big, really stiff hair that I didn't know elephants had.
How did you get on it?
You have to climb. There was a little ladder thing you climb like when you get on a plane from the tarmac.
What's you idea of hell?
Tijuana in Mexico.
Bad memories?
Yeah.
Tell me more.
I think that's all I can say about that one.
I can't tempt you?
No, I'm married with children.
OK, moving swiftly on… What's the most violent thing you've ever done?
I used to get in a lot of fistfights when I was about 14 or 15. And I remember losing a lot of them. I wound up in hospital once because I had a bottle broken over my head, but I didn't hurt the other person nearly as badly. I think I threw the first punch. It was in a parking lot in Long Beach.
Do you remember what it was about?
Somebody looked at me the wrong way or said something... Who knows what fights are about? They're usually about nothing.
Did you win any of your fights?
Not really, but luckily I didn't wind up in the hospital that often. That was the only time I was severely beaten.
Have you ever had, or do you have, an imaginary friend?
No. For me, that would fall into the same category as aliens and ghosts. I wish I could, but I just don't trust people who believe in that stuff. I think they're just being indulgent. When you're older, it just becomes ridiculous, like OCD or multiple-personality disorders – it's just people indulging themselves on whims.
What's the biggest animal you've ever killed?
I don't think I've ever killed an animal.
Nothing at all?
A rat would be the biggest.
Was it deliberate?
Absolutely, I've set traps for them.
Did you see it happen?
No, I just came back later.
Was there just the one?
Yeah. I was hoping to get more, but I only got one and it seemed to scare the rest of them off.
Do you have any phobias?
I don't like ants. I saw a movie when I was a kid where one of the methods of torture used was covering a person with ants. I don't like crowds either, but I don't know why. They just bother me.
What's the closest to death you have come?
I was in South Africa, and a friend and I took a tiny little plane – the sort everybody seems to die in – and I was terrified. I was sitting next to the pilot, and once we took off he told me to take hold of the steering wheel – and then he just stopped steering! I felt at that time I was very close to death.
Were you gripped by the impulse to loop the loop or anything?
I did 20 minutes of flying and went from side to side, but I was just trying to keep us as straight as possible.
Did he ever explain his thinking?
He didn't want me to be nervous, and thought that making me responsible for everyone on the plane would take away some of the fear I was experiencing.
Did it work?
Not really. I think I was more scared.
If you could have a superpower, what would you choose?
The power to become invisible.
Is that because it's open to abuse?
No, I just think it'd be fun to go around and hear what people were saying about me.
In my recent experience, that's really overrated. Are you sure you wouldn't use it to sneak into Angelina Jolie's shower?
Not Angelina Jolie. I'd use it for business purposes. I'd try to gather stock tips from people, then go into my agent's offices and see what they really had to say about me.
If you had to choose between necrophilia, coprophilia and bestiality, which would you choose?
Coprophilia.
Why?
I wouldn't want to fuck a dead body or an animal. I think that's the tamest of the three. I think that's the best answer.
Have you ever been obsessed with anyone?
My wife.
No-one else? It doesn't have to be in an unhealthy way.
No-one else. I'm terrified of what this interview is going to look like.
I think you come off pretty well. I think I look like a knob, though.
My Name Is Earl is out now on DVD

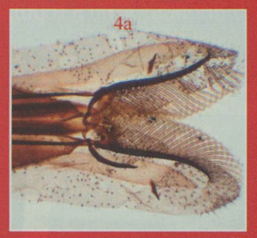
GOFF-INF

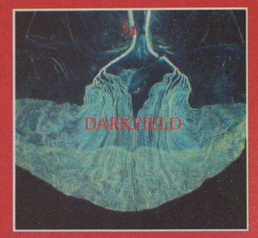
Ebay corner

TRAWLING THE ELECTRONIC BARREL OF EBAY TO FIND LAST MONTH'S ODDEST PURCHASABLE GOODS

INSECT SLIDES $107.50

Included in this magnificent set of mounted insect tongues are "a Hummingbird Hawk Moth tongue, along with those of a bee, butterfly, fly, and the proboscis of a blowfly". "The most delicate tongue," adds the seller, Old-Hand, "is that of the cricket, which has been beautifully arranged." Old-Hand – a poet for our times.



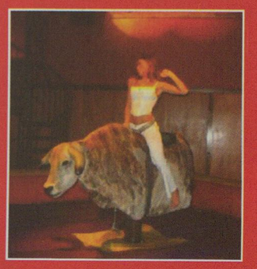


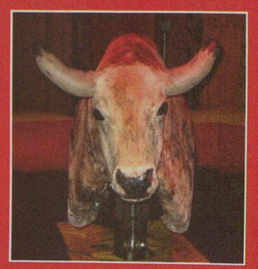
HAUNTED DOCTORS' GYNAECOLOGICAL EXAM TABLE $285

"Why do we think this item is HAUNTED?" begins the seller of a doctors' gynaecological examining table. "The people living with it heard loud slams on the floor coming from the room it's in. Since the item has been here, several people, including a professional paranormal investigation team, have sensed the presence of a ghost of a male child in the home." "This ghost does not seem to be harmful," they add. "But nonetheless, it can be annoying."

MASSIVE MECHANICAL BULL $11,000

Every business needs to evolve, as illustrated by this auction for a gigantic mechanical bull. "Changing concept of bar," says the seller. "Must sell." So it's out with the topless rodeo and in with the cocktail-sipping city gents, please. And no more heavy petting by the jukebox. Those days are over. *Eva Wiseman*



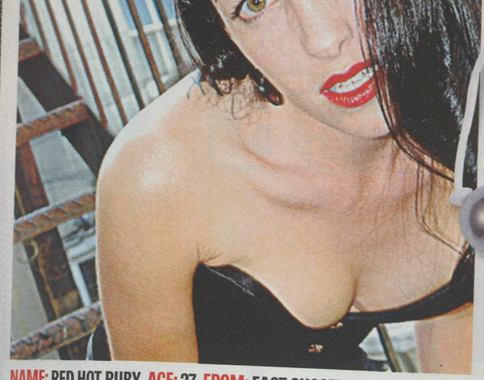


Bizarre Beauties

Who gets hot for horrible hillbillies? Who's repulsed by marmalade? Read on to reveal the truth...

NAME: HERISTARR **AGE:** 22 **FROM:** LEEDS

Dental nurse Heristarr once enjoyed a sex session behind a bar while it was open and says her top positions are "on my back, legs up, being pounded". She loves "ice cream, watersports and kinky sex", but hates "the word 'moist', work and peas". To vote for Heristarr, log on to Bizarremag.com



NAME: RED HOT RUBY **AGE:** 27 **FROM:** EAST SUSSEX

"My hottest fantasy is a crazy hillbilly and wife-beater in a cowboy hat who takes me to his trailer and makes me cook him steak on a stove outside. He spanks me when I overcook his steak, then takes me roughly on his crap bed." To vote for Red Hot Ruby, log on to Bizarremag.com

NAME: THORN **AGE:** 25 **FROM:** KENT

"The kinkiest thing I've done was to fuck my boyfriend up the arse with a strap-on while my friend was on her knees sucking his cock and playing with her pussy. When he came we swapped his cum between our mouths as we kissed and masturbated each other while he watched." To vote for Thorn, log on to Bizarremag.com

NAME: CHESKA **AGE:** 18 **FROM:** COVENTRY

"I've had sex in a child's paddling pool filled with them plastic balls, and one time I performed a striptease on my bloke, tied him up, then got my best mate round and fucked her in front of him while he tried his hardest to get free." To vote for Cheska, log on to Bizarremag.com

NAME: SUSIE **AGE:** 29 **FROM:** LONDON

"I'd like to be fucked by five albino guys, but they have to be from different countries," says Martial Arts supremo Susie. Her favourite sexual position is "all sorts, as long something is in my pussy, mouth or ass". love a threesome with

NAME: NITROGEN **AGE:** 21 **FROM:** OXFORDSHIRE

"The kinkiest thing I've ever done has to be the time I fucked my college girlfriend in her bunk bed on the night of her 18th birthday. She screamed so loud she was cumming that her parents gave me funny looks the next day." To vote for Nitrogen, log on to Bizarremag.com

NAME: SKARLET JAYDE **AGE:** 22 **FROM:** LONDON

SJ once had sex behind a generator at the edge of the M25 and says her hottest fantasy is "to have sex with a guy and a girl in a bath of custard". But don't get her started on her "psycho ex-boyfriend and marmalade" – she can't stand either. To vote for Skarlet, log on to Bizarremag.com

NAME: MINXIE **AGE:** 18 **FROM:** CAMBRIDGESHIRE

"The oddest place I've had sex is by a canal with people riding past on bikes," confesses Minxie. "I fantasise about frantic sex down dirty alleys with strangers and once I blindfolded a guy then got myself off sat over him.

YOU CAN BE A BIZARRE BEAUTY!

Send in your photos and complete the form and you too could get the chance to appear in our legendary Bizarre Beauties photo magazine

Name: Daytime contact tel. no:

Age (you must be over 18 to enter): Occupation:

Address:

Who's your ultimate hot'n'throbbing sex symbol?

What's your favourite fantasy?

Name 5 things you LOVE...

Name 5 things you HATE...

If you had to take one thing with you to a desert island what would it be and why?

Answer the following in 15 words or less. I'm this year's ultimate *Bizarre* Babe because:

Send to: *Bizarre*, 30 Cleveland Street, London W1T 4JD or email hi-resolution pics to bizarrebeauties@dennis.co.uk

Send your Bizarre Beauties photographs today, either by using this form (or a copy, or a letter giving the same info) or via Bizarremag.com

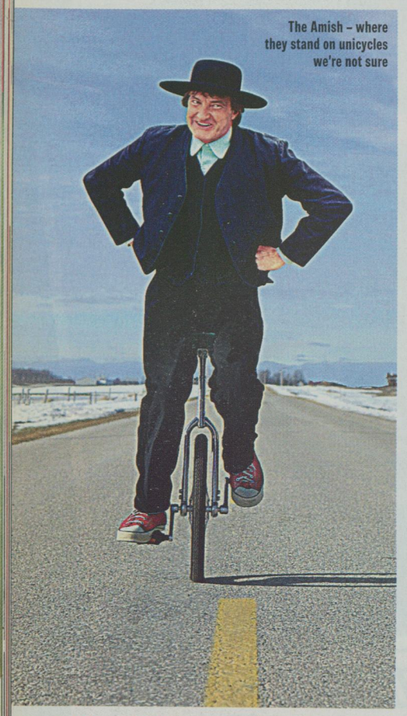
ASK BIZARRE

EMAIL US AT ASKBIZARRE@DENNIS.CO.UK OR WRITE TO:
'ASK BIZARRE', BIZARRE, 30 CLEVELAND STREET, LONDON W1T 4JD.

EDITED BY **JAMES DOORNE**

WIN! A SYRINGE PEN

SEND US A QUESTION, WE USE IT, YOU GET A SYRINGE PEN. SIMPLE



The Amish – where they stand on unicycles we're not sure

When watching news footage of the shootings at an Amish school in Pennsylvania, I heard some members of the community refused to travel with the injured children in helicopters as this was at odds with their religious beliefs. I don't know if this is true, but it got me thinking: Besides a horse and cart, what means of transport are acceptable for Amish folk?
Steve James, Cardiff

In general, Amish people are opposed to modern technology and avoid using cars and other forms of motorised transport. However, this attitude varies wildly between communities.

While groups such as the Beachy Amish are allowed to drive, members of more conservative settlements – called Old Order Amish – have limited the use of air and car transport for over 100 years because owning and operating a car is said to promote excessive pride and individualism, and avoiding contact with the modern world also ensures the Amish community sticks together.

If a community decides it's alright to use cars in certain circumstances, this is normally agreed during twice-yearly meetings where leaders of each Amish 'district' come together to draw up unwritten rules of conduct, called the Ordnung. At these meetings it's possible for district members to discuss embracing new technology, and has led to many communities being allowed to ride in cars (as was the case in Lancaster County, where the school slayings took place), and for locals to use taxis and buses.

But while Old Order Amish discourage air travel under any circumstances – as this is not seen to be vital to the wellbeing of the community – it's unlikely that any district member would object to using a helicopter to airlift children to safety. And as the Amish are Anabaptists – who believe in the baptism of adults rather than infants – the children involved in the school shooting would not have been fully bound by the rules of the Ordnung anyway.

It's not uncommon for kids to be born with their organs on the outside of their bodies

I read that the wife of former Run DMC rapper Joseph 'Reverend Run' Simmons recently gave birth to a child that tragically died because her internal organs had developed outside her body. Is this common? Is it possible for kids born this way to survive?
Jayne Buckley, Swindon

Surprisingly, it's not uncommon for babies to be born with internal organs on the outside. And, as bad as it sounds, this needn't be fatal.

In the condition's most common forms – gastroschisis and omphalocele – the baby's bowels and intestines pop out through a hole in its stomach. In gastroschisis, the child's guts spill out through a 2in gap beside the umbilical cord into the womb's amniotic fluid, causing them to become in flamed and possibly lose their functionality. To treat the condition, doctors simply push the exposed viscera back inside, which is difficult to do immediately after birth as the protruding intestines will be completely rigid. Instead, doctors normally build a 'silo' around the baby's exposed guts using sheets of silicone, and don't try to shove the intestines into place until they've softened up.

Omphalocele is similar, and happens when the umbilical cord doesn't fuse properly to the baby's abdomen. But rather than floating freely in the amniotic fluid, the rogue organs are encased in a thin membrane which can contain anything from portions of intestine, in mild cases, to the liver or spleen, in more serious instances.

Omphalocele is a serious condition, and is often accompanied by other deformities that can cause death shortly after a child is born. By contrast, mortality rates for gastroschisis can be as low as 15 per cent.

If I wanted to take snakes on a plane, what would I have to do?
Mickey Marshall, Aberdeen

While some airlines allow dogs and cats to be taken into the cabin – in exchange for an astronomical fee, of course – snakes are never allowed anywhere near airline passengers. But all is not lost.

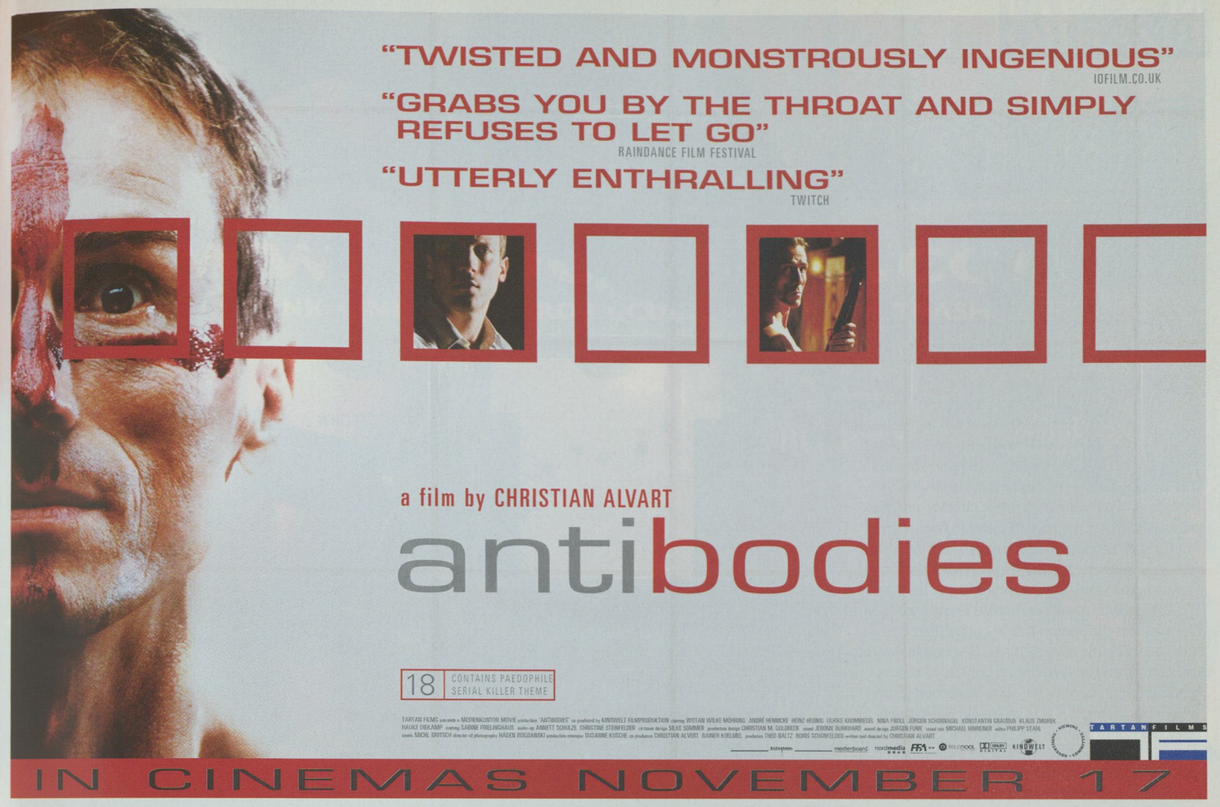
According to the International Air Transport Association's regulations on the transport of live animals (used widely in the United States, for example), potential snakes on a plane should first be wrapped in a cloth sack (multiple non-venomous snakes can be stuffed in the same bag, so long as they're shorter than 120cm). The sack should be tied securely and placed inside a strong container that's big enough to allow the snake to lie down naturally, can be easily opened and closed (by humans, natch), and has air holes which allow the snake to breathe, but aren't big enough for the slippery customer to escape through.

Finally, the box should be labelled 'live animal', and there's also a special sticker you need to use if the critter inside is poisonous. In fact, if you're taking a venomous snake on a plane, inspectors would prefer you use a plastic container they can look inside without actually opening.

For the sake of your snake, though, the container should also be climate-controlled, so it doesn't get any hotter than 85°F or any colder than 45°F.

Motherfuckin' snakes on a motherfuckin' plane? It's a possibility, even in real life

ISTOCKPHOTO.COM; DEFD.DE



WHSmith
Subject to availability at selected WHSmith High Street stores.

Bianca's Diary

OUR LATEX GODDESS RUNS INTO BOTHER AT CUSTOMS... BUT SADLY NO RUBBER GLOVES

Damn, you missed it! But don't be sad; the Montreal Fetish Weekend will be back next year. This was the second Fetish Weekend we've had in Montreal, and this time I was playing hostess (the one who has to talk onstage and look pretty). Boy, I was nervous! Talking in English in front of 400 pervs isn't as easy as it might seem. Give me a few vodka shooters and I can speak any language you want, but onstage I had to be sober.

Did I tell you about my first MC experience? I was hired to host the Boston Ball in early 2002. It was just a few months after 9/11 and US customs were like gorillas on cocaine. Crying babies, toothless grandmas, cranky men, big-silicone-boobed girls (me)... all suspects. I was to stay in Boston just three days, and the five cases I carried made me look like I was going to work at some stripclub, so they refused me. Since the gig was the next day, I tried to cross the border again the following morning. This time they went postal, taking my passport and locking me in a small mirrored room where I'm sure my every breath and move was watched. One guy interrogated me for an hour, exhibiting his handcuffs (not as sexy as my pinky-furry ones, mind you) right under my nose, and told me if I tried to cross again I'd be banned from the US for 10 years. I went back like a beaten dog. Yes, I'm a terrorist: I want to rubberise the world!

But back to Montreal. I hosted Friday evening, then for the next party night I was part of the Polymorphe Latex fashion show, opening the act as a naughty nun. Backstage was flooded with lube, and when I twisted my ankle and almost broke my blessed Latexed neck I threw away my 6in stilettos and went onstage barefoot, aside from my Latex stockings. At least I could dance, and I ended the act flogging myself with a huge bouquet of red roses.

As for the third night, well, this one could be a column in itself. Screw the glam; this focused on BDSM games, and everywhere I looked in the club I could see girls with nipple clamps or having their strap-ons sucked by several guys, one after the other (and they wonder why they get the flu). I didn't have to work, so I drank a few (too many) shots before going to the connected sauna where I rented a room for the night. The sauna had a Greek bath tube, fantasy sex room, bars and mirrors (without customs watching). Montreal: a city where you have fun. But not at the US borders.

Wanna see me? Check out Montreal Fetish Weekend: Fetishweekend.com

Questions, praise, criticism?

MAIL ME: Biancabeauchamp@videotron.ca

VISIT ME: Latexlair.com

Bianca

PETER CZERNICH, MARTIN PERREAULT

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ANCILLA TILIA

GOING DUTCH

HOLLAND'S HOTTEST EXPORT IS TAKING THE FETISH SCENE BY STORM...

WORDS KATE HODGES

When magazines interview covergirls they mostly trot out the same lame, management-scripted answers to bog-standard questions. We know they don't really fantasise about having a threesome with Angelina Jolie and Pamela Anderson or wear 6in-heeled PVC boots in bed. We know their big nights out really involve six Bacardi Breezers, a spin round the dancefloor to Beyoncé, and a fumble in the back of a cab with a footballer.

Amsterdam's Ancilla Tilia is different. She thinks about sex a lot. Nasty, dirty, kinky hardcore sex. She analyses it. Has it. Drips it. Her model name means slavegirl in Latin. She's been active on the Dutch fetish scene since her teens ("Shhhh!" she says, "I was illegal!"), is heavily into BDSM, and is the first ever Dutch fetish model. Yes, really. She thinks that's something to do with the fact people in Amsterdam can literally walk down the street and see naked women sitting in red-lit windows, or stroll into a bar and see household objects being inserted where no household object should ever be inserted. "That's why," she says. "People don't care. They see it on the streets every day... I dunno. It's good for me, though."

Ancilla has always known she was into kinky sex. The first time she went on the internet, she did a search for S&M. She's a full-blown submissive, relishing having her picture taken for *Bizarre* with a ball-gag stuffed in her mouth, although she isn't so keen when we bring out a whip. For a sub, she's very domineering when it comes to knowing how she wants to be portrayed, and is protective of her image. "I've done shots with whips before, but it's not me. I'm really submissive. I was on the BDSM scene here before I started modelling. That's really what I want to do. That's a part of me I want to portray. I've done the whip and mistress thing, but that's not me, and that's not why I started as a fetish model."

But Ancilla wasn't always the gagged and bound queen of submission she is today. She had a tough childhood, shuttled between relatives, and moved into a foster home at the age of 14, where she lost her virginity to a "cute guy" who was living there too, "within the week". She moved out, and supported herself, at the age of 16. But her early ambitions of becoming a vet were put on hold when she was ▸

ANCILLA TILIA

"AT 18 I WAS DOING PLAYBOY, BUT I REALLY WANTED TO GET INTO FETISH"

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▶ plucked from her part-time job in a 50s-style c... and shot for the cover of a girls' magazine. At 18, sh... recruited as a cute and (relatively) wholesome Play... But she always wanted to brave the world of rub... and corsets: "I was just looking at Bianca Beauch... Masuimi Max. I was reading *Skin Two*, *Marquis* magaz... and I was like, that's what I have to do. Fetish!"

In Holland, there was no established path for mo... who wanted fetish work. So Ancilla got off her rub... clad arse and made her dream to become a fetish ... happen. "I took a trip to LA," she says, "where I k... the good people were, and sent people emails say... I really wanted to shoot with them, and pretty m... everyone shot with me. All the big names: Masui... Bianca, all on my first pro trip to LA and Montre...

Ancilla still does glamour modelling to subsi... her fetish work, and is particularly fond of "8mm-sty... scary abduction bondage shoots. I love black-and-white pictures, but also glamorous Latex shoots where I can go wild on make-up and styling."

She's still based in Amsterdam, and her favourite party there is Siberia. "It's really small, 300 people g... but it's the core of the fetish scene. People really love fetish there. In the UK you have so many amazing outfits, but in Holland it's rare because Dutch people are, frankly, cheap. They don't want to spend a lot o... money on outfits. But at Siberia there are people wh... really care about their outfits. Everyone knows each other; it's always nice to see your friends."

And what friends. Yes, dear readers, your wildest fantasies really are true. Fetish models hang out together. Ancilla, Bianca and Masuimi knock around often. And I probably shouldn't be telling you this, but Ancilla says some of the people who start off as fans of the girls have become friends. "Bianca has her forum, and people know each other through that. There are people who used to be fans, but are now more like friends. They help us out, support us, we see them at all the shows." I explain that people who read this might be very, very pleased and excited in a special way to know they can start off as fans and become friends. Ancilla smiles and holds her finger to her immaculately glossed lips. "Shhhh," she whispers, "Don't tell them. Don't let on." Oh dear.

If you became one of Ancilla's friends, you might get to see her live show. "I've just done a really big shaving show in New York," she tells me. "I shave myself. With a straight razor, all old-fashioned gear. It's a bit dangerous, but I practise a lot."

Ancilla's utter immersion in the fetish underworld means she has strong views on the scene. She believes the sexual elements have been forgotten in favour of sharper tailoring and shinier rubber. "Sometimes I feel BDSM has got lost in the fetish scene," she says. "It's not there any more. It's just fashion. The sex has gone."

She tries hard to inject sexuality into her shoots, although she admits, "It's a hard thing to do, since I don't want to do pornography. But I do find a lot of new models are too much about pretty clothes for my taste, and I've even seen mistresses walking around with slave collars, which tells me so much about the knowledge of and interest in BDSM of these people. I'm very against using BDSM objects such as whips and collars as 'fashion props', it just ruins the whole meaning of the object."

A typical Ancilla shoot will see her bound and gagged. "I try to put as much of myself and my perviness in shoots as I can, and try to cover all my fetishes, although some are too wild for photoshoots. Like, I don't do boy-on-girl shoots, but I'm very much into male-on-female domination or asphyxiation in my private life. It also works the other way around, funnily enough; I wasn't into Latex at all when I started as a fetish model. Now I have a total Latex fetish, and love to open my Latex closet to have a sniff and feel."

And combining her private passions with her work means Ancilla gets to indulge her fantasies full-time. "Now that even my job involves my fetish preferences, I get up with fetish in the morning, and I go to bed with it at night, weekends and workdays. Even before I was modelling I was wearing a collar 24/7 at ▶

ANCILLA TILIA

"I'M BETWEEN PLAYBOY AND EXTREME BONDAGE... BUT WANT TO GO FURTHER"

"I'M TOTALLY A SUBMISSIVE... I LOVE USING BALL-GAGS"

▶ a certain point in time. Right now that's not the case, but who knows, perhaps again in the future. I like being 'owned' full-time, it makes me happy."

Ancilla's dreams of becoming the next fetish queen are beginning to crystallise. A savvy businesswoman, she does everything herself – picking photographers, styling, and taking care of the day-to-day running of her phenomenally popular website, which she says is now the most popular fetish-model site in the world. But Ancilla has big ideas, and wants to go further in her shoots. "Hoods. Bondage. I'm somewhere between *Playboy* and extreme bondage now. But I want to go further."

For more go to Ancillatilia.com 18

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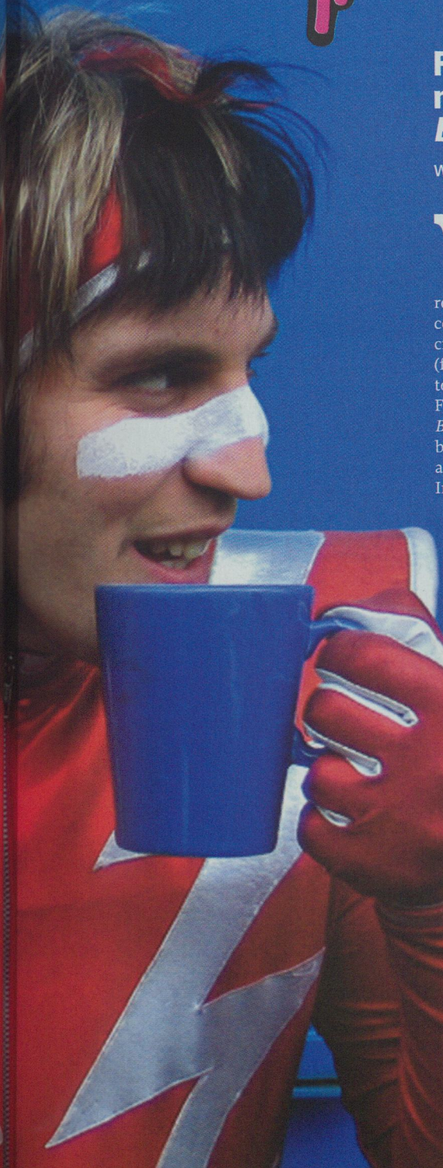


From taxi-driving Grim Reapers to sailor-molesting deformed mermen, *The Mighty Boosh* is spewing Britain's weirdest comedy

WORDS **JAMES DOORNE**

We couldn't have a *Bizarre* TV special without *The Mighty Boosh*. Since its television debut in mid-May 2004, the curious world of wannabe rock'n'roll star Vince Noir and his jazz maverick colleague Howard Moon has been lavished with critical praise, commissioned for a second and (forthcoming) third series, enjoyed a sell-out national tour, and attracted a legion of fans, among them Frank Zappa, who's apparently planning to haunt *Boosh* creators Julian Barratt and Noel Fielding from beyond the grave. If you haven't caught the show yet, as Howard would say, "Where have you been living? In a Chinese pipe? In a cockerel's boot?"

"It's fucking hard to get a show like ours made on telly these days," says Noel, the half of *The Boosh* with the hair like a dyed bearskin hat, the chiselled features and possibly the greatest wardrobe in the West. "I don't see it happening much more. The BBC don't get it when you show it to them, let alone on paper. We've never had one note from anyone in television since we've started, not one note about any script we've ever done. I really think they read it and go, 'Er, yeah, great. I don't know. Nope, fine, do it, make it.' It's so hard to get stuff made now that's weird."

With the fame they've enjoyed in the last two years, you could be forgiven for thinking *The Mighty Boosh* was an overnight sensation. But in reality (make the most of it while you can, *The Boosh* aren't frequent visitors), the pair met a decade ago when Noel went to catch Julian (the moustachioed one) doing stand-up.

"I'd dropped out of university and moved to London to ply the grisly trade of stand-up," Julian tells us. "Noel came to see me and thought I was quite good and we chatted a bit."

Noel remembers it purely as a sartorial event: "When I first met Julian he was wearing a really weird green suit, a proper 60s beatnik suit, with these funny little round glasses. I remember thinking, 'Who's he? He's a freak!' He looked like a professor from the 60s who plays trumpet or something. It was a really alarming outfit."

Thus the "intricate, weird curio, odd kind of prog comedy" that is *The Mighty Boosh*, according to Julian, was born. After deciding to form a duo and adopting the *Mighty Boosh* name (see next page for explanation) there was a successful stageshow honed at the famous Hen And Chickens pub, Islington, and feted at the Edinburgh Festival, where it won the Perrier Award for Best Newcomer in 1998 and, as Arctic Boosh, won a nomination for the Perrier Award proper a year later. Six episodes of the radio show followed and, from there, the peculiar world of Vince and Howard made it on to TV.

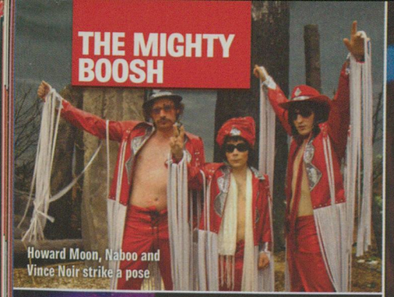
"The fashion side of it is quite important to me,

"Sketch shows are OK, but a bit unsatisfying – they fill you up, but it's like you've eaten 16 slices of cheese on toast"

and the look of it," says Noel of what's important to *The Mighty Boosh*, "but also that there's a story. I don't mind sketch shows... they're alright, and they fill you up, but you don't come away from them like you've had a really nice meal. You just feel, 'Yeah, I'm full. I've just eaten 16 slices of cheese on toast.' There's something quite unsatisfying about them."

But what makes the live show, the radio show, and the TV show so popular is the relationship between jazz pedant Howard and Jagger-obsessed, poncho-wearing, human sunshine Vince. And Julian admits in real life the pair aren't that dissimilar to the characters they play.

"We basically argue and joke about the same things as our characters, just to a lesser extent," he says. "I'll be harping on about jazz and he'll be going ▶



Howard Moon, Naboo and Vince Noir strike a pose

The Grim Reaper takes Howard Moon for a taxi ride

▶on about the latest ridiculous pop band he likes. And I like them too and he actually quite likes jazz in a way, but when we are our characters that's not particularly funny, so we push ourselves for the roles."

Where Noel is unrestrainable energy, Julian seems to be more pragmatic, the calmer of the pair. At times talking to Noel, it's easy to imagine their dynamic as like a world-weary parent (Julian) holding the hand of a sugared-up child (Noel) that's in danger of running into the road. "Julian's mobile has the ringtone of a phone and I just think, 'How can you have that for so long?'" says Noel. "It's so ridiculous. It's so neutral; it's nonsense. I come in with something different every day."

"Noel doesn't have to do any wardrobe," counters Julian. "He just basically walks in and he's dressed exactly the same for filming. You don't really know when he's in costume or not."

"Most of the clothes in the show are mine," confesses Noel, "because they can never find anything as good. If you're into clothes you spend your whole time looking for clothes. I end up getting stuff made. I bring in tons of pictures, like Rod Stewart in white trousers and go, 'I quite like these trousers,' or Mick Jagger in a sailor top and say, 'That's quite nice.' Slowly, I've built up a whole wardrobe. The mirrorball suit? I don't go that extreme." (He admits it's now residing at his house, though.)

Like the TV that inspired them (see box over the page), *The Boosh* have a weird edginess bordering on an indescribable wrongness. And it's allowed them, big as they have become, to remain a cult show. At the live performances, children were dressing up as one of the more disturbing characters, Old Gregg, a freakish, vicious, transsexual merman creature who kidnaps fisherman and tries to seduce them. "My mate told me his daughter dressed up as Young Gregg," says Julian. "It's a bit scary and weird because a little bit of our show is a little bit wrong. Not wrong in an overly sexual way but in a kind of slightly mix it up a little bit and make it... wrong in some way."

"Imagine you're a kid and your dad gets a scary man from TV to ring you up for real. You'd be mentally destroyed"

"We aspire to freak people out a bit with *The Boosh*," Noel admits. "I love to be able to scare children a bit so they're stimulated but they want to watch it. I think it's good to scare them a little. The Hitcher's a bit frightening and a bit rude on tour but the kids are not bothered by that, it's just their parents. If you're five or six as a child and you haven't heard the word 'fuck', you've been living in a convent. I remember the first day I went to school; I came back with my ears bleeding. I know Chris Morris' kid is really scared of Old Gregg. He showed them Electra from the first series and it kind of backfired. Chris told them, 'You'll love this,' but it had the Spirit of Jazz in it and they hated it, they thought it was terrifying. Then he left it about a year and tried to get them onto the second series and he picked Old Gregg, which is me again, just a different colour, scaring people, and he ran out of the room. I think his kid was actually having nightmares about Old Gregg."

To smooth things over, Noel offered to call him up and talk to him. "I said to Chris, 'Shall I ring him?' and he went, 'No!' Imagine that, it's the worst thing ever. There's something scary in a film and your dad gets that person to ring you up. That would be it. You'd be psychologically destroyed."

But for everyone who doesn't like the show there are dozens more who do. Razorlight, who appeared as themselves in the second series, are "mates and fans", says Noel, and Roger Daltrey has made a guest appearance as well. Noel met Vince's hero, Gary Numan, after a gig in Brighton, and he might appear in the next series if they can think of a way to use him.

"Pretty much any band that's out at the moment has come up to me and said, 'We love *The Boosh*, we watch it on the tour bus,'" says Noel. And their appeal stretches over continents and into the afterlife, if the late Frank Zappa's wife is to be believed.

"Strangely, Frank Zappa's widow, Gail Zappa, got in touch with us and told us Frank wanted to haunt us," says Julian. "I didn't know quite what to make of that, whether she was joking or whether she was... high. I can't really work it out. In a way it's quite good. I'll let you know if we have any happenings."

As for the future, the first thing to negotiate is the third series. "We've talked about various ideas of where it might be set," says Julian. "At one point it was in a theatre like *The Muppets*, then we thought of a theatre where we could travel around through time and go to different eras – we got quite high concept – and then we just thought, this is just getting like *Jumanji*, so we thought we would set it in a shop, just a workplace. We've sort of decided on a second-hand-voodoo-knick-knack shop underneath the flat from the second series – Naboo owns the shop and we work in it and we go from there."

Plots are in the early stages but Julian can offer the following teaser: "We have one idea about us getting hold of the Devil's iPod, and he's got all sorts of weird tracks on there, like Peter Sutcliffe's folk album and Aleister Crowley's madrigals and sort of weird, unreleased, demonic-horror sort of music. We start DJing with that and release the underworld." ▶

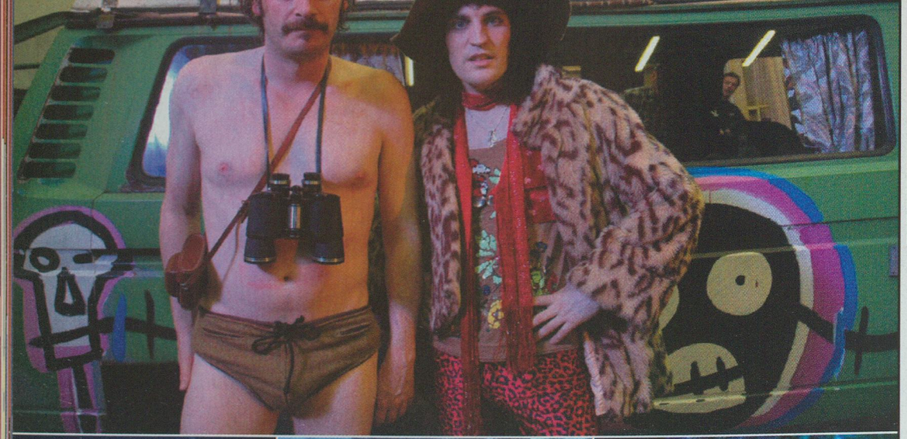
WHAT'S WITH THE RIDICULOUS NAME?

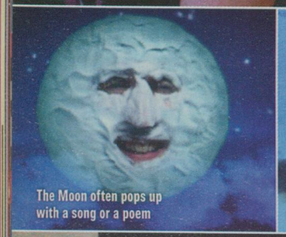
Or, Where do you come up with a title like *The Mighty Boosh*?

"We didn't want to be called Barratt and Fielding, that was way too cheesy," says Noel. "At one point, my brother Michael [who plays Naboo in *The Boosh*] had really crazy, curly hair. And he had a little friend from down the road, God knows where he was from, Portugal maybe, I can't remember. They were really young and I was looking after them. His mate was round and he was saying, 'Your hair's curly,' and Michael was going, 'No, it isn't,' because he hated having curly hair. He'd say, 'Your hair's curly,' and my brother would say, 'No, it isn't,' although it clearly was. And then this kid said to him, 'You've got a mighty bush,' and I thought it was the funniest thing ever, so I wrote it down. Once it seeps in it doesn't even matter if it's a real word. People just go, 'It's *The Boosh*,' and they just accept it quite quickly."

Noel and his brother, Michael – 'the mighty bush' – who plays Naboo

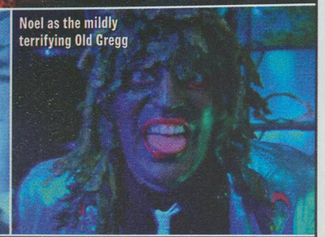
Vince Noir (left) and the Man with the very, very, very long name discuss philosophical matters





The Moon often pops up with a song or a poem

The Black Frost is "an icy bastard" capable of freezing a man's last words



Noel as the mildly terrifying Old Gregg

Bollo the ape openly dislikes Howard Moon but thinks very highly of Vince

▶ "We were going to do a *Muppets*-style show and put some famous people in it but then we thought, 'These people don't belong in the *Boosh* world,'" says Noel. "The only people that do are odd people or people that are so famous they're icons, like Roger Daltrey. It's alright having him in because he's in The Who and he's sort of beyond celebrity. We'd get Rick Wakeman in. We had this idea that we were putting on this show and we were looking through our contacts for someone quick to close the bill, and in the end it was up to me going, 'I only know one celebrity, it's Gary Numan,' and then calling him up and cutting to him in a silver hospital room on an operating table with sort of robots working on him, rebuilding him piece by piece like the bionic man. And then Julian was going to ring Rick Wakeman and he was going to be in a spaceship, sort of going, 'I can't do it mate,' eating curry in his spaceship, 'I'm just outside of Neptune,' and Julian's like, 'Oh fuck.' I don't think we're doing that kind of show now; we'll just save that up for a Christmas special."

After that, there might be music, but nothing too serious, probably in the same vein as the show. "The show was quite musical but it wasn't a musical," explains Julian. "We're thinking about doing some kind of musical in a kind of *Rocky Horror*-type way. I want to do a band as almost an extension of *The Boosh*, to begin with anyway. I'd love to play music venues if we could develop a set and some characters and make it quite weird. We might have a brass section and make it a weird Frank Zappa-type thing."

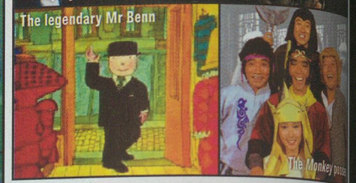
"We get hold of the Devil's iPod and start DJing with it. He has Sutcliffe and Crowley on it, and it releases the underworld"

Also, Noel says they have "loads of ideas for films" and are "sort of starting to write" one of them. There's a "Howard and Vince film idea" that isn't yet fully formed, and don't rule out "a really arty low-budget *Holy Grail*-type film" with "a lot of animation, a lot of music; a sort of little cult film that would probably get released in one cinema for one day". Noel is also painting and looking to have an exhibition at some point. "I might even write a sitcom for Naboo about a group of shamen who live in south London," he says. He's also open to the suggestion of a *Monkey* tribute episode of *The Mighty Boosh*. "A *Monkey* tribute! It'd be quite funny," he says. "We've totally got the characters. It'd be perfect!"

Whatever they do, Julian promises there will be a lot more of *The Mighty Boosh* in future. "It's a bit like a marriage, but an open marriage," he says. "We see other people, if you know what I mean. But we've got something quite good that we don't want to throw away." Ⓑ

The Mighty Boosh Live **is out now on double-disc DVD, priced £21.99.**

Monty Python



The legendary Mr Benn

The Monkey posse

THE BOOSH TALK TV

Noel and Julian's biggest TV influences

"The thing that inspired me most in terms of *The Boosh* would be *Monty Python*," says Julian. "When I discovered it I hunted out everything I could get," agrees Noel.

"*Python* was pretty amazing and quite weird at the time." That and *Monkey*. "It's fucking strange," says Noel. "I remember watching that and going, 'Who let this on television? This doesn't make sense!' It's a brilliant programme! There's a pig-man, an ape-man who doesn't really look like an ape, a bald priest who's a boy, and a fish monster. And they travel around fighting demons. It's got everything: funky music; it's quite funny, the dialogue; the costumes are amazing; it's quite magical; it's quite scary, I used to hide behind the sofa. I was obsessed with that when I was a kid; I'm sure it shaped my mind."

Julian's tastes aren't so different. "I used to watch all sorts when I was young: *Kung Fu*, *The Six Million Dollar Man*, kids' stuff, all that magical stuff from the 80s. *The Goodies* were an influence when I was young, before I did any comedy." He also cites *Mr Benn* as "quite a big influence, with his psychedelic tales", but then he does claim that a live-action version starring Harvey Keitel is slated for release in the near future, so it's hard to tell if he's being serious.

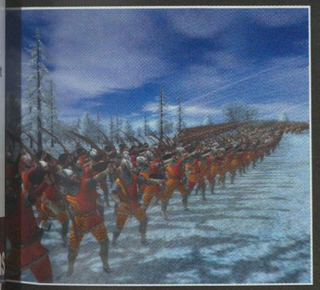
FIELDS OF WAR!

YOUR EYES CLOGGED WITH MUD AND SWEAT... A TERRIFYING ROAR FILLING YOUR EARS... AND AN ARMY OF THOUSANDS BAYING FOR YOUR BLOOD...

THE MEDIEVAL BATTLEFIELD WAS A GRUESOME PLACE. TRIUMPH AND GLORY WERE FOR THE FEW. A GRISLY AND AGONISING DEATH WAS YOUR MORE LIKELY END. AND THERE WAS A TERRIFYING VARIETY OF WAYS FOR YOU TO MEET YOUR MAKER IN THIS THEATRE OF WAR. HERE ARE A FEW OF THE SICKENING DEATHS THAT COULD HAVE FACED YOU IF YOU HAD BEEN BORN 700 YEARS AGO.

LONGBOWS

"Day turned to night", according to several medieval French knights, as ranks of English archers blacked out the sky with thousands of screaming arrows. Skilled longbowmen could fire up to 12 arrows a minute, making them even more effective than crossbowmen, and they were powerful enough to fell horses and pierce armour.



WAR ELEPHANTS

These massive creatures would strike terror into any foe, and would often be used in charges against enemy ranks. Charges could reach speeds of 30mph and their sheer size and swinging tusks made them virtually unstoppable. Some elephants had huge balls and chains attached to their trunks which they were trained to swing to devastating effect.

CATAPULTS

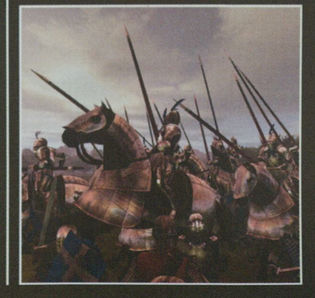
Medieval catapults, or trebuchets, hurled colossal rocks of up to 150kg over immense distances, smashing enemy walls, and anyone else who happened to get in the way. Occasionally, catapults were also used to throw the bodies of people and animals who had died of disease, such as the black plague, over castle walls in an effort to infect people under siege. Sometimes, spies and unsuccessful negotiators were catapulted alive.

PIKES

These extremely long spears – often up to 22ft long – were employed to ward off attacks from powerful cavalry, often employing a type of 'hedgehog' technique, by positioning themselves in giant circles. Pikes could also be an offensive weapon, and trained pike-men could attack enemy formations with four or five layers of spearheads bristling at the head of their attack, which, if done correctly, could annihilate the enemy infantry.

CAVALRY

Heavy cavalry would line up in formations hundreds-across, knee-to-knee, before charging, with thundering noise, enemy infantry to devastating effect. Heavily armoured soldiers on horseback were a near impossibility prior to the invention of stirrups, but with them in place, horse riders could take on much more weight and armour, and lean much further forward, allowing them to plough through their foes with lances, tearing them limb from limb.



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Get your copy of the groundbreaking *Medieval II: Total War* NOW and build your own empire!
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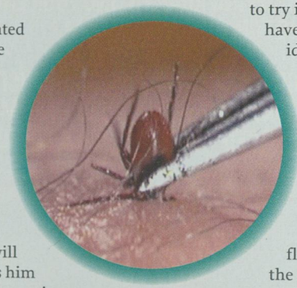
MEDIEVAL II TOTAL WAR™

"I'm full of Worms"

Meet the man who infested himself with bugs – just to see what would happen...

WORDS **SIOBHAN O'NEIL**

In 2003, Dr Mike Leahy created one of the most memorable TV moments in recent history by swallowing a piece of raw meat before gulping down a glass of red wine. The meat contained a tapeworm cyst. The tapeworm grew in his gut for 12 weeks to a length of 3m, before he ended the experiment because of his imminent wedding. That Leahy will go to such extreme lengths makes him the perfect, er, host for new Sky One series *Invasion Of The Bodyscratchers*, in which the biologist travels the globe, making his body a safari park for weird and disgusting parasites. We spoke to him.



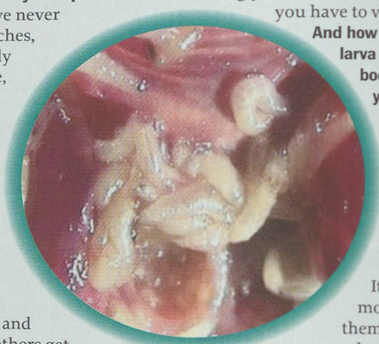
What possessed you to surrender your body like this?
Well, I was paid to do it! No, I've always been interested in how things work, and that goes back to my first career as a mechanic. After my degree in biology I specialised in viruses because I was interested in how they could hijack your defences and live inside your body. Viruses and bacteria are parasites, but they're relatively small compared to human beings – but the idea of something larger like a tapeworm that can thrive within another organism is truly gross. So finding out how they do that was my main motivation, and the best way to find out how something works is to try it yourself. And as not many people have done it, it struck me as a good idea. It was fun as well. I learnt a hell of a lot. It's easy to read things or see them on telly, but when you've got one growing inside you it takes on a whole new dimension.

Nice: A botfly larva is removed from someone's eye

How many have you experienced?
Oh crikey, I've never counted! Leeches, maggots, botfly larvae, headlice, fleas, body lice, the kissing bug, mosquitos, ticks... a dozen for this series. And I grew a tapeworm again.

Were you an old hand this time?
Not really. It grew differently. And I also had a competition with a mate – I brought a cyst home for him – so that was different. My wife's pregnant and expectant mothers get together with other pregnant women and go to antenatal classes. So what was nice this time was we had our own antenatal classes, watching TV and talking about feeling the tapeworms move and wearing incontinence underwear to make sure any bits that crawled out of our backsides didn't make a run for it.

Nice.
It *is* horrible.

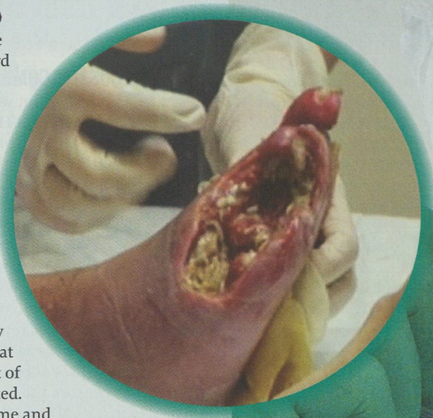


Is that how they spread?
Pretty much. They break off the little eggs called proglotids – but we called them crawlers – so they can either be found in your crap or they make their own way out. They're an inch, an inch-and-a-half long and look like something you'd see in a Pot Noodle. And they can crawl out of their own volition. You just get this tingly sensation and know one's on its way out and you have to visit a loo and deal with it.

And how do you persuade a botfly larva to take up residence in your body? They live inside a boil or your skin, right?
Right. It was a bit difficult. There was a mad professor near Rio de Janeiro in Brazil and we went to see him. The botfly is large and doesn't lay eggs directly onto its host, or it's liable to get squashed. It kidnaps smaller, faster-moving insects, lays eggs on them, and when they land on you the eggs sense the heat; the larvae hatch almost instantly and burrow into your skin. We used a paintbrush and painted on about eight larvae, but only one took.

How do you know you have one?
It's a mild itching. I felt it because I knew they were there, but you can see how they can infect you by stealth because you really don't feel that much, and they'll just disappear up into a hair follicle and grow there and you don't know anything about it for a couple of weeks.

And eventually they come out as a little fly?
They come out as a pupa. I think they're meant to grow for about five weeks, but it was in me longer than that. The thing is, nobody really knows. There's a lot in parasitology where people haven't got any hard facts. None of the experts knew exactly how long they'd grow for, or what the likelihood was of them taking, as not many people grow them on themselves. It's not really common practice.



How did you get rid of it?
It was cut out. It could make its own way out, but it wasn't doing very well as it got in behind my knee – it was in an area that gets rubbed as there's a lot of movement, so it got infected. It was likely to die inside me and that wouldn't have been very nice.

And your brother had a Tumbu fly?
Yeah, he had it on his arsecheek because he left his pants out to dry. In areas of central and west Africa, if you leave your clothes out the Tumbu fly finds it a nice place to lay its eggs, and if you don't iron them the chances are you could end up with a Tumbu fly burrowing into you. And in his case it was his arsecheek – which was funny.

It's the same, it grows a little boil?
Yes, they're distant relatives. His just dropped out. He didn't even notice it. But it was quite unsightly.

And hard to sit on.
Yeah, it was painful.

So was there one parasite, of all of them, you wish you hadn't tried?
The headlice. They're pretty harmless, but they did disrupt my domestic harmony. My wife wouldn't let me in the house. It's understandable. She's got beautiful long hair. But it meant no sex for quite a while.

EIGHT NASTIES...
... THAT MIKE HAD LIVING IN HIM!

WORDS **KATE HODGES**

TAPEWORMS There are different species of tapeworm that can infect humans. The largest, the fish tapeworm, can reach a length of 30ft and live for up to 20 years. They don't usually threaten their host, but if they reach the central nervous system they can cause neurocysticercosis, which can result in seizures and may be life-threatening.

LEECHES Leeches in infected waters attach themselves to exposed skin. They use two muscular suckers to attach themselves to the subject, then bite into the flesh with their three teeth. They absorb 10 times their weight in blood before dropping off.

BOTFLY LARVAE Usually introduced to a human host by a mosquito, botfly larvae live in a raised boil on their human host for up to six weeks. If you get infected by a botfly, you can extract it yourself. Use smoke to force its head out, or apply a thick layer of Vaseline over the boil to cut off its air supply; then, when its head emerges, yank it (gently, so it doesn't break off!) from the fleshy lump.

MAGGOTS The maggot is the larval stage of the fly. As well as dung and old plant matter, they eat rotten flesh. Historically, maggots were used in medicine to nibble at putrid wounds to rid them of dangerous infection. Today, 'maggot therapy' is being reinstated in many hospitals.

HEADLICE The average adult headlouse is a couple of millimetres long. Lice bite through their host's scalp and feed on blood. Lice lay eggs, and the empty shells are what are popularly known as 'nits'. You can tell how long someone has had headlice by the distance of the eggs from the scalp – hair grows at 1cm per month, so if the eggs are 3cm away from the scalp, the lice have been there for three months.

KISSING BUGS The kissing bug, or *triatoma protracta*, is a 0.75in bug that feeds on its human victims at night. It bites into the soft tissue of the lips, eyelids or ears and sucks the blood of the victim. Its saliva, which it injects into the victim during the feeding process, can cause severe allergic reactions. The creatures are also known to carry Chagas disease, a form of sleeping sickness.

MOSQUITOS Mosquitos breed in standing water. Their bites become raised and itchy within the hour. They can carry diseases such as malaria and West Nile virus. Female mosquitos do the biting as males don't have suitable mouthparts.

TICKS Ticks attach themselves to mammals to feed. They need a blood meal to mutate into their next stage of life. If left alone, they'll stay attached to their host for a week, engorging themselves with blood. They spread Lyme disease, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, and meningoencephalitis. Their bite can cause a severe allergic reaction and paralysis.

The Best Of Public Access TV

Or: What happens when you let absolutely anyone make their own television shows

WORDS **MARTIN FRIEL**

Initially seen as one of the finest examples of democracy in action, cable-access television in America has, since its birth in the late 60s, allowed the disenfranchised and weird to air their views or purge their souls in front of a captive audience. Cable companies must, by law, provide money for public access to broadcasting equipment, training and airtime. However, cable, or public, access is now under threat due to a bill in Congress which, if successful, would see funding cuts of up to 50 per cent across the country. Many shows expect to go to the wall if this bill is passed, so here's a quick round-up of what you may have been missing, and will surely miss in the future.

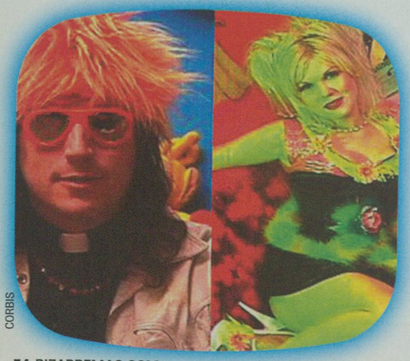
1 THE JUNIOR CHRISTIAN SCIENCE BIBLE LESSON SHOW

Cable access in America is no stranger to God-botherers imploring their catatonic viewers to 'open their hearts to Jesus', but one of the most bizarre examples of religious television has to be *The Junior Christian Science Bible Lesson Show*, created and presented by puppeteer David Hart in the 70s.

After enjoying bit parts in *Chico And The Man* and *Brewster's Millions*, Hart fell on hard times, but, convinced he had something to offer the world of entertainment, took up some airtime on his local cable-access channel. His puppet co-hosts on the show were Chip the Black Boy, Teddie Eddie and Doug the Dog, all of whom were conduits for various aspects of Hart's patently fractured personality. With his self-penned hymns, oddball 'celebrity' guests and talk of UFO encounters, Hart's show offers a unique insight into the psyche of an achingly lonely but insanely driven individual.

2 THE THREEE GENIUSES

They say like attracts like, and that seems to hold true with odd couple Dan Kapelovitz and Giddle Partridge. The pair have established a California-based cult in which members of the Partridge family are worshipped as deities. Now, while the image of David Cassidy nailed to a cross is an undeniably gratifying one, it's the improvised fusion of music and psychedelic imagery on their *Threee Geniuses* show that makes this worthwhile. At the very least, they get points for stretching the technology of cable access to its limits.



CORBIS

3 THE FRANCINE DANCER SHOW

The aptly named Francine Dancer is a homeless go-go dancer who hosts the number-one cable-access show in LA. Due to an unspecified back problem, Francine spends most of her time in a wheelchair, but come showtime she slips into the scantiest of outfits, hauls her ample frame out of her chair and, for half an hour, gives her sizeable audience the best show they are likely to see from a disabled woman on the wrong side of 50. Despite her advancing years, Francine remains one of the most popular turns on live cable-access in America.

Francine is LA's number-one 50-year-old wheelchair-bound go-go dancer

4 THADIVISION

In an attempt to get the Black Panthers' militant message across to America's disenfranchised toddlers, Lyle Thadison created the urban revolutionary answer to kids' favourite *Barney And Friends* on his show *Thadivision*.

Dressed in a rented jungle-cat costume, this full-time postman led children in songs, games and 'imaginary trips' influenced by Black Panther political ideology. Sadly, there appear to have been no instances of pre-schoolers united in a mass of clenched fists in symbolic defiance at America's white-capitalist oppressive regime.

5 COSMIC COMEDY

Not content with being a school bus driver, Scott Harrold decided to bag some time on his local Nebraskan cable network and entertain the brain-dead masses as his alter ego, Crotchy the Clown. Crotchy, however, was a clown with a difference. In full circus gear, he reviewed porn (complete with clips), giving the audience his authoritative view of the genre.

Things started to go wrong for Crotchy when he decided to provide something "for the ladies". Responding, he claims, to requests from female fans for more male nudity, Crotchy took it upon himself to wank openly on his cable-access show in full clown make-up. Not surprisingly, he incurred the wrath of the censors and at the moment he remains embroiled in a legal dispute as to whether his onanism should be regarded as obscene or not.

6 GLENN O'BRIEN'S TV PARTY

If public access is the epitome of DIY television, then it met its perfect bedfellow in the New York punk movement of the late 70s. *Glenn O'Brien's TV Party* took the punk and art scene he found himself immersed in and put it on the airwaves.

Billed as "the cocktail party that could also be a political party", it espoused the political belief that New York should secede from the union and become an independent port-city-state like Hong Kong. Only half-seriously. Regular guests on this anarchic show, featuring simultaneous conversations and a camera permitted to roam free, included Robert Mapplethorpe, Fab Five Freddy, Mick Jones, David Byrne, Nile Rodgers and Jean-Michel Basquiat. However, one of the most memorable episodes saw Debbie Harry give viewers the history of and the proper way to dance the pogo.

TV Party quietly slipped away in 1982 just as the scene it represented did. O'Brien was unrepentant about the shoddy quality of production, saying: "We liked it that way. We wanted it to look like what it was – something we were making ourselves."

TRASH TV

WORDS
DENISE STANBOROUGH

From stripping for strangers to giving away your newborn baby as a prize, reality television gets more shocking by the programme

The innocent days of *Driving School* and *What Not To Wear* are long behind us. Now, going on a reality-TV show to swap spouses, win a house makeover or a new pair of tits is primetime and tame. These days, producers are pulling out all the stops to bring us the most shocking reality television, and provoking outrage, protests, and massive viewing figures in the process.

In 2004, 16-year-old American Jessica Bohne became an ordinary face on an extraordinary show revolving around a competition to find adoptive parents for her unborn baby boy. ABC's 20/20 programme *Be My Baby* showed Jessica at eight-and-a-half months pregnant, grilling the five infant-hungry couples all competing to win the sprog. Just like *Big Brother* or *The X Factor*, each duo faced the task of impressing the 'judges' – Jessica and her mother – to avoid being evicted from the show and to make it through to the final stage: The teenager signing her son away.

The US TV station was bombarded with complaints from viewers and adoption groups, who claimed the broadcasters had finally crossed the final threshold of decency.

Not to be outdone, Fox TV also produced an adoption-themed programme. In *Who's Your Daddy*, which aired in January 2006, six women given away at birth were confronted with the task of picking out their father from an eight-man line-up, after interviewing each 'contestant'. With the incentive of winning $132,000, the show was flooded with willing victims.

Pretty blonde actress TJ Myers appeared on the show eager to find her biological dad. In a sexy backless dress, Myers spent quality time with each man, making perceptive comments such as, "Bob likes M&Ms, and my number-one candy growing up was M&Ms!" In the end, after carefully watching each 'dad' disco dance, and communicating with them through instant messenger, she chose the right man, and was also introduced to her three stepsisters and biological mother.

"This show trivialises a topic which adopted persons, birth families, and adoptive families have strong feelings about," says Linda Hageman, vice president of professional services at adoption agency The Cradle.

At the time the show hit TV screens, both Hageman and Adam Pertman, author of *Adoption Nation* and Executive Director of the Evan Donaldson Adoption Institute, publicly denounced it and urged others to do the same. Protests broke out at various Fox stations and advertisers pulled out of primetime ad breaks in the show. The five remaining programmes were canned and never shown to the public.

"We need to educate people about the realities of adoption," says Hageman. "This could be horrifying for birth mothers and fathers who have made adoption plans. To see an adopted person's quest for information about her birth father reduced to a gameshow format is truly unbelievable."

Where the roots of über-shock reality TV lie is debatable, but one of the first shows to experiment with the format was MTV's *The Real World*. First shown in 1992, viewers were absorbed into the day-to-day existence of attractive young people living together under one roof, who brought a daily dose of arguing, bitching, backstabbing and heavy petting. Irene McGee, from 1998's *The Real World: Seattle*, became the first person to walk off the set of a reality-TV show in the middle of filming. As she was about to leave, male contestant Stephen Williams hit her in the face, and the scene was ranked the ninth-most-shocking reality moment ever by VH1. Since this, Irene has carved out a career as a media activist by touring colleges and giving talks on media manipulation. She's also set up a regular radio podcast programme called Nooneslistening.org, where she explores the topic and interviews everyone from TV producers to psychologists.

"It was one of the only reality shows out there in the US at the time, and it looked like you lived in a cool house with fun peeps," McGee tells us. But shortly after entering the house, McGee realised the reality was missing in this supposed reality-TV show. "I left the show because I was ethically opposed to how it was created," she explains, adding that ▶

SPECIAL!
On *Be My Baby*, couples fought for the right to adopt a 16-year-old girl's baby. It was kind of like *The X Factor*, except with couples as the acts, the teenage girl as Sharon Osbourne, and the unborn infant as the prize

SPECIAL!
Blonde bombshell adoptee TJ Myers worked out who her genetic father was on Fox reality-TV special *Who's Your Daddy*, by watching the finalists disco dance

SPECIAL!
On *Gana La Verde*, illegal US immigrants compete in perilous tasks – like eating live scorpions and leaping from speeding trucks – to win a Green Card, and the right to stay in the States

SPECIAL!
Going Cold Turkey showcased the efforts of three heroin addicts to kick their habit – shit, vomit, warts and all

SPECIAL!
On *Hunger*, contestants are dumped in a foreign country with nothing and told to survive. Kristina Kalinina made $112 by offering to dance naked for strange men

SPECIAL!
Irene McGee (second woman from left), from *The Real World: Seattle*, was hit in the face by a male contestant, as cameras rolled, when she left the show

SPECIAL
Ex-child TV star Danny Bonaduce, who was filmed in the lead-up to his suicide attempt, said: "I'm a car crash, and you have every right to slow down and watch the car crash."

GOFF-INF; REX; MASTERFILE; WENN; CHANNEL 4

▶ there was deliberate product placement, and if any housemate was seen drinking a beverage it was snatched out of their hand and replaced with a specific brand. "I was affected psychologically by getting hit – I had a handprint on my face for four hours. But what got me more were the cameramen who were just standing there doing nothing."

Self-proclaimed anarchist and activist Jello Biafra, former singer of the Dead Kennedys, backed McGee by talking about the moment on his *Become The Media* spoken-word album, saying, "Can't you MTV think of a better way to raise audience awareness of domestic violence than to make it look cool?"

The UK has also had its fair share of controversial reality programmes. *Going Cold Turkey* was Channel 4's effort to help people 'learn' about the life of a heroin addict by filming three junkies live, during the process of withdrawal. A functioning clinic was specially built in the grounds of an existing treatment centre in Harrogate, where the three stars of the show could be administered treatment and observed while the nation sat back and watched five days of vomiting and runny bowel movements.

Within hours of switching the cameras on, the newly ex-addicts began experiencing intense stomach cramps, extreme nausea and diarrhoea. Firefly Productions, who made the programme, described the experience of the users as "50 times worse than the worst flu you've ever had".

Public opinion was mixed. Harry Shapiro, press spokesman for DrugScope and editor of the charity's magazine *Druglink*, tried to warn Channel 4 that they were not reflecting reality with the treatment process. "What they were showing was quite an expensive detox that in reality wouldn't be available to many," Shapiro tells us. "As far as I'm aware they never made that clear. They did say this is not a cure and it does involve follow-up and therapy, but it was a tiny slice of the treatment options available and not that helpful."

Despite the critics' scorn, Channel 4 recently aired yet another drug-addiction show called *Intervention: We're Coming To Get You*, in which addicts are secretly lured into a confrontation with their families. A controversial technique from the US, intervention therapy is a radical way to 'shock' addicts into realising they have a problem. Heroin users Richard and Anna are filmed coming up against a surprise confrontation with their families, who threaten to disown them unless they go into rehab.

"I couldn't even bring myself to watch it," says Shapiro. "Intervention therapy is popular in the States and it would be silly to say this has never worked for anyone. But if you look at the clinical evidence they've done on this, by and large, it doesn't work. You force people into these situations, they're probably not ready for it, and the success rates are pretty low."

In Russia, the TNT channel pulls no punches when it comes to reality viewing. In May 2005, it launched the Russian *Big Brother* and also *Dom-2*,

Cameras captured the build-up to the suicide attempt; Danny spent hours on film popping pills

where couples have to pair off in order to win a house. The channel also showed *Hunger*, a programme where 13 20-somethings are blindfolded, bundled into a container and dropped off in an unknown country to fend for themselves. The prize? A guaranteed monthly pension of £6,000 for life. The first batch of hopefuls were dumped in Berlin without food or money. Surviving on only a special vitamin drink, contestants were forced to go out in the city to busk or scrounge food. This move prompted police to intervene after receiving reports of Russian people on the streets offering to do anything for a morsel to eat.

The second series was 'softened' after the Ministry of Internal Affairs complained, and the next group of guinea pigs were deposited in the tough borough of Queens, New York. The show's website summed up the programme by saying, "The participants must share the fate of many Russian immigrants thrown into the fire of the Big Apple: not knowing three words of English, the young people must not die of hunger and get what they need to survive in any way they can on the unforgiving streets of Queens!"

The group had to complete tasks set by producers. One contestant, Kristina Kalinina, made $112 by approaching men and offering to take her clothes off and dance for them.

Meanwhile, back in America, illegal immigrants desperate for a Green Card were falling over themselves to get on a reality gameshow called *Gana La Verde*, launched in July 2004. KRCA-TV, a Hispanic station based in LA, came up with the idea of offering a chance to walk away with a team of immigration lawyers, who would work for a year to accelerate the residency process. Despite making themselves visible to immigration services, and with no guarantee of eventually being granted a Green Card, contestants were not deterred and readily completed tasks such as eating live scorpions, leaping from fast-moving trucks or catching a pig smothered in butter in a bid to win.

In an interview with *The Los Angeles Times*, Ariana De La Luz, a Puebla, Mexico, native and first winner on the show, described her experience of eating live tequila worms: "They stink!" she says. "It was this horrible smell, and they were still alive. I put a handful of worms in my mouth and one of them was hanging from my lips. Oh my God, I felt like throwing up. My mom told me to trust in God and he will help me."

After the cameras stop rolling, some reality shows have had disturbing consequences. Weeks after being voted off Swedish TV's *Expedition: Robinson* in 1997, 34-year-old Sinisa Savija committed suicide by throwing himself under a train. His wife Nermina told the press the show was to blame for his death: "He became deeply depressed and agonised [after he was evicted]. He felt degraded as a person and didn't see meaning in life." In *Breaking Bonaduce*, Danny Bonaduce, former child star from *The Partridge Family*, slit his wrists after his wife demanded a divorce. But rather than stop filming, camera crews captured the lead-up to his suicide attempt, where he spent hours drinking himself into a rage and taking pills.

ABC's *Extreme Makeover* was also accused of making a fatal error when they cancelled Delesse Williams' appearance on the show. After filming her family making unkind comments about her looks, the show's producers allegedly decided to drop Williams the night before she was due for surgery because of time constraints. Following the cancellation, Williams' sister, Kellie McGee – who was, her sister claims, suffering from bipolar disorder – felt so ashamed of her comments about Williams' appearance that she withdrew from the rest of the family and, claims Williams, killed herself by ODing on alcohol and cocaine. Williams is now bringing up McGee's two children, and has launched a lawsuit against ABC for damages.

In response, ABC expressed "sincere condolences" and said that "Producers endeavour to handle each potential makeover participant with the utmost care". They added that Williams always knew her show could be cancelled if doctors or producers had any concerns about a procedure, as was stated in the contract she signed.

With more and more extreme reality shows hitting our screens every month, questions of ethics and manipulation are at the forefront of discussions about the effects of this type of programming. Yet despite critics' insistence that TV companies should ban shows that have little basis in real life, producers continue to cross the threshold of decency.

"These so-called reality shows are not real – how can they be called that when they don't reflect what happens in the world?" says Adam Pertman. "They really risk doing more harm than good because they simply don't get the realities of their subject matter. They don't know where the lines are."

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Bone idol

TV's coolest dog, Brian from *Family Guy*, chews the fat with *Bizarre*

INTERVIEW **JAMES DOORNE**

As far as TV dogs go, Snoopy, Scooby, Santa's Little Helper et al are a bunch of pussies. And if that comment is particularly hurtful to a canine, then so be it – they are nothing, they are the past. And the future, just so you know, is Brian from *Family Guy*. He talks, he drinks, and, among his many fine moments to date, he's had a crush on Lois, the lady of the house, joined the police force as a sniffer dog, developed a coke habit and gone off the rails straight into rehab. His fine acting, dark and acerbic wit and love of the sauce make him the coolest cartoon dog ever by a country mile. We are very grateful to Brian for granting us a rare interview.

With your intellectual capacity and appreciation of the avant garde arts, you have to be a fan of this magazine, no?
My idea of avant garde art is more along the line of Ornette Coleman or Eric Dolphy. Although a guy holding a leash attached to a woman's pierced clitoris is pretty provocative too.

What's your favourite show currently on TV and why?
I've really gotten into *Antiques Roadshow*. Actually, I think they changed the title to *Desperate Housewives*. I can't wait to see who develops osteoporosis first.

What's your favourite all-time TV show and why?
I'd have to say *All In The Family*. That show helped pave the way for overweight, chauvinistic and ignorant fathers on television. It really captured the essence of American culture.

You're one of the most controversial dogs on TV, having been a drunk, had a coke habit and lusted after someone from another species. How do you cope with performing such difficult storylines?
Sometimes I find a dark corner on the set, sit down and start licking myself. That seems to help a little.
And it just feels great.

How do you feel about the ever-increasing number of dog clothes that are available? Would you consider wearing something?
Dogs who wear clothes are like people who wear knit caps and scarves in warm weather. Don't you just wanna slap those A-holes?

Do dogs have any kind of racist tendencies?
I hate to sound bigoted, but if you're playing fetch with a black dog, chances are you're not gonna get that tennis ball back.

Is it PC to call a female partner a bitch?
It depends if you're having an actual argument or just engaging in dirty talk. As in, "Oh bitch, you're makin' my leg shake."

How does it feel to walk about with your goods on display for everyone to see?
Like Tara Reid. Only less whorey.

Can you have 'sexual relations' in the missionary position?
Not if she has bad breath.

If you could have a cocktail named after you, what specific name would you like and what would the drink be made up of?
The Blowjob. The drink would be a very dry martini served by a cocktail waitress who gives you... well, a blowjob.

Diamond-studded leash or Louis Vuitton bag?
Ah, no.

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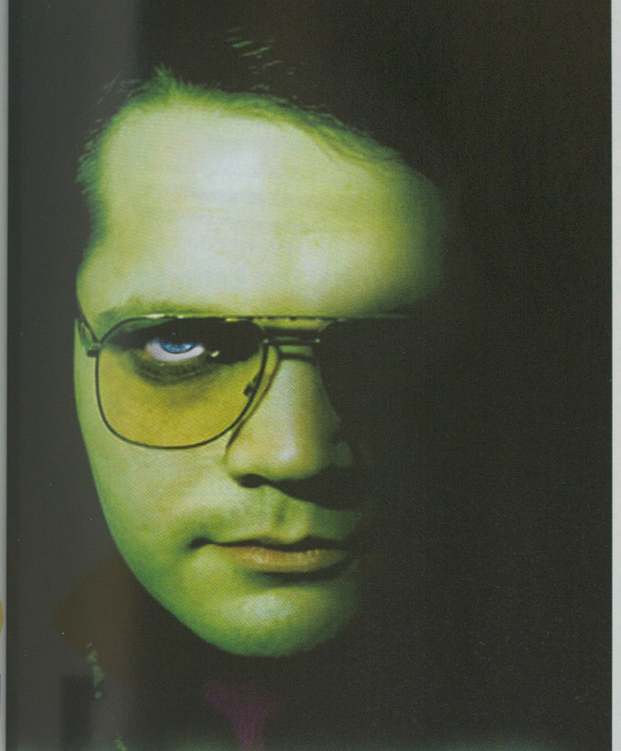

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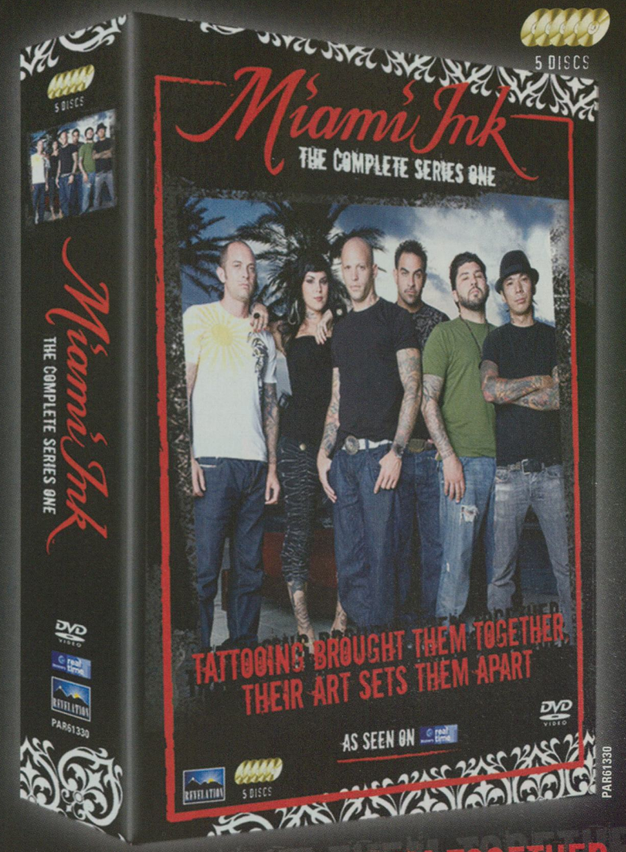

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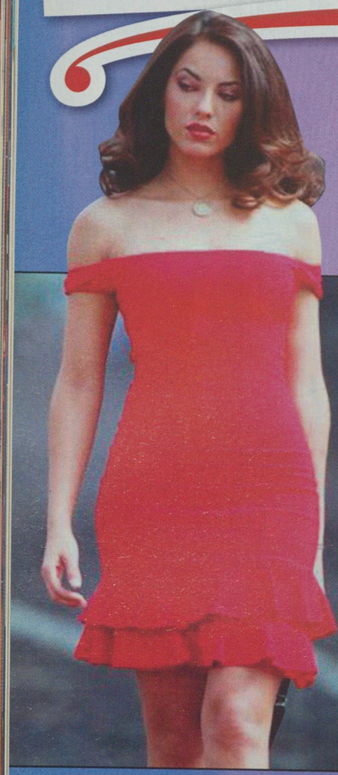


WORDS **JAMES MARRISON**

Trannies, witches and dog love triangles – it's the Latin *EastEnders*

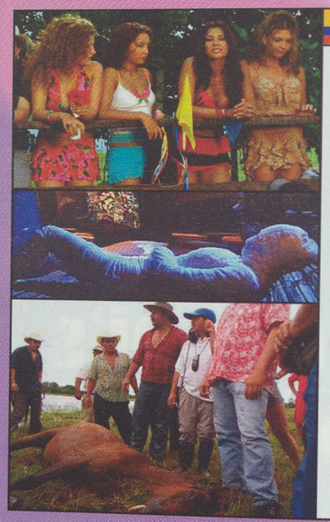
Latin American soaps are arguably the most popular form of entertainment on the planet. Attracting hundreds of millions of viewers worldwide, the most weepy recycled Mexican soap can score massive ratings in such far-flung spots as China, Russia and the Philippines.

Despite their reputation for being horribly sentimental, 'telenovelas' can also be violent and bizarre, with calculated acts of blood-curdling cruelty commonplace. The stunning heroines not only have to contend with greedy homicidal siblings, but sometimes mad scientists, ghosts and serial killers. And scriptwriters have thrown in talking dogs, witches and demonic possession to keep it interesting. Like so...

MEXICO

RUBI

For beautiful female villains the punishment is invariably disfigurement, and the most recent villainess on the receiving end of this classic form of telenovela justice was the gorgeous Rubi. She begins by stealing her crippled best friend's boyfriend on her first ruthless step to the top, and falls off a staircase onto a glass table during a climactic scene. Rubi then goes on to lose a leg during surgery and emerges hideously scarred.



COLOMBIA

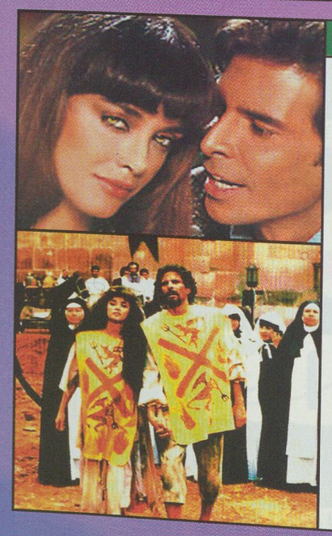
THE STORM

Hunky Miguel has been away from the small town where he grew up. Then Michelle turns up, devastating the local females by telling everyone she's Miguel's girlfriend. But there's a reason for Miguel's absence: he's had a sex change and Michelle is actually Miguel. Miguel/Michelle then falls in love with another man and gets engaged, but doesn't tell his fiancé the terrible secret. At the wedding Michelle is unmasked as being Miguel, but it then turns out it's not Miguel at all. Instead, it's Miguel's ex-girlfriend, who's hatched one of the pottiest plots for vengeance of all time. In her confession she tells us she's had facial surgery to look like Miguel and a sex change in order to change into a man. Why? So everyone will believe Miguel was a transsexual, of course.

VENEZUELA

THE WIFE OF JUDAS

A soppy love story with one of the highest bodycounts in recent telenovela history, the plot revolves around a sexy researcher who falls in love with the president of a winery. *The Wife Of Judas* also features a serial killer who dresses in the bloodstained robes of a bride, and the ghost of a murdered priest who shows up every time a death is imminent (he shows up a lot). Like many telenovelas which end with the writers killing off half the cast in nation-stopping massacres, by the end of *The Wife Of Judas* there's hardly a character left standing.



MEXICO

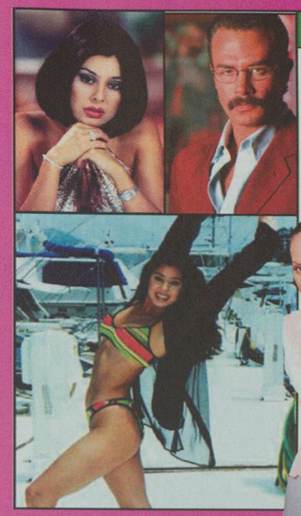
THE STRANGE RETURN OF DIANE SALAZAR

Time travel, the Spanish Inquisition and reincarnation are all themes of this strange Mexican blockbuster, in which legendary soap queen Lucia Mendez finds herself dreaming of a past life and being reunited with a long-lost love. Suddenly endowed with deadly supernatural powers, she slowly discovers she's in fact the reincarnation of a witch and her eyes (usually at the end of an episode) keep on turning bright yellow. The most shocking moment is the finale, which ends with the witch realising that the *whole thing* (196 episodes, all told) is in fact a futuristic hallucination, as she slowly burns to death at the stake.

ARGENTINA

I WILL RESIST

I Will Resist revolves around a mobster who's illegally peddling "blood plasma". Critically ill with some warped form of haemophilia, the mobster can only survive by drinking blood and munching on the kidneys of his dead uncle. With the help of a mad scientist, the villain is also seeking the secret of eternal life. But it all goes wrong and he manages to blow himself up while stuffing himself with bright-blue jelly. Cue blood-smeared glass everywhere while our two sultry heroes go and live happily ever after in Paris.



MEXICO

THE OTHER

The Other is the story of a dishy doctor who, believing his fiancée is dead, marries her evil doppelgänger. In fact, his fiancée has been kept prisoner in a nunnery, and when she manages to escape, confusion inevitably occurs. Plenty of scheming, murders and identity-swapping later, the only character able to keep track of who's who is the family dog, who starts growling every time the doppelgänger walks into the room. When the impostor is murdered the dog finds her grave, digs her up and eats her corpse.

MEXICO

DEN OF WOLVES

Homicidal matriarch Catalina starts off by poisoning her husband in order to gain control of his business empire and then proceeds to slaughter anyone who gets in her way. She carries out electrocutions and plane crashes while dressed in her special 'murder outfit'. And in order to make her hated son-in-law feel guilty and to control him, Catalina pretends he blinded her in one eye as a child. Subsequently, she's seen sporting a vast array of eyepatches, all of which match her austere frocks. The murderous Catalina, played to perfection by Maria Rubio, ensured Mexico City ground to a standstill (even the subway system closed) as Mexicans tuned in to watch her finally die.

COLOMBIA

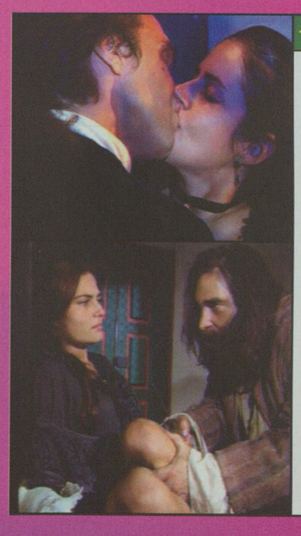
A GAMBLE ON LOVE

For males (very often the weak-willed sons of psychotic matriarchs) the end can come in the form of a slow, drawn-out death such as being buried alive; alternatively, these lily-livered Latins can get eaten alive by crocodiles, or even swallowed whole by anacondas. Sometimes they get the chance to repent while dying, via very long speeches, but if they're really bad they get a fate worse than death, just like their female counterparts. Child-stealing murderer Alvaro, the villain of *Apuesta Por Un Amor*, gets an even rougher deal than Rubi (see opposite page). Sent to a Colombian jail for life, Alvaro is almost instantly raped and has his eyes gouged out by fellow inmates.

MEXICO

MARIMAR

One of *Marimar*'s main stars was a mangy mutt called Pulgoso. During the show you could hear what Pulgoso was thinking and what he was saying to the other animals, and he even had his own famous catchphrase. Involved in a complicated subplot, Pulgoso was romantically torn between the love of two glamorous and indifferent poodles, but it all ended tragically when the real love of his life, Solamino, got run over. Heartbroken, in a very touching scene Pulgoso digs a hole and buries her.



BRAZIL

XICA DA SILVA

Brazilian soaps are notoriously racy, and none more so than mega-smash *Xica Da Silva*. With scenes of gang rape, sodomy and torture, and with a guest-star appearance by Italian porn queen La Cicciolina thrown in for good measure, *Xica Da Silva* is the ultra-violent and sexually charged tale of a luscious young slavegirl sleeping and slaughtering her way to becoming the unofficial 'Empress of Brazil'. Bizarre moments abound, but the most notorious episode, which showed seven devil-worshipping nuns raping a priest, was banned. B

Shockumentaries!

WORDS JAMES DOORNE

When television reveals mind-boggling real lives, it's impossible not to watch

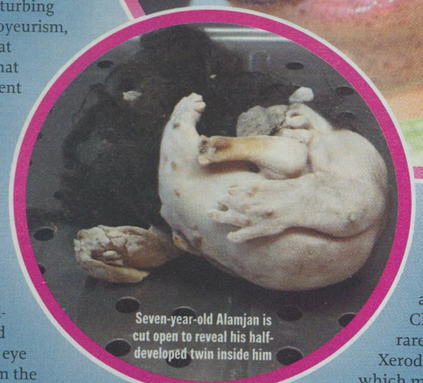
In the last few years British TV screens have become a battlefield for documentary-makers seemingly hell-bent on capturing the most upsetting scenes of human suffering. Crisp fifties were slipped under the front doors of anyone who lived in the shadow of a tragedy, and no 34-stone teenager was left unturned in the hunt for people struggling with rare genetic disorders, addictions and mental illness.

The resulting programmes were shocking and sometimes controversial. *Being Pamela*, the story of Pamela Edwards – who suffered from Dissociative Identity Disorder and had four different internal characters, Andrew, Sandra, Margaret and Susan – was the subject of a failed eleventh-hour high-court action that tried to prevent broadcast. And many documentaries were mired in the accusation that they were little more than a disturbing hybrid of reality TV and voyeurism, allowing viewers to gawp at disabled people in a way that good manners would prevent them doing in real life. Either way, the best ones didn't so much tug at your heartstrings as lasso them and pull them out through your chest.

The Boy Whose Skin Fell Off was so upsetting that former concentration-camp commandants, far-right attack dogs and serial-killing sharks all pretended to have something in their eye when they watched it. From the opening shot of the tiny little coffin on the table and the voiceover saying, "That's me in the box. I have come back in spirit. I'll tell you the story of my life and my death," the story of Johnny Kennedy was profoundly upsetting. Born with Dystrophic Epidermolysis Bullosa, Johnny never experienced puberty, lived in agony as his skin would come off at the slightest touch, and eventually died from skin cancer at the age of 34. But he was one of the happiest, most positive people who ever lived. Inspirational but really, really fucking sad.

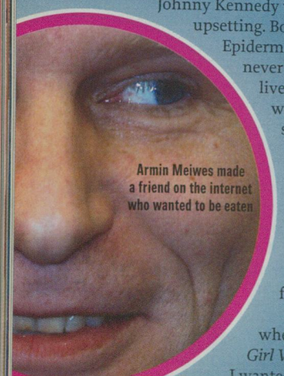
At various times when watching *The Girl Who Lives In The Dark* I wanted to throw

Nine-year-old Wan Lao Yang, who cannot be exposed to sunlight, loses her eye and nose in surgery



Seven-year-old Alamjan is cut open to reveal his half-developed twin inside him

Juliana Whetmore has had 21 operations to build her a face



Armin Meiwes made a friend on the internet who wanted to be eaten

CORBIS; C4; FIVE; SKY

was a ball of skin with teeth, nails and hair. Partly a look at cannibalism in a wider context and partly a look at the old 'middle-aged computer engineer meets radical masochist over internet, they meet, cut off and cook the masochist's penis together, then chow down on it before the masochist, lying in the bath and close to death from blood loss, is finished off with a knife through his neck' story, *The Man Who Ate His Lover* has to be shocking; it would be impossible to make a documentary about Armin Meiwes and Bernd-Juergen Brandes' time together that wasn't. For all the shock and horror of the other documentaries here, *Building A New Face* makes them look like *The Sooty Show*.

Juliana Whetmore was born with Treacher Collins Syndrome which, in the words of one of her doctors, left Juliana with "a big gap... no face whatsoever". She's normal in every way, apart from she has no face, has to be fed through a tube in her stomach and breathes through a hole in her neck. By the time she was three, Juliana had undergone 20 operations, and the documentary covers the period when she has her 21st; creating a jawbone from one of her ribs. It has graphic surgery. It has a child's life on the line. It has shocking deformity. But more than that it's how Juliana's parents, Thom and Tami, and her older sister deal with it and ensure her life is as normal as possible that will make you well up.

one, I came very close to the other two. It's the story of Wan Lao Yang, a nine-year-old girl from China who suffers from a rare genetic condition called Xeroderma Pigmentosum, which means she's allergic to sunlight. The condition had caused an enormous tumour on her face, and when it became infected she had to be excluded from school because of the smell. The documentary shows her travel to Shanghai for an operation to remove the tumour so she can achieve the one thing she wants to do: go back to school and study. Things don't go well and she loses an eye and her nose and, God, it's harrowing.

The Boy Who Gave Birth To His Twin is the story of seven-year-old Alamjan from Kazakhstan, who looked weird and got teased at school. His parents thought his bulbous stomach was caused by rickets and that it would pass, but when his school insisted he see a doctor and they opened him up, the grisly truth was revealed: Alamjan's twin had been growing inside him since before he was even born. No SFX company in the world could have dreamed up something creepier than Alamjan's twin, which,

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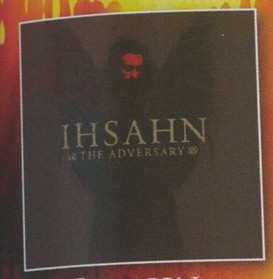

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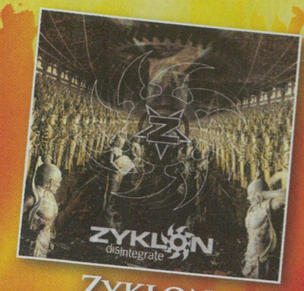

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ABC Television's megaseries *Lost* is the second-most-watched show on Earth. For some, though, it's a way of life, to which they devote every waking moment

WORDS **MARTIN FRIEL**

And so the *Lost* phenomenon barrels into its third series, creating more questions than answers as it progresses. The airplane-crash-survivors-stranded-on-an-island show isn't only the biggest cult programme in the world – it's the second-most-watched show in the world (Number 1 is *CSI: Miami*, since you ask).

However, audience figures have been dropping, and many put this down to the ever-more-intricate plotlines and the writers' inability, or refusal, to provide any kind of tangible answers to the mysteries they weave. But despite this, the show inspires an army of super-obsessed fans whose every waking thought is devoted to solving the many mysteries of *Lost*.

These are no ordinary fans, glancing at the programme over a beer and a curry on Friday night. We're talking about people that devote 80 hours a week to *Lost*, whether that be watching it on loop, or discussing the show on one of the countless online forums, messageboards and blogs that dissect and examine every intricacy of the show. These are people who create elaborate theories as to what's going on in *Lost*, what the island is, and why the survivors of the crash are there. And that's 'elaborate' as in they have spent at least two months working on an idea, and introduce metaphysical arguments to support their theories. These are people who'll conduct blazing rows with each other in cyberspace about whether certain characters should be bunking up with each other or not. These are people toying with a worrying level of obsession.

Gone are the days when people fixated with a TV programme were treated like freaky outsiders. When it comes to *Lost*, the fans are so numerous and the popularity of the show so wide, those who've become obsessed with the show are considered to be cool. At least, that's what they say on the internet.

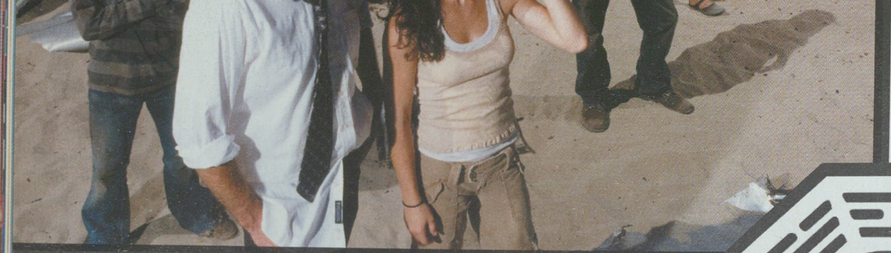
Lost fans expert Hillary Robson, from the University of Tennessee, has her own views of this phenomenon. "*Lost* fans will never be considered classic geeks," she tells us. "They're part of a different culture altogether. Maybe in some ways, *Lost* is the first serial drama to actually applaud fans for being fans. Often fandoms get looked at as the crazies, but *Lost* fans don't."

Robson has spent much time observing the behaviour of these most obsessive fans and thinks she understands why *Lost* has spawned such a phenomenal fanbase. "When *Lost* started, from the pilot episode on, it created an environment for questions. Where are they? How did they get there? What's going on with the island? The creators turned those questions over to the audience and the media helped the questioning along by positing general theories that people started discussing at home on their couches."

Understanding this interaction, Robson believes, is crucial when it comes to unravelling the reasons behind people's obsession with the show. She believes the introduction of the 'numbers' (keep reading, all will become clear) was crucial in kickstarting this interactive television experience. "The numbers invited the audience to really become more invested in the text and to really raise some questions. It was no longer a survival story or a question of how they got there, or what was lurking on the island. The numbers added a dimension that almost invited the audience to play along and come up with their own ideas about what they meant. And from there, the theories became rampant."

OK, pay attention. This is where things start to get rather complicated. The numbers – 4, 8, 15, 16, 23, 42 – appear throughout the show, both in characters' pasts and their current existence on the island. The general consensus, to any of you who *don't* watch *Lost*, is that the numbers have some kind of mystical or supernatural meaning, a meaning unknown to both fans and characters alike. One character won the lottery using the numbers; the numbers have to be punched into a computer to prevent the end of the world; they show up engraved into a hatch that opens a whole new world to the characters – and so on, and so on, and so on. But it remains unclear as to why these numbers ▶

FILM MAGIC; PACIFIC COAST NEWS; SPLASH; WENN



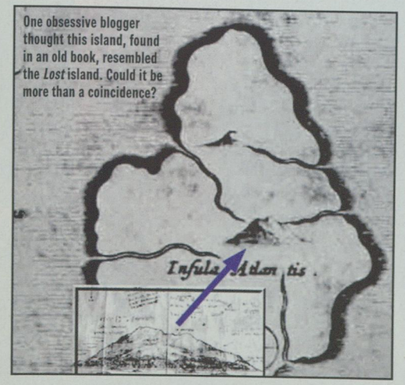
▶ hold such significance. And it's this kind of ambiguity that encourages the rapid growth of fan-based theories.

On one website, 4815162342.com, a host of theories have sprung up, some of the most detailed coming from a 38-year-old designer from Northampton, going by the decidedly ordinary name of Andrew Smith. He's a regular on the site and notorious for his incredibly intricate theories on the land that is *Lost*.

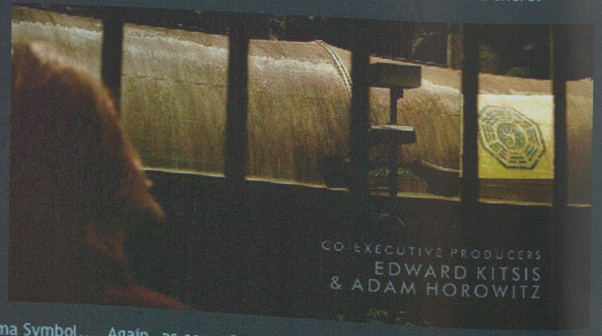
His 'Seventh Seal' theory is probably the best known, and most outlandish, but plausible if you suspend all thoughts of rationality. To go into detail would take up too much of *Bizarre*'s precious page space, but Andrew himself attempted to wrap it up succinctly in a paragraph for the novice. And it goes like so:

"The island exists in its own dimension – but in Manhattan. It sucks its power from Manhattan's grid and subway. The island used to be on the other side of the world to Manhattan but got sucked through the Earth – same with the plane. Everybody on the plane died. Before they died, all of their memories were recorded. The memories were put into scientists' heads, thus changing their identities, and FATES. They try to cheat death by essentially BEING somebody else – somebody already dead. All the characters are not who they think they are and are battling with their repressed and NEW identities."

Make sense now? Well, have a look at the theory in full and think of Ingmar Bergman's *Seventh Seal* and its themes of cheating death to give you a better idea. Now, the interesting thing about this is that, online, people didn't just sit back and say, "Very impressive Andrew, that must have taken you a long time. Your mother must be proud." Well, many did, but others chose to attack Andrew's theories and embark on a philosophical debate about them, which at times grew very heated and somewhat personal. Andrew himself has pulled back from the cutthroat world of *Lost* forums. "There



One obsessive blogger thought this island, found in an old book, resembled the *Lost* island. Could it be more than a coincidence?



The new Dharma Symbol.... the Hydra. This is the station used to study Sharks and Dolphins and is supposedly, underwater. The same symbol, however, appers to be on the building outside of Sawyer's cage. Which could mean Sawyer's cage is near the shore.

The new Dharma Symbol.... Again, as seen from Sawyer's cage. Juliet tells Jack they are underwater this picture might indicate otherwise. Those damn lying others.

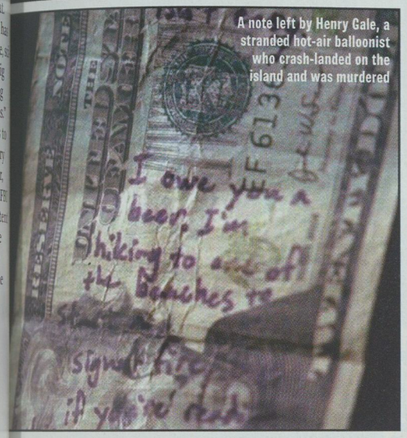
"Certain people are frightening *Lost* fanatics. I had to contact the FBI about a guy who was trying to find out where I live"

is a genre-busting show," XSCG tells us. "It has all the signs of being a character drama, romance, sci-fi, mystery, and action/adventure. That's also a big part of its appeal to both men and women, young and old. There's something for everyone, it seems."

And he means everyone. XSCG admits he has to deal with someone "worrying" at least every day, and that some fans have gone too far, even for him: "I've had to contact the FBI recently for one of the more persistent fans. This is the second time I've had people trying to track me down. They think there's some conspiracy going on and that I know more about the show than I admit to on the site."

However, it'd be unfair to demonise the *Lost* faithful by concentrating on a few undesirables. Much more representative of the general forum populace is a young American who wishes only to be identified by his profile name, GuysWhereRWe. He's merely mildly obsessed.

GuysWhereRWe has some insight into why feelings and sometimes tensions, run so high when it comes to discussing *Lost* online. "Some people live and breathe *Lost*, and to be told their theory is completely wrong makes them crazy. They want to believe that what they think is happening is true," he says, adding, "they get 'lost' in the madness. It's fun, though, to believe in something that's bigger than you, something only a handful of people really understand.



A note left by Henry Gale, a stranded hot-air balloonist who crash-landed on the island and was murdered

According to one fan, this building looks uncannily like the logo of the mysterious Dharma organisation featured in the show– what really goes on within its walls?

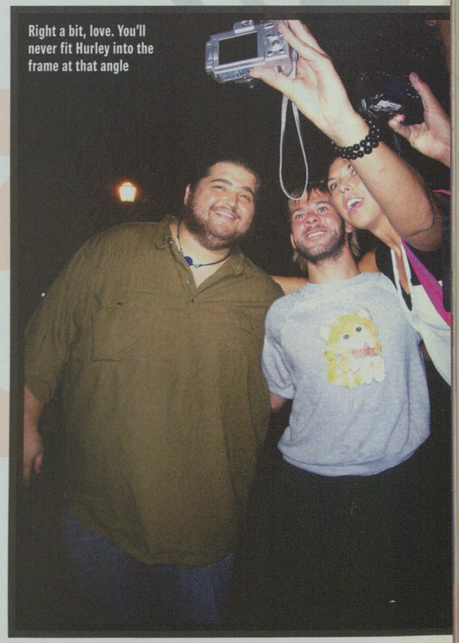
So are people really turning to television programmes to fulfil their souls? It would perhaps be stretching the point to call this a new religion, but some fans do indeed behave in a way that suggests they're gripped by some kind of mania or wretched devotion. Fans who freeze-frame and watch episodes over and over and over again, scrutinising shows shot by shot looking for clues, do exist. In fact, their existence is so well established, one man has actually started his own blog parodying the most extreme fans.

He goes by the name of ThEmIsFiT and claims to be hospitalised in Aberdeen after suffering an 'incident' to his brain five years ago. When we spoke to him, he told us he spent only two hours a day sleeping; the rest was spent being a "Lostigator", searching for every minute clue he could find. His blog consists of some of the most outlandish claims and pointless 'revelations' you're ever likely to come across, and he dubs himself the "world's number one Lostigator".

Now, the best thing about ThEmIsFiT is that the vast majority don't quite get what he's doing. He's clearly a fan of the show, as his level of knowledge betrays. ThEmIsFiT's *raison d'être*, however, is to make a mockery of those who take

Some maniacal fans spend 80 hours a week analysing the show, freezing episodes and watching it frame by frame

Lost far too seriously and devote the majority of their time and energies to it. He constantly makes facetious and outrageous claims about "secrets" and "clues" he's allegedly discovered in his "Lostigations". His (blatant) mistakes constantly outrage and endear him in equal measure. But it's those that ThEmIsFiT angers that provide the best insight into the mind of the obsessed fan. What follows was written in response to claims by our blogger that he'd been invited to the American premiere of Season Three of *Lost* in Hawaii. He'd promised to post pictures to prove his attendance but, despite many threats, had failed to do so and satisfy the many who'd been green with envy (random capitalisation, spelling mistakes and punctuation errors are the author's): "WHERE are THE fuckin premiere AT HAWAI pics!!?!?!?!?, This CONFIRMS my other facts and DISCOVERIES that you are JUST a fuckin liar fuckface, FUCK you stupid



Right a bit, love. You'll never fit Hurley into the frame at that angle

So, in the final analysis, what is it about *Lost* that inspires such demented devotion? The author of *Unlocking The Meaning Of Lost*, Professor David Lavery, concludes devotees have become so rabid "because fans think they own the show".

"The creators of the show have welcomed the fans in and have made it their own," he says. "I believe that long after the 'official' *Lost* is over, fans will continue to write new episodes." Perhaps this is the crux of the *Lost*-fan issue. They believe the show is theirs but they cannot exert complete control over it, which leads to frustration that spills over into either destructive or creative behaviour. The fans are locked in a struggle to control what they believe is theirs, and they'll do anything to achieve it. Or perhaps we're taking it all too seriously as well. After all, it's only a show... right? B

***Lost: The Complete Second Series* is out now on DVD**

The Miami crew: (left to right) Yogi, Ami, Nuñez, Darren, Kat and Garver

Although tats are Kat's business, she can't stand the pain herself

MIAMI INK

"I'm going to be a tattooist until my hands fall off…" That's the dedication it takes to get a job at America's most famous inking parlour

WORDS AND PICTURES **ASHLEY**

Reality television feeds on pain, anger, joy, and self-reflection – emotions you'll find every day in a tattoo shop. Which is why *Miami Ink* (the name of a parlour and TV show) is so damn popular. The relationship between the artists, the stories behind their customers' tattoos, and the enormous variety of people passing through the shop have made the show hugely successful in the US, with fans now clamouring to get tattoos by the shop's artists. Kat von D is the youngest of the inkers, and the only girl.

Where were you born and where did you grow up?
My family are originally from Argentina and my parents are missionaries for the Church, so they ended up moving to Mexico, and myself, along with my brother and sister, were born there. When I was about four-years-old we came to America and since then I've lived pretty much all of my life in southern California.

Mexican culture has definitely influenced my artwork a lot – I do lots of fine-line black and grey tattoos, and a lot of that stuff originates from prison-style artwork. And just walking around Los Angeles you see murals everywhere – you see the low-riders, you see the gangsters, and all of that stuff has played a big part in what I do.

When did you become aware of tattoos, and decide that tattooing was the career choice for you?
When I was hanging out with these punk kids, I was about 14, there was a friend of mine who did lots of tattoos, the unprofessional kind. He was always coming round and tattooing us, and because he knew I was artistic and always drawing, he suggested I tattoo him. So I did, and that was the first tattoo I ever attempted. Since that day, tattooing has been what I wanted to do and it just seemed natural for me. The opportunity landed in my lap and I just gravitated towards it.

How did things continue from there? Did you do an apprenticeship?
I was underage, and it's illegal for you to get tattooed, let alone tattoo anyone else. But I had a lot of underage friends who wanted to get tattooed and that made it easy for me to practise. So by the time I was 16 I got into my first tattoo shop, and that was when I had to unlearn a lot of the things I'd been doing. I learned about all aspects of tattooing – sterility, needles and machines, things I really had no clue about.

Tell us something about the tattoos you have.
I like to get portraits of people in my family, and feminine stuff, too, things I enjoy looking at. I don't necessarily think every woman should get as heavily tattooed as I am – for me, this is a profession and a lifestyle. I'm in this for the long haul, I'm going to be a tattooist until my hands drop off. That said, I actually hate the process of getting tattooed. I'm not good with pain, so I can't sit very well for long periods. I pretty much dread getting tattooed, but when I see the end result it's always worth it. Eventually I'll have a full bodysuit, although I'll probably leave my chest alone.

How did you become involved with *Miami Ink*?
The network had been wanting to add a female artist to the crew for some time and Chris Garver, who owns the shop where I work now in LA, vouched for me, and I got on the show.

Let's talk about the clients who appear on the programme, who are obviously chosen for their stories.
In order to make an entertaining show you need to have good stories. In real life, tattooing may not always be as therapeutic as it gets on the show. I do a lot of emotional tattoos where people get moved and cry, and that can be pretty tough – it makes the job harder. But ultimately my job is not to be a therapist, but to do a good tattoo.

With regard to the other tattooists in the show, who do you spend most time with or get on with in particular?
Chris Garver is pretty much my only real friend when I'm in Miami. He's my boss when I'm at home, so he's like a brother to me. Everybody else has been really nice apart from Ami, who I have a hard time getting along with – he's just real hard-headed, and that comes across in the show. But it gives a bit more drama to the show. Offscreen, we don't talk unless we have to for work. I've done pretty much all I can to be friends with him and it hasn't worked. I respect the fact it's his shop, so I do whatever I can to make the ride a little smoother.

What do you think you have brought to the show?
What with all of the testosterone there was in the show, there was a definite need for some type of oestrogen, and some people can relate better to a woman tattooist, though I have always tried to not make my gender an issue and to let the work speak for itself.

Have any particular stories impacted on you?
When you spend long periods of time tattooing someone and they tell you their story, it's hard not to get involved with what they're going through. I think what tortures me the most is when I have to tattoo portraits of children who've passed away – that's the worst thing, to have a parent outlive their child, something nobody should have to go through. And people do sometimes get tattoos for closure – it's all about whatever heals.

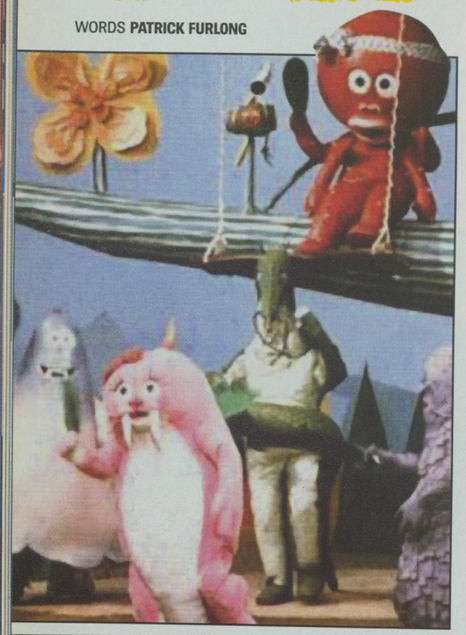
Watch *Miami Ink* on Discovery Real Time. To see more of Kat's work, check out her website, Katvond.net. Kat has been tattooed by more than 30 artists, including Chris Garver, Peter Castro, Kore Flatmo and Jack Rudy. The left side of her body was done primarily by Jim Hendricks.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT: MICHELE BARTHOLOMEW

From sobbing girls to long-term false imprisonment, television can be twisted, cruel, and downright wrong in the Far East. Welcome to the world of…

すてきな愛が Mental Japanese TV

WORDS **PATRICK FURLONG**



Kure Kure Takora

At first glance, *Kure Kure Takora*, or "Gimme Gimme Octopus", appears to be some kind of Japanese precursor to the *Teletubbies*. All the key ingredients seem to be there: an array of colourful characters played by actors in oversized suits; a magical fantasy land in which to frolic around; and, of course, a highly irritating soundtrack. Perfect for kids, you might think. But look a bit more closely at what's actually going on and you'll discover something so utterly bizarre it's almost beyond description.

Never mind that the show's two main protagonists are a giant bipedal red octopus, who inexplicably lives in a tree, and an enormous talking peanut. And never mind that these two characters seem to be locked in a bizarre love triangle with some form of giant pink walrus. What makes *Kure Kure Takora* so extraordinary is its blatant themes of violence, cruelty and totalitarianism.

I don't recall an episode of the *Teletubbies* where Tinky Winky stages a military coup, seizes control of Teletubby Land, and then sets about executing Dipsy, Laa-Laa and Po by hanging them from the nearest tree. Yet this is the actual plotline of one episode of *Kure Kure Takora*. Somehow, the crafty octopus manages to procure a cannon, and, donning an eyepatch and stick-on moustache, starts blasting the shit out of anything that comes into his path. Terrified, all the bizarre creatures in the land surrender, bowing before their new octopine master. But the new dictatorship is unstable, leading three characters – a dragon, a giant badger, and what can only be described as a conical ghost – to stage a revolt. The dissenters are promptly arrested by the octopus and tied to the two-dimensional trees that litter their peculiar world. Their imminent execution is averted, however, when the pink walrus suddenly asks the octopus to marry her. The episode ends with a free-for-all stick fight between all the characters. One can try and ponder the deep didactic significance of all this, but unless you wish to live out the rest of your life within the confines of a padded cell, it's best left well alone.

Kure Kure Takora first ran on Japan's Fuji TV during the mid-1970s, but owing to the show's cult status it has recently been reissued on DVD. Its long-term psychological impact is unknown.

Super Jockey

Super Jockey was a popular studio gameshow, becoming a mainstay of Japanese television for more than a decade before finally falling under the axe a few years ago. Each week, an array of scantily clad girls would be put through a range of fetishistic challenges, while the cameras lingered for just a little too long on their breasts. The show's signature contest was the 'quick change', in which young women had to change into bikinis before a screen hiding their modesty dropped – which seemed to always happen at the 'least' opportune moment. Perfect material for the Sunday morning slot the show occupied.

But there's an extra ingredient that marks *Super Jockey* out as something truly unique. To spice things up, the producers came up with a rather innovative method of selling advertising time on the show. A commercial product would be brought onto the show by, you guessed it, a scantily clad young lady. Said lady would be offered a slot to pitch the product, but the amount of time she was actually given depended on how long she was able to sit in a scalding-hot tub of water. For every second she managed, she would be allowed one second of promotional time. Most lasted only a few seconds before diving into a nearby tub of ice. People at QVC, please take note.

Takeshi's Castle

Imagine a version of *It's A Knockout* where the 'knocking out' is both figurative and literal. First broadcast in the late 80s, *Takeshi's Castle* saw an initial pool of some hundred-odd contestants gradually eliminated through a surreal assault course containing all manner of bizarre and painful physical challenges. The lucky few that made it through would then face the ultimate challenge: a final showdown with the all-powerful 'count' of the castle, played by legendary Japanese comedian, actor and hellraiser Takeshi Kitano.

As ever, it's the extreme nature of the challenges that truly makes *Takeshi's Castle* something special: swinging across a mud-filled gorge by clinging to a giant mushroom; careering down some artificial water rapids in an enormous rice bowl; attempting to run on top of a series of giant dominoes as they topple over… like an oriental version of *Jackass* way ahead of its time, the show delivered a perfect mix of slapstick comedy and excruciating pain. One of the *Takeshi's Castle* websites offers statistics on the injuries caused by the show to date: broken ribs: 41; broken jaws: 19; concussions: 35; and knockouts: 9… the list goes on.

Following its initial run on Japan's Tokyo Broadcasting System, the show became an international hit, broadcast with a new voiceover all over the world. It still plays on UK's Challenge TV, with a voiceover from Craig Charles, and America's Spike network under the new title *MXC: Most Extreme Elimination Challenge*. They got that right.

Susunu Denpa Shonen

The cruellest, most sadistic television show ever conceived, the very zenith of televisual torture, this makes supposedly 'tough' reality shows like *Survivor* and *I'm A Celebrity Get Me Out Of Here* look like a pleasant stroll on a summer's day with your mum.

Susunu Denpa Shonen (which has no real adequate English translation, but is roughly equivalent to, "Don't Go For It, Electric Boy!") is a comedy show which sets aspiring young comedians humiliating, near-impossible tasks: hitchhiking from London to Tokyo with no money; being dumped on a desert island with no food or water for a month; travelling from India to Indonesia on a pedalo; and so on.

But there was one challenge featured on the show that has been uniformly heralded as the most evil piece of television of all time. A young man, nicknamed Nasubi, was stripped of all of his possessions (including his clothes) and locked inside a tiny apartment. This apartment was completely bare, except for a rack of magazines, which were refreshed weekly, and some writing equipment. The challenge: to win 1million yen's (about £5,000) worth of goods, solely from magazine competitions – these 'goods' also being the food needed to keep him alive. It took him a total of 15 months, over which time he endured long periods eating raw rice (he had no cooking equipment) and even dog food. After a year he won his first packet of toilet roll. The only item of clothing he managed to win was an ill-fitting pair of women's trousers, so Nasubi spent most of his time completely naked – his genitals tastefully obscured by Japanese broadcasters with a graphic of an aubergine.

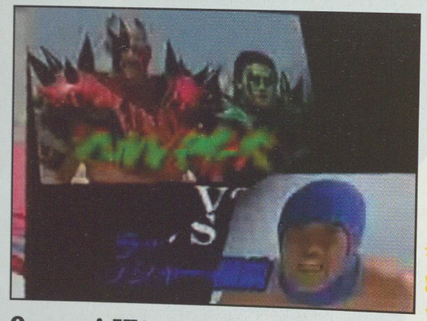
Apparently, Nasubi had no idea his every move was being filmed by secret cameras within the flat, and that he was fast becoming Japan's biggest TV star of all time. Just under a year-and-a-half after he first entered the apartment, the ordeal ended. One can only imagine his response when the walls collapsed and he discovered he was in a television studio, cheered on my hundreds of screaming fans... Arrr, you guys! You really got me this time.

So extreme and unlikely was Nasubi's ordeal that some refuse to believe it actually happened, and say that Nasubi was secretly fed and in on the joke all the time. But until it has been proven otherwise, for this stunt alone, *Susunu Denpa Shonen* must go down in history as the most extreme television show ever created.

Namidame

Namidame is a programme that literally brings tears to its contestants' eyes. Translating as "Tear-Filled Eyes", the show's central strand is the so-called "Namidame Battle Royale", in which 10 young women are locked in a house and challenged to collect their tears in test tubes. Whoever produces the most fluid over their period of voluntary incarceration (meaning weeks) wins a significant cash prize, and every day the least tearful girl is evicted from the flat. To aid them in their lacrimatory quest, the girls are shown soppy movies and encouraged to insult and slap each other. As the competition wears on, dirty tricks like hiring every copy of a sad film from the local video store, so your rivals will have no inspiration for their tears, are plentiful. How this all serves as entertainment is hard to see.

Nasubi was locked in a room for a year and secretly filmed – he was only released when he'd won £5,000 from competitions



Owarai Ultra

Wouldn't it be utterly hilarious to see what happened if we put a 7ft, 20-stone professional wrestler into a ring with a puny 5ft Japanese student with no fighting skills whatsoever?

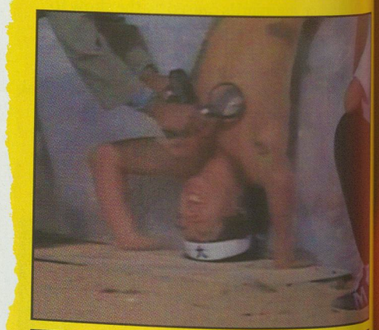
Hosted by a man who, for reasons that remain unclear, wears a helmet in the shape of a giant bee's head, a member of the *Owarai Ultra* audience would be picked each week to go as many rounds as possible with a prime fighter. To make things a little more fun, the ring's flooring was heated to a high temperature, so the hapless contestant would continually have to get up to take further beatings. One side of the ring also had no ropes, allowing the masochistic punter to be thrown completely out of the fight zone and into a large pit of glue, from which it was almost impossible to escape. Forget *Celebrity Come Dancing*; that's what I call entertainment.

Za Gaman

Za Gaman, or "The Endurance", is the show that really started it all, establishing the type of *schadenfreude* entertainment that became the staple of Japanese television for many years, before being clamped down on somewhat in more recent times.

First broadcast in the early 80s, it was broadly based on the kind of 'rites of passage' competitions and contests which are part of Japanese university student life, but taken to far more extreme levels. Contestants would have to endure challenges such as: Lying on blocks of ice for hours on end, wearing nothing but a pair of Speedos; drinking huge amounts of liquid, holding it in for hours, and then going horse-riding; and embarking on bike rides with mouthfuls of chilli powder. But despite its seemingly extreme nature, the show remained fairly obscure in its native land.

Za Gaman has been poked fun at by numerous smug-faced pundits on British comedy-clips shows, but its long-term influence on Western television is undeniable. Without it, it is unlikely shows such as *I'm A Celebrity* or *Big Brother* would even exist.



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The Weirdest Kids' TV Ever

The brothers who created two decades of the strangest children's programming

Sid (left) and Marty Krofft

WORDS **BILLY CHAINSAW**

If you grew up in 1970s America, odds are every Saturday morning you'd have gone into sugar'n'additive-saturated-cereal overload while glued to the box watching something from the wonderful world of Sid and Marty Krofft. For two decades, they were neck-and-neck with *Sesame Street* and *Muppets* maestro Jim Henson as the era's most influential children's TV producers – though the siblings won hands down in the weirdness stakes.

While Henson took a family-friendly stance with his parade of fuzzy puppets, the Kroffts threw any such notions out with the garbage. Their gameplan was to astound and entertain kids in ways previously unseen on television, and they did this with a succession of fantasy shows that revelled in high-concept plots, low-budget effects, psychedelic design, and a host of bizarre puppets and mutants.

The Kroffts kicked off the craziness in 1969 with *HR Pufnstuf*, which featured Jack Wild as Jimmy, a young boy who owns a talking flute, Freddie. Heinous hag Witchiepoo is desperate to nab Freddie for herself, so casts a spell on the peculiar pals. Escaping to Living Island, where every object has a humanoid persona, the duo are taken under the wing of dragon mayor HR Pufnstuf. Together they spend every song-and-joke-packed episode preventing Witchiepoo and her evil hench-critters nicking the magical instrument.

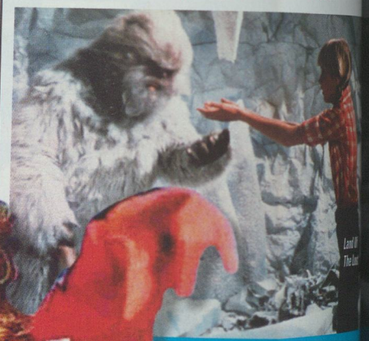
Although *Pufnstuf* proved the most memorable of the Kroffts' many productions, there are several other similarly offbeat programmes that have remained legendary to all those who watched them. Notably, in 1970, they answered the success of *The Banana Splits* by forming a band called *The Bugaloos*. Each story saw the four half-human/half-insect members – Joy, Courage, IQ and Harmony – and their firefly pal Sparky do ditty-accompanied nice deeds, while their nemesis, Benita Bizarre, attempted to annihilate their disgusting goodness.

In 1973, the nuttiness shifted to the Californian seaside for *Sigmund And The Sea Monsters*. Resembling a huge clump of seaweed with a wide-eyed face, the pissed-off-with-his parents Sigmund is picked up wandering the beach by two brothers, and taken to live at their clubhouse. The series depicted the boys' misadventures as they kept their unusual buddy hidden from the public's prying eyes.

The Kroffts' greatest success came in 1974 with their ultra-ambitious *Land Of The Lost*, in which a forest ranger and his two kids are caught in a time-vortex during an earthquake and transported back to when dinosaurs ruled the Earth. Having befriended a weird simian race called the Pakunis, the family struggle to make it out of the monster-infested terrain and back to their own time.

Over the years, the Kroffts' canon also included such far-fetched fare as shows about futuristic aliens stranded on Earth in *The Lost Saucer* (1975), female superheroes *Elektra Woman* and *Wonder Girl* (1976), an evil-battling, talking dune-buggy, *Wonderbug* (1976), and crime-fighting fur-balls *Bigfoot And Wild Boy* (1977).

The bottom line of all this mind-warping lunacy is simple – without Sid and Marty Krofft, some kids would have grown up way too sensible.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Sigmund And The Sea Monsters

Elektra Woman and Dyna Girl

Crimefighting duo Bigfoot And Wildboy

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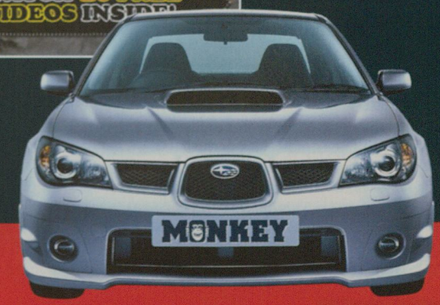


HOUSE OF FUN

Pee Wee World

Long before he became tabloid fodder, Paul Reubens was Pee-Wee Herman, and lived in a very strange house indeed. Wipe your feet and come on in...

WORDS **BILLY CHAINSAW**

Welcome to the world of Pee-Wee Herman, the man-boy who has all the toys he needs and a place to mess about with them.

Having created the Pee-Wee character when he was a member of Los Angeles improv group The Groundlings in the late 70s, anarcho-comedian Paul Reubens' first stab at small-screen fame was an attempt at securing the nutso, dorky guy slot on US TV's *Saturday Night Live*. While he was pissed off he didn't get the gig, he transformed the failure into triumph, allegedly blagging some cash from his folks and financing *The Pee-Wee Herman Show* at the Roxy Theater on Sunset Strip. An inspired parody of the kids' television series Reubens had adored as a nipper, it was a huge success and set Pee-Wee on the road to stardom.

Big-screen fame followed, courtesy of 1985's zany laugh-a-thon *Pee-Wee's Big Adventure*. Directed by the then novice but equally subversive Tim Burton, it became the summer's sleeper hit and inspired CBS to give Reubens his own Saturday-morning kids' show. *Pee-Wee's Playhouse* made its US debut in the autumn of 1986 and was an overnight sensation, drawing a massive audience of adults hooked on the innuendo-heavy mayhem.

But the 'how's he getting away with it?' aspect of *Playhouse* was only part of its appeal. The real genius lay in the kitschy world Pee-Wee inhabited, brought to life by art supremo Gary Panter (see page 84). Coupled with the stream-of-consciousness dialogue, crazy animals and animated furniture, not to mention their off-the-wall human counterparts, it made Pee-Wee the kind of neighbour filmmaker John Waters would give his pencil moustache for.

During its 1986-91 run, the show's greatest achievement was that Pee-Wee demonstrated to kids that it was OK to be different and fond of the weird and bizarre. And we dig that. ▶

PEE-WEE'S PLAYHOUSE: FRIENDS AND GUESTS

COWBOY CURTIS
The ever-flamboyant, magic-lasso-wielding gunslinger, played by *The Matrix*'s Laurence Fishburne.

MISS YVONNE
"The most beautiful woman in puppet-land" – she's the big-haired Queen of Innuendo.

REBA THE MAIL LADY The lovelorn letter-bringer played by S Epatha Merkerson, who later starred in *Terminator 2*.

COWNTESS
The elegant Cowntess was a posh cow and royal milker, and offered Cowboy Curtis love advice.

MISS RENE
Foghorn-voiced powerhouse – think *Corrie*'s Bet Lynch on steroids and you've got it.

KING OF CARTOONS
Projector of animated classics, often played by William Marshall, star of blaxploitation classic *Blacula*.

DEL RUBIO TRIPLETS
The delightful yet past-their-sell-by-date songstresses shone in bouffant hairdos and gaudy eyeshadow.

PLAYHOUSE GANG
The three-kid Gang – one of whom, Opal, was played by Hollywood bad girl Natasha Lyonne

MRS STEVE
Hugely scary – don't be surprised to discover she was separated at birth from the gender-defying Divine.

Pee-Wee and Conkey taking some time out

PEE-WEE'S PLAYHOUSE: TENANTS

Pterri (silent 'P') is always eating and lives in the rafters

Conkey, the stuttering robot

CONKEY
A stuttering robot built from cast-off electrical appliances including a ghetto blaster. It assists Pee-Wee by providing the tickertape-printed 'word of the day', the cue for viewers to scream along "Real Loud!" with everyone in the Playhouse whenever it's mentioned.

GLOBEY
A French-speaking, head-spinning, worldly-wise mine of information. It once taught Pee-Wee how to say, "Hello my name is Pee-Wee" in French *and* Chinese.

CHAIRRY
Wide-eyed and constantly waving its arms, this is Pee-Wee's major source of comfort. Chairry's also a safe place to land when he exits the Magic Screen.

MAGIC SCREEN
A crude mechanoid mobile monitor that can miraculously suck Pee-Wee inside and allow him to do the impossible. Usually during a game of 'connect the dots', which consists of our hero throwing a handful of dots into the air, where they miraculously transform into a naively drawn mode of transport to be dangerously careered around in by Pee-Wee.

PTERRI
The P's silent. It's a bright-green, clumsy, prehistoric pest with both a heart of gold and a voracious appetite. Pterri appears to live someplace alongside Randy up in the rafters.

JAMBI
A camp, green-faced and turban-sporting disembodied genie head in a box. Jambi stays locked away but is always on hand for whenever Pee-Wee makes a wish. He reacts by spouting gibberish, closing his eyes, and granting the wish – often with disastrous results.

The Flowers are frequent singers

Jambi the camp genie grants wishes with disastrous results

The Dinosaur Family live on the other side of the Playhouse mousehole

DIRTY DOG, COOL CAT AND CHICKY BABY
The hipper-than-thou, groovy beatnik house band. The fur'n'feathers trio are forever summing up Playhouse activities with jazzy rhyming couplets. Cool.

THE DINOSAUR FAMILY
Consisting of Ma, Pa and their two offspring, they live on the other side of a mousehole in the skirting board, in a cave that resembles a tripped-out version of The Flintstones' pad. Besides look-ins on their humanesque lifestyle, the prehistoric clan interact with the Playhouse world when stuff rolls into their domain.

FRIDGE
Whenever Pee-Wee goes to retrieve something from the fridge to cook up a tasty snack, the foodstuff contents are always having some kind of crazy get-together – like a psychedelic peace rally, or ice-skating.

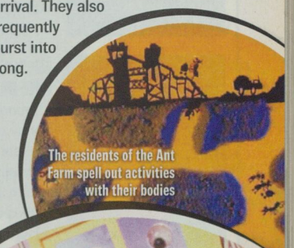
MR WINDOW
The Playhouse's resident lookout. It always informs Pee-Wee and his pals when someone's approaching the red padded door.

ANT FARM
When requested by Pee-Wee, the insect occupants cavort around spelling out phrases relating to that episode's activities.

TALKING FISH
A pair of aquarium-bound, bubble-blowing chortlers. The aquatic amusements get in on the act by constantly cracking really 'wet' fish-related jokes.

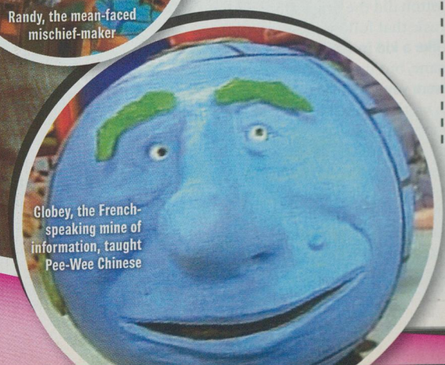
PICTURE-PHONE
When the alarm sounds, Pee-Wee parts the Picture-Phone's lips, goes inside the booth and communicates with his pals via an empty Del Monte can and a psychedelic screen.

FLOWERS
A trio of pansies who usually announce the King of Cartoon's arrival. They also frequently burst into song.



The residents of the Ant Farm spell out activities with their bodies

Randy, the mean-faced mischief-maker



Globey, the French-speaking mine of information, taught Pee-Wee Chinese

Mr Window warns Playhouse occupants when someone is coming to the door

PEE-WEE'S FIVE COOLEST EPISODES

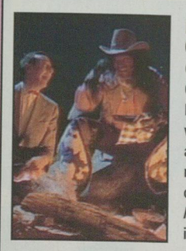
From deep space to dicks, via dentistry, the house was never short of an idea

EPISODE 9: MONSTER IN THE PLAYHOUSE
Having terrorised the neighbourhood, a one-legged, tentacle-armed giant eyeball monster drops by the Playhouse. Things look really bad until Pee-Wee quells the creature's temper with a 2ft-long sub sandwich.

EPISODE 22: PLAYHOUSE IN OUTER SPACE
The Playhouse and its tenants are jettisoned into outer space by a cantankerous alien called Zyzzybalubah. Trapped inside a forcefield the gang soon discover their hideous captor is simply lonely and craves fun.

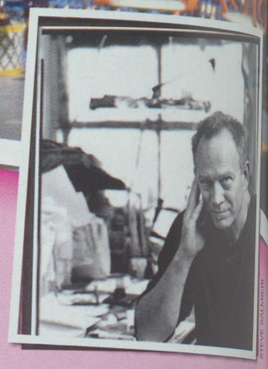
EPISODE 25: TO TELL THE TOOTH
Pee-Wee's fear of dentists results in Randy trying the tooth-string-doorknob routine to extract an aching gnasher. But Miss Yvonne enters unexpectedly – cue a dummy being hilariously dragged around the house.

EPISODE 27: FIRE IN THE PLAYHOUSE
Although it centres on Randy turning firestarter, the real hilarity comes courtesy of Pee-Wee's dream, in which he's an undies-on-the-outside-clad superhero who rescues Yvonne from being crushed by a 10,000lb barbell.



EPISODE 43: CAMPING OUT
Camping it up, more like. Cowboy Curtis takes Pee-Wee out into the wilds, where they sit around the campfire at night discussing each other's wieners. This is *Playhouse* in full-on innuendo mode.

ALPHA; KOBAL; RETNA



Pee-Wee's Decorator

Gary Panter is regarded as the 'father of punk comics': the ink'n'paint-slinger who successfully smashed the barrier between trash and art by mutating underground comix into a viable art form. Gaining a legion of followers courtesy of such creations as post-nuclear misfit Jimbo, he's also the visual genius behind *Pee-Wee's Playhouse* – for which he bagged three Emmy awards. We snared Panter and quizzed him about his work on *the* most vibrant kids' show of all time.

When did you become aware of Pee-Wee Herman and what were your first impressions of him?
He asked me to do a poster. I saw him perform in LA and thought he was funny and charming and that we had a lot in common, ideas-wise.

How did you get involved in *Pee-Wee's Playhouse*?
I designed his whole stageshow and eventually wrote a movie script with him. The movie wasn't made, but later, when the TV show happened, he asked the production company to hire me. And they did.

What attracted you to the project?
After college in Texas I was in a performance-art puppet comedy band called Apeweek, with Ric Heitzman and Jay Cotton. The sensibility of what we were doing was very much akin to *Pee-Wee's Playhouse*. In fact, we all ended up working on *Playhouse*. Ric was a co-designer with me, and Jay Cotton did the original music, which informed all the music that followed on the show.

You must have felt like a kid in a toy store.
The hours were insane, but it was a dream assignment.

What kind of brief were you given for the show's design?
Paul and I had been working together for years by the time the TV show happened, so we were in agreement about the visual approach and what playhouses might look like. Every season I read the scripts and learned new visual elements to be designed.

You have a brilliantly mix'n'match sensibility in all your work… what inspired the first ideas regarding *Playhouse*?
There were a lot of artists working on the show and we tried to incorporate a lot of stuff we liked from art and trash culture. A love of modern art was a basic visual tenet of the show.

As well as the sets, were you responsible for the design of any of the characters?
I was involved in all design elements. Some characters I designed alone or with Ric Heitzman or Wayne White and on most of the elements and props of the show. many hands were involved. I spun the central design vision, but any artist involved in the production could make their mark if they understood what that vision was.

Appearance-wise, Randy always reminds me of a cross between your original Screamers [seminal LA punk band] logo from the 70s and a delinquent miniature of your legendary Jimbo character – was he, or is that pure coincidence?
Wayne White designed Randy and swears he's based on a childhood neighbour and not Jimbo. Randy fits right into the visual vocabulary of the show.

Is it true you once said bad acid trips in the 60s made you dream of advertising campaigns you later saw on TV for real? If it is, do you think any of your acid trips – good or bad – had an influence on your *Pee-Wee's Playhouse* designs?
The most visionary trips I had were very scary and painful and not a lot of fun. The imagery was often like abstract TV commercials and cartoons involving a lot of stacked merchandise and polished floors and precisely lit. The Playhouse has a homemade, oversized-baby-toy, Marx-playset, Parker Brothers-gameboard, comicbook, pop-art, Cracker Jack-prize, decade-nostalgia, camp-overkill thing going.

You said you wrote a movie with Paul Reubens – can you tell us more about it?
It's a road picture – a big sea adventure with monsters and mermaids. Hopefully we will make it soon. It seems to be cooking again.

What's this about you and Paul Reubens being in discussions for an all-new Pee-Wee animated series?
[It's called] *Pee-Wee 1999*, for cartoon network Adult Swim. Hopefully, it won't be what you're expecting.

Visit Garypanter.com for more.

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TV is Dead!

Gay ducks, rapist puppets, and cakes from outer space. This is the post-TV world of TV

WORDS **JAMES DOORNE**

One of the greatest things about the internet, after the unregulated dissemination of hardcore porn and the free music, is that it offers an alternative to the advertising-driven, lowest-common-denominator TV aimed at the kind of drooling moron who'd buy a *Deal Or No Deal* boxset just to relive the magic of seeing people they don't know choose random numbers. Websites like Channel101.com (which modestly labels itself "the unavoidable future of entertainment" and is probably right), Channel102.net and Icebox.com are offering you the chance to see programmes regular TV channels wouldn't touch with someone else's shitty stick. Some of them are just too damn weird. TV is dead. Long live TV.

QUEER DUCK

"Queer Duck, he's intellectual... Queer Duck, he's homosexual," so says the cartoon's theme tune, but that's not strictly true. Sure, he's homosexual. But intellectual? Not really. If you had to sum him up in a sentence, "Graham Norton with a beak and feathers" would do nicely. He works as a nurse and hangs out with his partner, Openly Gator, and his other deviant friends, Oscar Wildcat and Bi-Polar Bear. His world is one where White Russians and ecstasy chip cookies are an acceptable mid-afternoon snack. He is, by anyone's standards, a 'dirty birdy' and admits it with pride.

Queer Duck is the creation of Mike Reiss (of *The Simpsons* fame) and debuted on the internet way back in 1999, before switching to Showtime in the US three years later. In the 20 episodes available to watch at icebox.com, Queer Duck (real name Adam Seymour Duckstein) resists his parents' attempts to have him 'reprogrammed', drugs his nephew after exposing him to unseemly magazines, goes to the Oscars having blown Rupert Everett for the tickets, and spends too much of his time lounging around reading magazines like *Spurts Illustrated* and *Vanity Fairy*, and watching pornos like *Rock Hard And Bull Sprinkle*. And his friends aren't much better. Oscar Wildcat determines to dig up Tennessee Williams or Rock Hudson just to get a date, and Bi-Polar Bear gets bummed by the whole town (and loves it) after getting stuck headfirst in a hole. *Queer Duck* has been so successful there's now a film available on DVD.

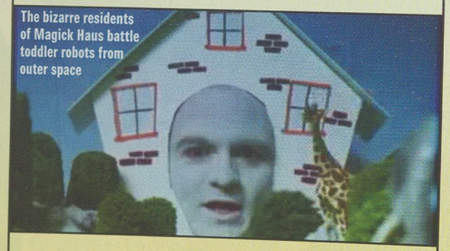
PUPPET RAPIST

Once upon a time a man was sent to prison for doing really bad things to puppets. So bad that "they had to scrape the felt and googly eyeballs off the ceiling", as one cop puts it. When he's released he finds himself working late nights in a cramped kitchen with cute little blonde puppets addicted to physical displays of affection. Distasteful and twisted, with a subplot about the PLA (the Puppet Liberation Army, of course) trying to take over the world by converting humans into puppets using a special top-secret chemical that implicates one of the most famous puppets in history, it became a cult hit. All five episodes are available at Channel101.com.

Queer Duck 'takes a zebra's temperature'

MR WONG

A cartoon about Bing Crosby's embittered former butler who's having trouble adjusting to his new life. Although only the first couple of episodes are available (on Icebox.com), in that time he pisses on Elvis's grave and threatens to dig him up and "fuck him in his eye socket", while screaming, "Take it like a rockabilly bitch!"

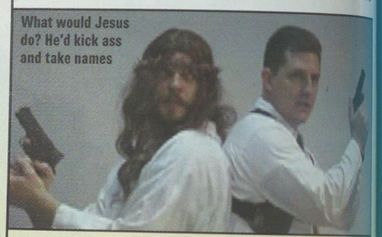


ADVENTUROUS UND MAGICK HAUS

"Through the trees and behind nature's creatures lives the greatest thing ever built," claims the theme, which refers to a talking house whose inhabitants are Judy, a young girl played by a middle-aged man with a goatee beard, a one-eyed Bigfoot-type monster called Uncle Ivan, and Leech Boy, who seems to be an emotionally disturbed mime. In the three episodes on Channel101.com they battle monsters in the house and end up in Atlantis, where they encounter a malevolent purple talking seahorse, who threatens their lives until Leech Boy rolls into town on an elephant, brandishing nunchucks. And then they all end up on the Moon, where the robot that attacks them when defeated turns into a toddler with wings who flies into Earth, killing us all, which makes them decide to pursue a future of space exploration.

JESUS CHRIST SUPER COP

Where the Son of God is reinvented as a badass cop who rains down holy vengeance on lawbreakers. Wearing sandals, a crown of thorns and a dismissive sneer, he doesn't take orders, prisoners or shit from anyone. You can't reason with him. You can't lie to him. And you can't kill him. Well, you can but he'll only rise from the dead and come and kick your ass even worse next time. What would Jesus do? In JCSC he'd shoot first and ask questions later. Six episodes are available for download from Channel102.net.



CAKEY THE CAKE

Rubbish title, but you'll forgive that when you see a grown man frolicking in a bath with a cake within the first minute of episode one, in what is the story of Duncan – "a lonely boy with a glandular problem" and a rapid-ageing disease – who lives with his freak father since his mother committed suicide. One day he gets visited by a levitating, talking cake from outer space that solves all his problems, restores his self-esteem and then asks him to do something unthinkable. Find out exactly what at Channel102.net.

SIX MONTHS TO LIVE

The story of three friends, Peter, Alice and Rodney, who each have just six months to live, is one of few song-based shows on Channel101.com. I normally hate 'funny' songs shoehorned into comedies just to have a shot at winning a second-rate Emmy, but these justify their inclusion. In episode one there's a song that begins "If I had a chocolate penis..." and how can that be a bad thing? In the second episode, Flava Flav turns up rapping advice to Peter, who's lost his mind and changed his name to Magical Chas. B

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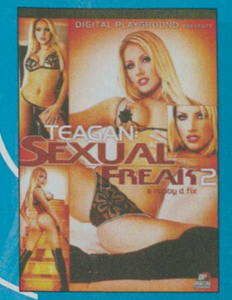

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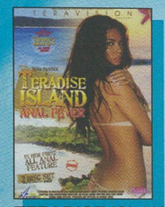

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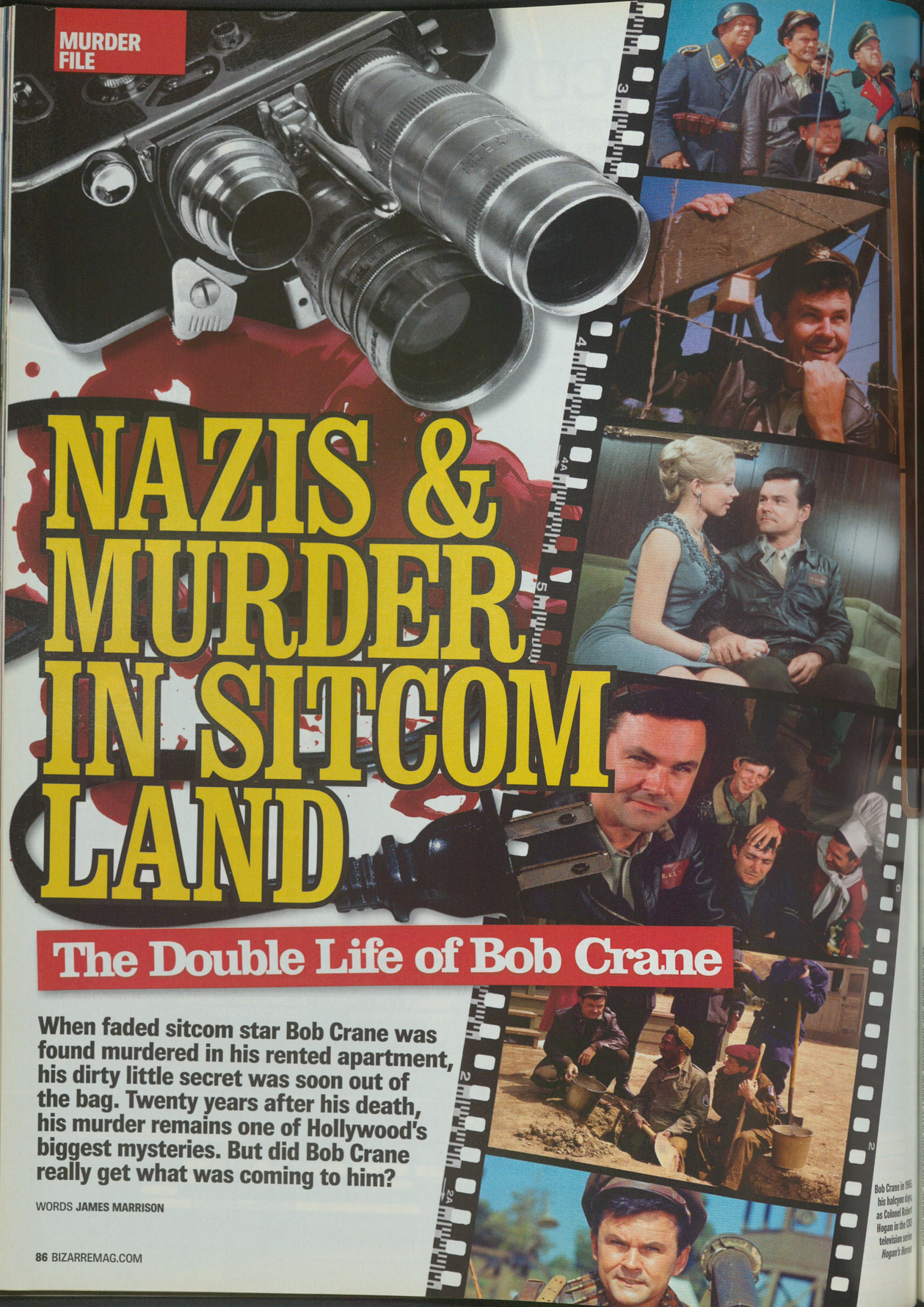


NAZIS & MURDER IN SITCOM LAND

The Double Life of Bob Crane

When faded sitcom star Bob Crane was found murdered in his rented apartment, his dirty little secret was soon out of the bag. Twenty years after his death, his murder remains one of Hollywood's biggest mysteries. But did Bob Crane really get what was coming to him?

WORDS **JAMES MARRISON**

Bob Crane in 1965, his halcyon days as Colonel Robert Hogan in the CBS television series *Hogan's Heroes*

Crane with *Hogan's Heroes* co-star Sigrid Valdis, aka Patricia Olson, who would later become his wife and bear his son

Two decades after his death, the story of Robert Crane's life is still being told as if it were some kind of morality tale about the dangers of television and too much sex. Reading through the books and articles and watching the 2002 Hollywood film about his life, *Auto Focus*, it's almost as if Crane somehow deserved to get his head caved in. But perhaps Crane's biggest sin in the eyes of the American public was the fact that he had fame, but somehow managed to lose it, becoming in the process that most hated of television personalities – the washed-up TV has-been.

In the UK Bob Crane isn't all that well-known, but for generations of Americans he will always be Colonel Robert E Hogan, star of the smash sitcom *Hogan's Heroes*. Set in Nazi Germany, the show revolved around the exploits of a group of GIs housed in a prisoner-of-war camp. Playing the title lead to perfection, Crane's performance as a street-smart soldier, outwitting Nazi guards at every turn, made him a household name.

But he was typecast, and Crane's career took a spectacular nosedive when the show was cancelled in 1971. He spent the following five years in faded-television-star hell. Reduced to playing special-guest roles in standard 70s fare such as *Quincy* and *The Love Boat*, he also appeared with increasing regularity on celebrity gameshows – a veritable Death Row for television stars.

Five years after *Hogan's Heroes* the TV and film work had dried up completely, and Crane was on the road working the unglamorous dinner-theatre circuit with his show *Beginner's Luck*. The show would eventually take Crane to Scottsdale, Arizona. It was a long way from Hollywood.

"My father was not unlike most performers; he needed public adulation, attention and validation," Bob Crane's son Scotty tells *Bizarre*. "He needed to be loved and wanted, and it really hurt his self-esteem when Hollywood started to turn its back on him. Towards the end of his life he'd take gigs like ribbon-cutting ceremonies for a new Safeway in El Segundo. He'd do anything to be in the public eye."

The killer had caved in Crane's skull, then strangled him with a video cable. The home-sex-film-maker would tell no tales

Crane remained in Scottsdale for a month. On 28 June 1978, after signing autographs and chatting with people who'd just seen his show at the Windmill Theatre, Crane went on a double date with a friend and then returned to his rented apartment. The next morning Crane failed to show up for an interview. As he still hadn't emerged by 2pm, his co-star, Victoria Berry, decided to knock on his door. There was no reply and the door was unlocked, so she walked in.

The curtains were still drawn and in the half-light Berry saw Crane lying on the bed. He was curled up in a foetal position and wearing only his boxer shorts. "The whole wall," she later said, "was covered from one end to the other with blood."

The autopsy revealed Crane had been dead since the early hours of that morning, and had been bludgeoned to death while he slept. Crane, an avid home-movie-maker, had a lot of equipment in his room, but there was a heavy camera tripod missing, which police were convinced the killer had used to crack open Crane's skull. The murderer had then, either as a sick joke, or to make really sure Crane would tell no tales, wrapped a VCR cable tightly around his neck.

There were also traces of semen just below his shorts and, as Crane was not known to be ▶

▶a homosexual, police suspected the killer might have masturbated over Crane's dead body. Further indication that the killer was male was evident in the blood splatter. As there wasn't much blood on the ceiling, the pathologist argued the killer was probably male or, at the outside, a strong female, because they didn't need much swing as they caved in Crane's skull – and so less blood had flown upwards on impact. Apart from that there were few clues. There was no murder weapon, no signs of forced entry, and guests in neighbouring apartments hadn't seen or heard a thing.

But as they delved deeper and deeper into Bob Crane's past, police discovered something almost immediately: Crane was into a special kind of home-movie, and there was much more to him than the wholesome TV image the American public had been swallowing since *Hogan's Heroes*.

It turned out that Crane had been addicted to sex for years, and had become a formidable sack artist in the process. Using 'auto focus', a remote-control device that allows the cameraman to film himself, Crane had recorded himself having sex for hours on end and then meticulously edited his footage in the basement of his home – amassing in the process literally thousands of hours of pornographic footage and photos.

The further police delved into Crane's past, the longer the list of possible suspects grew. It could've been any one of hundreds of angry one-night-stands, or any one of their devastated husbands or boyfriends. Crane had had sex with eight different women in the previous three weeks alone.

His murder made the national headlines, and rumours and allegations revolving around his sexual exploits exploded across the press soon afterwards. Crane kept a photo album of nude women he'd had sex with. He'd spent thousands of dollars on building a string of S&M-equipped dungeons, and had employed the services of a vicious dominatrix called Tiffany Moonlight. Seriously into dominance and submission, he was also reported to have been seen at a notorious S&M club called The Castle. He'd put ads in swinging magazines, taken part in orgies whenever he got the chance, and was even said to have had metal penile implants in order to enhance the size of his member.

Allegations of Crane's spectacular sexual exploits became legion, but the most damaging of all was that he also illegally filmed women without their consent or knowledge. Altogether, the overblown and blatantly untrue media coverage painted an extraordinarily dark tale of a washed-up TV star who'd been on a self-destructive quest for endless sexual encounters.

And it was all somehow television's fault. As the newspapers would have it, Bob Crane had been a churchgoing family man, who suddenly turned into some kind of sex maniac the moment the small screen came calling. Most reports have until now laid the blame on his rise to fame in *Hogan's Heroes*. But, as *Bizarre* found out when we talked to Scotty Crane, Bob was busy taking intimate pictures *20 years* before *Hogan's Heroes* even began. Scotty has photos dating as far back as the 1940s, and films dating back to 1956. Crane certainly wasn't the good Catholic boy suddenly gone bad when fame finally came his way.

"My father did attend church – when people died. He wasn't religious and he didn't raise me to be religious," Scotty says. "The whole mythology about him being this churchgoing saint who was brought down and corrupted by the evils of Hollywood is just a dramatic way to dress up a story. But it's *totally* untrue. He was an overly sexual person from an early age. In the 12 years my mom knew him, he went to church three times: my baptism, his father's funeral and his own funeral."

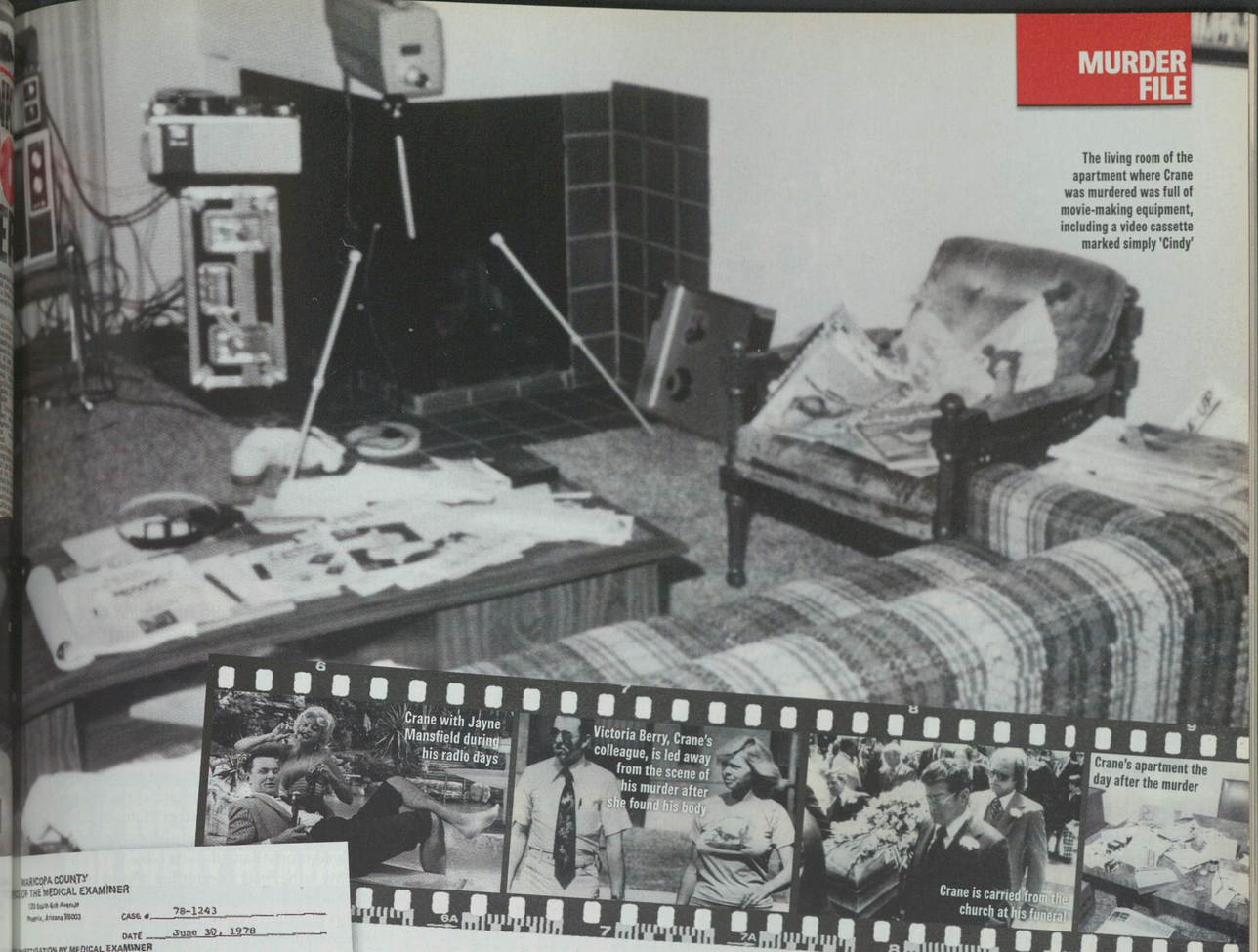
Crane and Carpenter would cruise for girls, then bring them home and film the sex sessions that followed

And just as Crane was never the all-American boy, it is also often conveniently forgotten that *Hogan's Heroes* wasn't your standard all-American sitcom either. According to Brenda Scott Royce's book *Hogan's Heroes: Behind The Scenes At Stalag 13*, the president of CBS found the idea "reprehensible" and its somewhat tasteless slogan – "If you liked World War II, you'll love *Hogan's Heroes*" – didn't endear it to critics. In fact, it was so controversial that Crane thought the writers were out of their minds and nearly turned it down flat. The obvious parallels to a concentration camp only 20 years after the Second World War were all there – Gestapo agents, barbed wire and guard dogs.

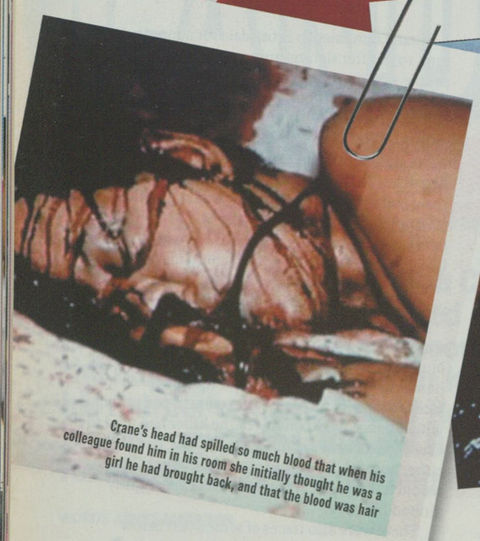
Although there were an awful lot of angry boyfriends who would've happily seen Crane dead, the police quickly focused their investigation on Crane's best friend, Sony video technician John Carpenter (not the famous film director). Crane was introduced to Carpenter on the set of *Hogan's Heroes* by fellow cast member Richard Dawson. To begin with, Crane just used Carpenter for cheap video parts, but in 1975 they started to hang out together, cruising for sex.

They made an odd couple. Apart from Crane's obvious charms and good looks, many women jumped at the chance of sleeping with a celebrity, especially one synonymous with the dashing Colonel Hogan. Carpenter, on the other hand, came across as slightly sleazy and desperate, and picked up what was left. The two of them frequently took part in foursomes, and often recorded their antics for posterity.

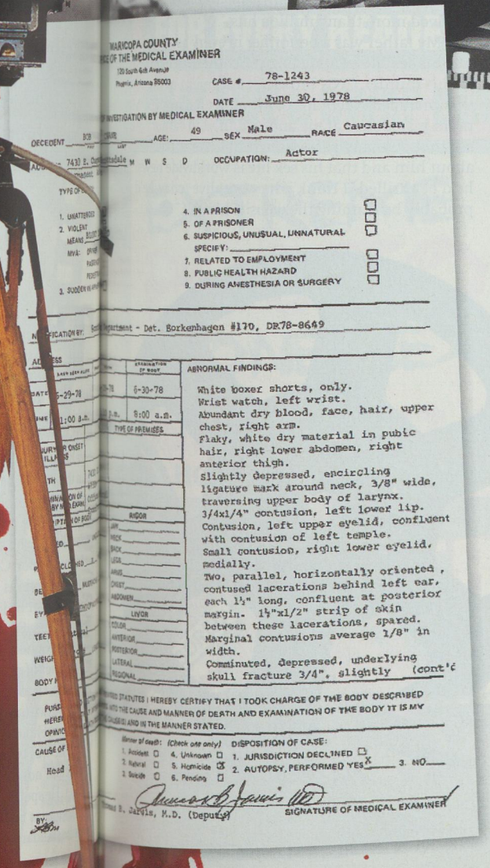
Carpenter was the prime murder suspect. Firstly, he'd flown down from Los Angeles a couple of days before to hang out with Crane in Scottsdale, and had spent much of the previous night with Crane, having arranged to go on a double date. The date had been a blow-out and Carpenter told police he'd driven to the airport to catch a flight back to LA. But Carpenter had a motive. According to Scotty, his father had seriously started to re-evaluate his relationship with Carpenter. ▶

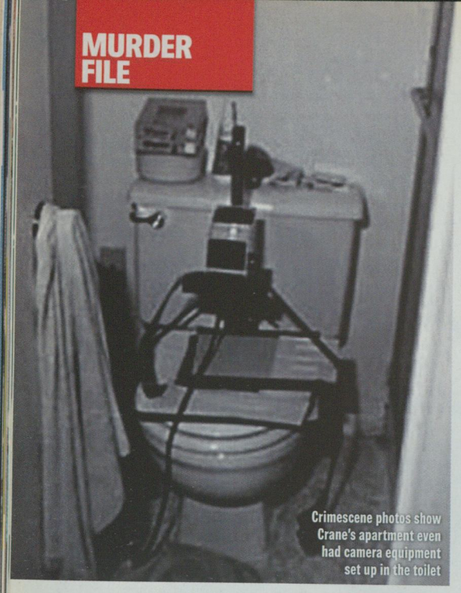


The living room of the apartment where Crane was murdered was full of movie-making equipment, including a video cassette marked simply 'Cindy'



Crane's head had spilled so much blood that when his colleague found him in his room she initially thought he was a girl he had brought back, and that the blood was hair


MARICOPA COUNTY
OFFICE OF THE MEDICAL EXAMINER
CASE # 78-1243
DATE June 30, 1978
INVESTIGATION BY MEDICAL EXAMINER
AGE: 49 SEX Male RACE Caucasian
OCCUPATION: Actor
4. IN A PRISON
5. OF A PRISONER
6. SUSPICIOUS, UNUSUAL, UNNATURAL
SPECIFY:
7. RELATED TO EMPLOYMENT
8. PUBLIC HEALTH HAZARD
9. DURING ANESTHESIA OR SURGERY
Department - Det. Borkenhagen #170, DR78-8649
6-30-78
9:00 a.m.
ABNORMAL FINDINGS:
White boxer shorts, only.
Wrist watch, left wrist.
Abundant dry blood, face, hair, upper chest, right arm.
Flaky, white dry material in pubic hair, right lower abdomen, right anterior thigh.
Slightly depressed, encircling ligature mark around neck, 3/8" wide, traversing upper body of larynx.
3/4x1/4" contusion, left lower lip.
Contusion, left upper eyelid, confluent with contusion of left temple.
Small contusion, right lower eyelid, medially.
Two, parallel, horizontally oriented, contused lacerations behind left ear, each 1½" long, confluent at posterior margin. 1½"x1/2" strip of skin between these lacerations, spared.
Marginal contusions average 1/8" in width.
Comminuted, depressed, underlying skull fracture 3/4", slightly (cont'd
I HEREBY CERTIFY THAT I TOOK CHARGE OF THE BODY DESCRIBED HEREIN, THAT THE CAUSE AND MANNER OF DEATH AND EXAMINATION OF THE BODY IT IS MY OPINION AND IN THE MANNER STATED.
Manner of death: (Check one only) DISPOSITION OF CASE:
1. Accident 4. Unknown 1. JURISDICTION DECLINED
2. Natural 5. Homicide 2. AUTOPSY PERFORMED YES 3. NO
3. Suicide 6. Pending
SIGNATURE OF MEDICAL EXAMINER



Crimescene photos show Crane's apartment even had camera equipment set up in the toilet

Greg Kinnear and Ma Wilson as Bob and Ann Crane in the 2002 movie about his life, *Auto Fac*

▶ "Carpenter had made a life out of being Bob Crane's associate, posing as his manager and getting nothing more than his sexual cast-offs," Scotty says. "My dad treated John like a second-class citizen, and when John found out their friendship had come to an end because my dad had plans to resume a life with my mother and I, he was mad. According to the police, this angered John so much that he murdered him. My father had a rare blood type, and blood that matched his was found in Carpenter's car."

But back then there was no DNA testing, and no other concrete physical evidence that could tie Carpenter to the murder scene, and the case was closed unsolved. It looked like it would stay that way, but in 1994 Carpenter was suddenly arrested and tried for murder. Police claimed they'd discovered a photo of Carpenter's rental car which showed a small speck of "brain matter" on the inside passenger door. But from the start their case, based mainly as it was on the new photo, looked unlikely to succeed, and it rapidly fell apart. Carpenter walked.

Carpenter, by then a convicted child molester, died of a heart attack in 1998, aged 70, so Crane's death will in all likelihood remain a mystery. There were many other suspects, but Scotty believes Carpenter got away with murder.

"I believe that John Henry Carpenter was a dark, seedy, and deeply disturbed character, perfectly capable of murder," he tells us. "I've always gone back and forth about who murdered my father. There are plenty of suspects, as my Dad didn't practise discrimination when it came to married women or girlfriends of cops and mob bosses. In the 1970s, Scottsdale was overrun with mobsters in the witness-relocation programme. The cops there will tell you

Bob Crane didn't discriminate – he was screwing the wives of cops and mobsters, so there are plenty of murder suspects

that. But the hard fact is that all of the roads with hard, tangible evidence lead to John Carpenter."

Hogan's Heroes is still extremely popular today, even in Germany. There are numerous websites dedicated to the show and legions of loyal fans and avid collectors of *Heroes* memorabilia. David Smith, who runs one of the original *Hogan's Heroes* websites, told *Bizarre* he'd even considered buying the apartment where Crane was murdered when it went up for auction on Ebay. His most valued possession is dirt taken from Crane's grave. But what Dave finds most compelling about the show today is the strange death and double life of its star, Bob Crane.

Crane was certainly no saint, but Scotty argues that many of the rumours of his father's sexual exploits are untrue. He's especially angered over allegations that his father filmed women without their consent. In an effort to set the record straight, Scotty started his own website where, for a time, you could actually view his father's films, in order to show the women knew they were being recorded. The site received more than 3million hits.

"My father was a performer in every aspect of his life; his sex life included," says Scotty. "During the trial for his murder, CNN broadcast a segment of the trial that included videotape of my father having sex. My mom just looked at me and said, 'If your father could see that, so many years later, people are still talking about him and that his sex life is worldwide news, he'd be thrilled.' I think if he were alive today, he'd probably be running the website himself." ■

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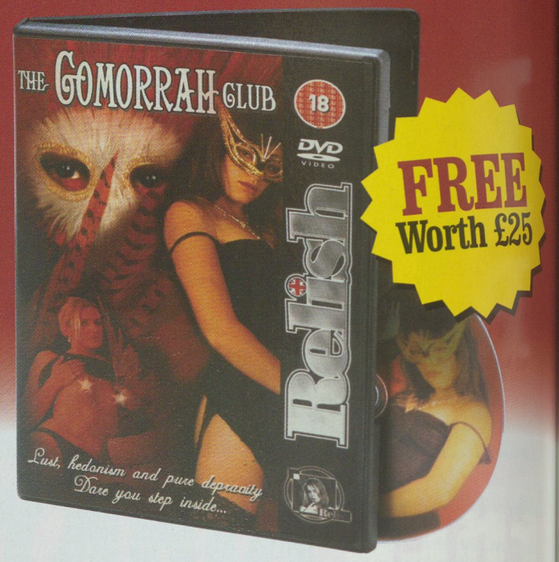

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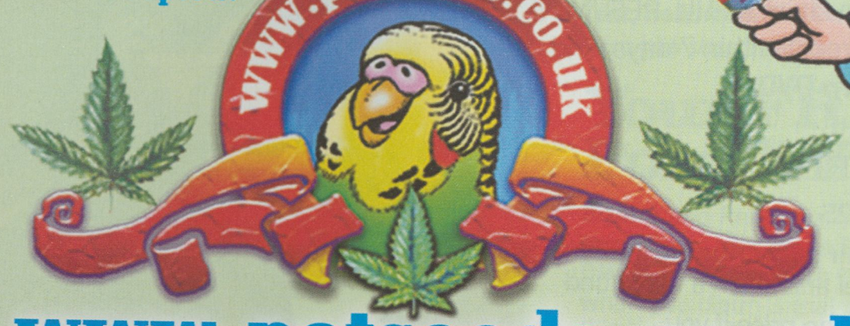

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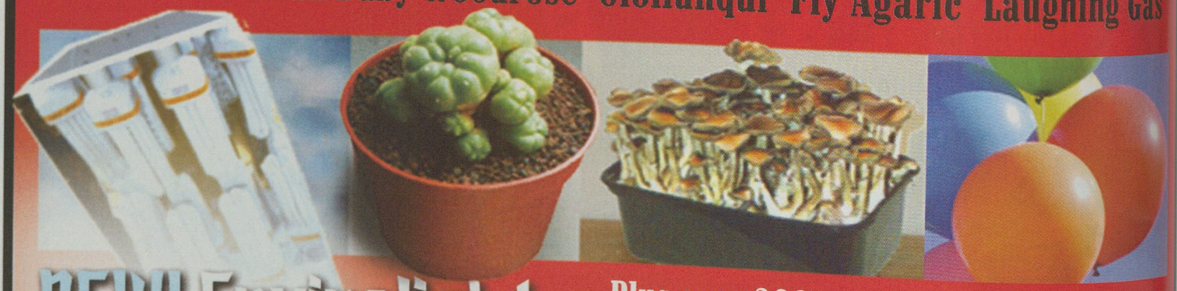

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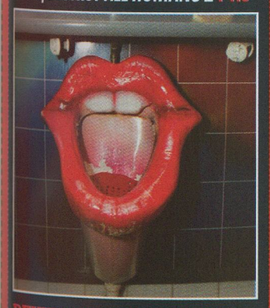

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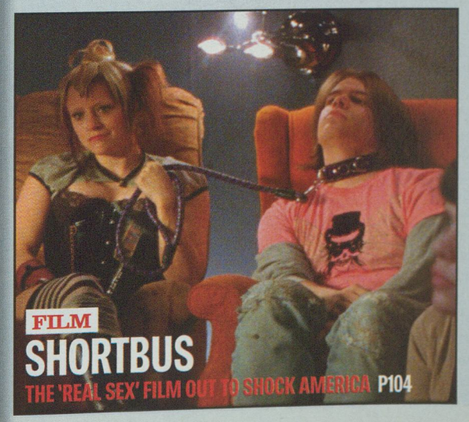
DITA VON TEESE

BURLESQUE GODDESS SWINGS INTO LONDON P101



FILM

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THE 'REAL SEX' FILM OUT TO SHOCK AMERICA P104

BOOKS

BAD IDEAS

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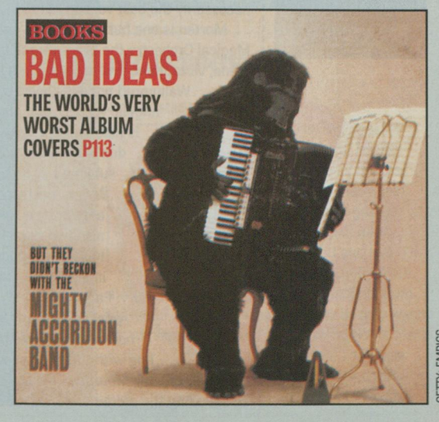


GETTY; EMPICS

CLINIC

OUR FAVOURITE SURGICAL-MASK-WEARING DRONE GARAGE ROCKERS ARE BACK

VISITATIONS

OUT NOW, DOMINO RECORDS

Clinic's songs still sound as awkward and as catchy as they did when the Liverpudlian band first started grinding them out nine years ago. And they're describing their new album, *Visitations*, as their "party album".

"The majority of the songs are direct; on our last album they were more mood-driven," vocalist Ade Blackburn tells us. "This is fuzz guitar, with some really dumb riffs. No slow builds. So simple."

Their new video, for single 'Harvest', sees the band in top surreal mood, cavorting around a stone circle and defying gravity wearing stovepipe hats, farmers' smocks, and top hats and tails. But medical fetishists will be relieved to hear the surgical masks Clinic wear are still firmly in place. And that their shows still attract a smattering of appropriately dressed devotees.

"There's not much of a barrier between the crowd and the band when we play – we dress alike, and the crowd dances," says Ade. "It's good to look out and see people dressed as doctors and nurses dancing to us." *Kate Hodges*

SUSANNA AND THE MAGICAL ORCHESTRA

HOW TO MAKE AN ALBUM OF COVERS THAT OUTSTRIP THE ORIGINALS

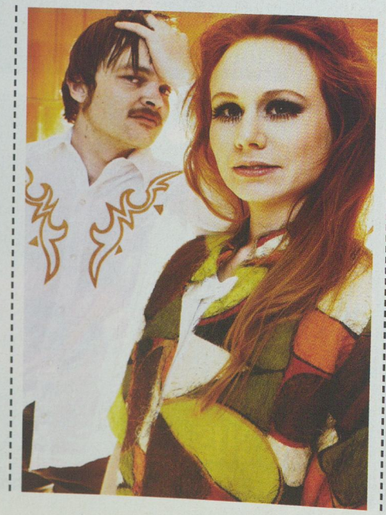
MELODY MOUNTAIN

OUT NOW, RUNE GRAMMOFON

A pared-down version of AC/DC's 'It's A Long Way To The Top' is so good it's embarrassing

"The original 'Crazy, Crazy Nights' is very catchy," says Morten Qvenlid, "but not necessarily the best version of it."

Morten is one half of Susanna And The Magical Orchestra (he plays church organ, piano, vibraphone and autoharp, while Susanna Wallumrød provides heart-stopping angelic vocals), and his arrogance is justified. The Norwegian duo's first album, 2004's sublime *List Of Lights And Buoys*, mostly consisted of their own songs, but also two cover versions, including a ghostly interpretation of Dolly Parton's 'Jolene', which pricked up many an ear. And now they've gone the whole hog with their covers-only album *Melody Mountain*, which, as well as including the aforementioned KISS classic,



features astounding takes on some of the most unlikely songs.

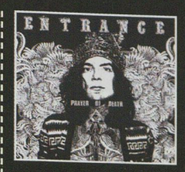
There are beautiful, incredibly stark versions of Prince's 'Condition Of The Heart', Depeche Mode's 'Enjoy The Silence' and Bob Dylan's 'Don't Think Twice, It's Alright'. You might think Leonard Cohen's 'Hallelujah' didn't exactly need to be slowed down any more than it already is, but for my money Susanna's version stomps all over it, and absolutely obliterates Jeff Buckley's effort. Every song is a highlight, but there's something about their funereal version of Joy Division's 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' that sums it all up. This is not a novelty record, there's no irony. This is about songwriting stripped so bare it gives new meaning to the originals, as if this is how they were always meant to be; one of the prettiest, saddest songs here is AC/DC's 'It's A Long Way To The Top', so good it's embarrassing. I bet AC/DC had no idea they were such good songwriters. Then again, Susanna could probably cover Anal Cunt and make it beautiful. This album is practically transcendental. Wallow in it. *Alex Godfrey*

ENTRANCE

SITARS AND ORCHESTRAS CREATE A SWEEPING PSYCHEDELIC LANDSCAPE

PRAYER OF DEATH

OUT NOW, TEE PEE RECORDS, ENTRANCEBAND.COM



Guy Blakeslee, AKA Entrance, was born and raised in Baltimore, and taught himself to play guitar upside-down, as he's left-handed. He's toured in bands since the age of 15, but went solo when he hit 20. He had the life of a nomad, touring and living in the UK for a while, but is now settled in LA. He used to play a kind of bluesy, stripped-down rock, but his astonishing new album mixes sitars with orchestras, vast, echoing slabs of psychedelia, wailing, far-out vocals, and a fixation with death. He's a proper old-fashioned hippie, happy to talk about vibrations and cosmic order. But he's also fired up, politically. We would like to have him living at the bottom of our garden, like a little hippie dog pet. Everyone needs one, and they might just save our world.

How would you describe this album?
I would say it was a gospel album, but not in a Christian way. In a spiritual way. The concept of it is related to death. Although that's something that wasn't necessarily premeditated.

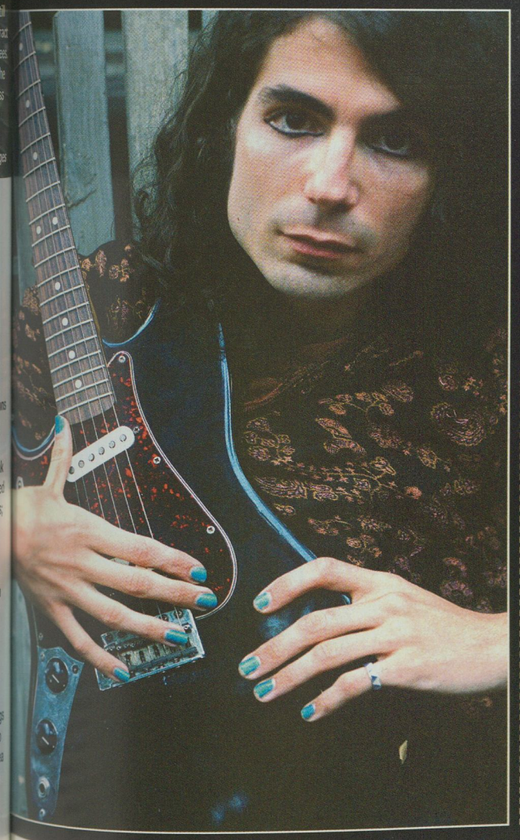
Why death?
Well, we're at war! Although this isn't blatantly political. My opinion is that the biggest tool for controlling people right now is fear. And life and death is the reality all of us have. We are all alive, and we will all die. There's nothing new about it, nothing unique. The government and the military and the terrorist organisations and the political parties, I lump them all together in this game of making people afraid so they can advance their goals. For control, or power. The more we accept responsibility for not being as afraid as they want us to be, the less they can control how we think and how we live.

Do you have any religious beliefs?
I definitely believe in a universal spirituality that comes in most religions. I guess the idea of reconciling yourself with death while you are alive so you can act from a place other than that of fear is a big part of that. I guess that's worked into different religions in different ways. Eastern mysticism has always dealt with that as a fundamental thing on the path to enlightenment.

So you don't subscribe to just one religion, but instead use bits and pieces of whatever Eastern philosophies happened to drift through your transom?
I don't just get my beliefs from spiritual sources, but also from science and so on. I basically think whatever it is that animates me as a creature also animates, say, a tree, or even a rock, or water. Even if it's really hard for people to get in touch with that thing that's inside them, it is there and it has to be there, or nothing would exist. Basically I feel my religion has to do with accepting and working on the fact that you create your own reality from within. There's definitely, like, y'know, if it's been raining for a couple of days on tour... I know that if I really controlled my outer reality through my inner reality, I would have been able to turn that off. I think there's the potential for people to use that.

It'd be great if you could just turn the rain off.
It's just a matter of more and more people reaching higher states of consciousness and taking other people with them. It might take thousands of years, but I think that things like ESP and déjà vu are subtle reminders that there is something like that that we don't really know about, because we're not at the stage in evolution where we're fully in touch with that. The mind of the universe. In other countries and other times, people were more directly in touch with that.

Music is physical. Everything is vibrations. The source of all things that exist are different concentrations of vibrations. And music is like someone putting vibrations out there on purpose rather than vibrations that happen to exist. So even if you don't know it, when you're playing music, you're putting your vibrations out there, even if people don't know what you're saying, they'll feel the meaning in your voice, the energy you're playing it with. *Kate Hodges*



TOM WAITS
ORPHANS

OUT 20 NOVEMBER, ANTI

"With my voice, I can sound like a girl, the boogieman, a Theremin, a cherry bomb, a clown, a doctor, a murderer," says Waits in the liner notes for this incredible collection, which does indeed cover his entire range. This three-disc set of rare songs and new recordings is vital, with highlights including kiddy lullaby 'Bend Down The Branches', 'Little Drop Of Poison' (from *Shrek 2*), and his sinister cover of 'Heigh Ho' from Disney's *Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs*. ***Alex Godfrey***

THE CRAVATS
LAND OF THE GIANTS

OUT NOW, OVERGROUND

In the late 70s, while New York 'no-waver' James Chance was blitzing braincells with his nihilist brand of jazz punk fusion, here in the UK The Cravats were steamrollering a similar path. The Midlands misfits created a cacophony that defied categorisation, and they got branded art-rock, ultimately misunderstood by most. This re-release of their finest moments proves their ugly/beautiful noise was simply ahead of its time, and truly colossal. ***Billy Chainsaw***

JIM BOB
SCHOOL

OUT NOW, CHERRY RED

The late, great Carter USM, whose place in musical history will one day be revised, fizzled out with a whimper in the mid-90s. Since then, their legendary frontman Jim Bob has released a slew of CDs, the latest being this charming concept album about a school struggling to keep its place in the league tables. Complete with awesome school recorders, it's a mixed bag of low-key songs about teachers and caretakers, punkier ones about riots, and poptastic classics like 'Asbomania'. Sweet. ***Alex Godfrey***

MOISTBOYZ
IV

OUT NOW, SCHNITZEL

Dickey (aggressive vocals) and Mickey (aggressive guitars) Moist are back with their fourth garage assault, just as wretched and bile-ridden as before, but marginally poppier. Not that that distracts from the lyrical content, which is as nasty as they wanna be, with stories of sluts ('Everybody's Fucked Her'), politics ('I Don't Give A Fuck Where The Eagle Flies'), and scumbags ('Roy'). Down and dirty rock'n'roll with absolutely no frills. ***Alex Godfrey***

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"Over the centuries I've inhabited the bodies of many humans"

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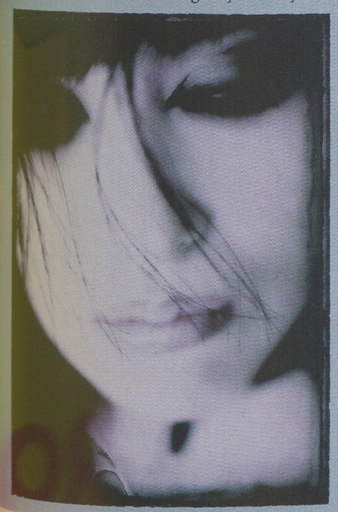
BEAST OF VENUS

OUT NOW, MEMBERS.AOL.COM/BOLUGIA/ENGLISH.HTM

The only surviving member of a lost world millions of light years from Earth, the slinky Vampire has been secretly living among us for centuries, watching the human race evolve. Now settled in Japan, our interstellar visitor has carved herself a niche as a peddler of gloomy cyber-goth, and has finally broken her silence about life on our backward planet.

Tell me about your home world.
I come from a star in the centre of your galaxy. Our civilisation had developed to a high level, so much so that my people had entered a hibernation state as there was nothing they actually had to do for themselves.



The Vampire you see now is not my real form, and is merely a carbon unit body I've inhabited that's generic to Japan. On our planet we looked more like rocks because our bodies had degenerated through lack of physical exercise. We didn't have arms or legs.

Right. Then what happened?
A nearby star exploded, and my planet was destroyed. When I awoke some time later, I found I'd become a body of spiritual energy that was drifting through space. When I arrived on Earth, mankind was still at an early stage of evolution, and I had great fun watching the monkeys. Over the centuries I've inhabited the bodies of many humans, and learned about strategy and politics. I was particularly fond of inhabiting Cesare Borgia of the Renaissance era, the son of Pope Alexander VI, who waged war across Italy. When he shouted his battle cry, I gorged myself on his fear and excitement.

Are you really a vampire? Do you suck blood?
I'm different from the vampires of Earth legend. Instead, I take energy from people as nutrition. I eat spiritual energy.

How do you choose your 'victims'?
The common factor is a sense of darkness. For most people, darkness is something negative; but in reality it's more fun and empowering to live inside people who are notorious and always doing something exciting. I always choose people who are free from religion and completely open-minded. They are pleasant to exist inside.

Is 'cyber-goth' an accurate way to describe your music?
My host would describe her work that way, because people in the pop business are always striving to define their product. But I don't think music should be limited in this way – you should embrace all styles.

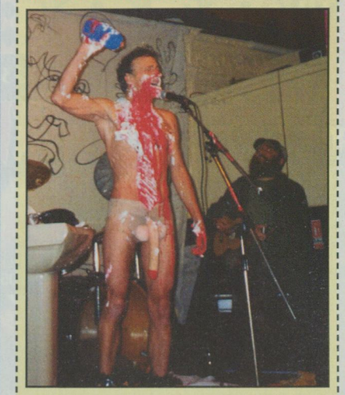
A few Far Eastern acts have found success in the West recently. Would you like to be the next big Japanese pop export?
Of course, my host would like that very much. She's making a new record right now, and I'm already familiar with Europe, having traversed the globe over the centuries. I'm getting ready. Are you ready for me?

David McComb

OBSCURE CORNER

YOUR MONTHLY INTRODUCTION TO THE WORLD OF OUTSIDER MUSIC

13. THE TWITS



Who are they? Although the Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band reformed earlier this year to celebrate their 40th anniversary, for the past 25 years a little-known gaggle of English eccentrics has been working to keep their spirit of irreverent anarchy alive. Born from London's *The Daily Twit* – a newspaper with no news in it – and spearheaded by Magnus Irvin (see *Bizarre* 113 for a piece on his pervy film *Prayer Cushions Of The Flesh*), Slim and The Boy, The Twits is a visual and aural equivalent of that absurd rag. The band currently consists of between six and 10 members – over the years 50 people (many mechanical or made from cardboard) have passed through the ranks – and normally only play one gig a year, without any prior rehearsals. At their last show in a north London pub, anyone sitting in the front row was doused in cream cakes launched into the audience during a song about éclairs.
Why should we care? The Twits are silly, cheeky and peculiarly English, and instrumental in preserving the eccentricity embodied in the Bonzos and their much-missed frontman Vivian Stanshall. The Twits also bring together other stunningly original acts for their annual shows, many of whom have already appeared in this column.
Where are they now? A recent rearrangement of old Twits material and some hastily made-up songs has resulted in the creation of the band's rock opera, *Whelk*, an "avant-retard spectacular for the musically challenged". During recent performances, *Whelk* has evolved into a tragic story of dentistry, boiled eggs, personal hygiene, Brylcreem, Thora Hird, shirts, unrequited love and cardboard. The good news is there is no end to the story in sight. ***David McComb***
CURRENTLY AVAILABLE: Take a trip to Myspace.com/itsthetwits or Dailytwit.com to buy the *Gunfighter Ballads & Winkling Songs* CD, which includes The Twits' *Shirt*.

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DITA VON TEESE

THE BURLESQUE QUEEN LEAVES FANS HUNGRY FOR MORE

KOKO, LONDON

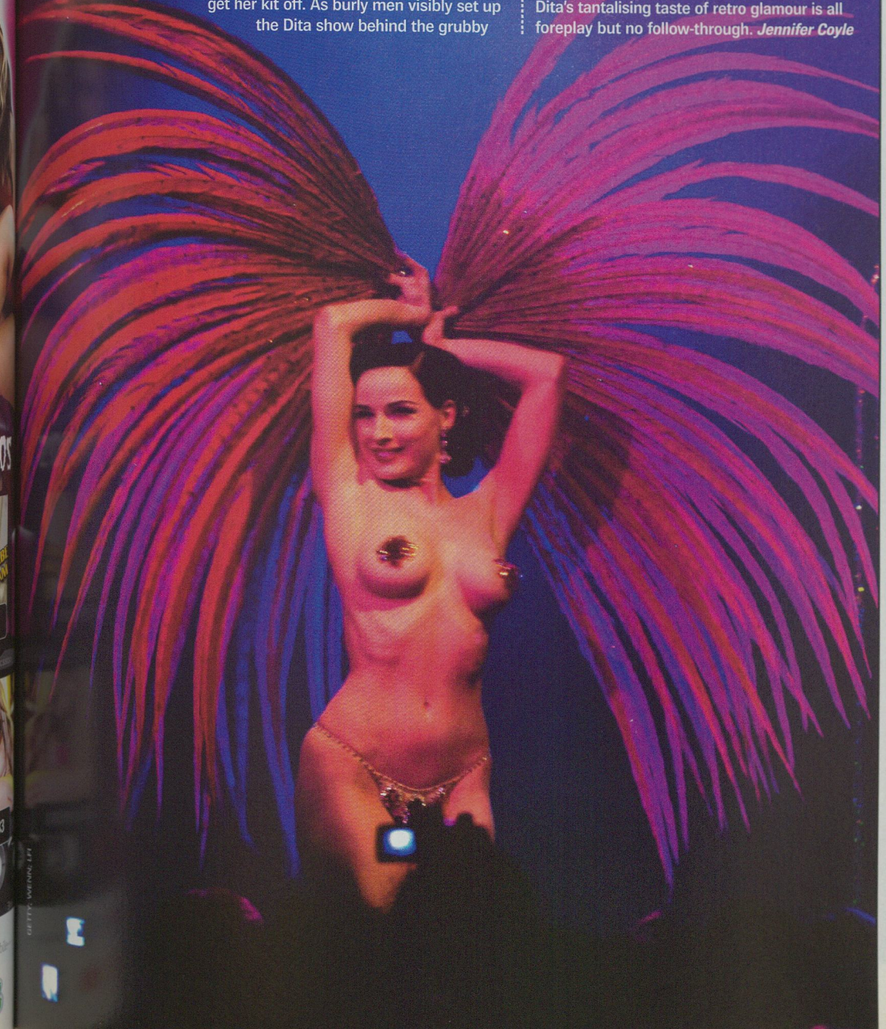
15 OCTOBER

Mrs Marilyn Manson, aka Dita Von Teese, aka Heather Sweet, is kicking up her heels and twirling in a martini glass. She's flicking off her stockings and tossing them into the crowd at Koko, shaking her glittering tail feathers and batting her eyes at the crowd of retro-styled burlesque fans and the odd Manson wannabe. Her audience is adoring, craning politely for a better view as she strips to nipple pasties and a sparkling G-string, whooping enthusiastically as she swings in her gilded cage.

However, at £25 a ticket, Dita's first ever public performance in this country works out at more than a quid a minute for her two short performances – hardly a bargain, considering she doesn't even get her kit off. As burly men visibly set up the Dita show behind the grubby velvet drapes, The Puppini Sisters and fellow striptease queen Catherine D'Lish do a couple of turns to keep the crowd happy, but there's no doubt we're all here to worship at the altar of Von Teese.

Dita's website is bigger than Jesus; her waist is smaller than Nicole Richie's

Her website's bigger than Jesus, her waist is smaller than Nicole Richie's, and Dita's star is very much on the rise: fashion muse, pin-up, online superstar. With so much to live up to, maybe it's just as well her performance is so fleeting, her audience left ravenous for more. It's like watching a peepshow where 20 odd quid gets you limited ogling. The crowd fidget anxiously with mobiles and cameras, aware that valuable gawping time is being wasted trying to focus and record for posterity. Then roadies yank the curtains closed and mop up the overspill from her monster Martini, and I can't help thinking that Dita's tantalising taste of retro glamour is all foreplay but no follow-through. *Jennifer Coyle*



MEAT LOAF
ROYAL ALBERT HALL, LONDON

16 OCTOBER

Tonight, we learn many things from Meat Loaf. We learn that his world is inhabited by misty-eyed rock chicks who ride off at dusk on the back of motorcycles. That his live show combines a massive, all-girl string section, double lead guitars that sustain into the night, two misty-eyed rock-chick backing singers, and no small amount of sweat. That although he's getting a little greyer around his dimpled temples, and his voice isn't the powerhouse it once was, he can still emote hard, like a Real Man. That he can tickle an audience into submission in two minutes. That his new single, a duet with a Norwegian misty-eyed rock chick, is surprisingly ace. That the opening guitar salvo of 'Bat Out Of Hell' can still raise an Albert Hall full of denim-clad greyhairs to their stamping feet. And, of course, that he'll do anything for love, but he won't do that. *Kate Hodges*

MISFITS / OSAKA POPSTAR
THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM, LONDON

21 SEPTEMBER

As long as bassist Jerry Only is behind the mic rather than a real singer, the current incarnation of the Misfits will remain a pale imitation of what they once were. Former Black Flag man Dez Cadena looks a hell of a lot like Mortiis, as he tries to fit in by plastering his face with white foundation, while Only still looks like a mortician on steroids. The classic songs are strong enough to see them through though, and blushes are just about spared. Osaka Popstar are a more bizarre proposition, with the Misfits being joined on stage by Marky Ramone, Ivan Julian from the Voidoids and a singer who looks about 12. Imagine Akira doing punk-rock karaoke and you're not too far away. Manga punk – it's the future. *Brett Callwood*

PAN'S LABYRINTH

A CHILLING FAIRY TALE THAT WILL CREEP BENEATH YOUR SKIN

OUT 24 NOVEMBER

Guillermo del Toro, creative maverick behind such genre classics as *Cronos*, *The Devil's Backbone* and *Hellboy*, returns with the most beautiful and masterful vision of his career. Set against a backdrop of Franco's fascist Spain circa 1944, *Pan's Labyrinth* tells of a lonely child who finds herself split between wartorn reality and creature-filled fancy. We asked the Mexican marvel how he dreamt up one of *the* greatest fantasy films of all time.

Guillermo del Toro: "I think the creatures I've created for *Pan's Labyrinth* are my best ever"

Where did you get the idea for *Pan's Labyrinth*?

I'm a big fairy tale fan and I've always referenced them in my films. *Cronos*, *Mimic* and *Hellboy*, they're ultimately fables, and that's why many of them start and close with a voiceover. I felt that after *The Devil's Backbone* and after shooting *Hellboy* and after 9/11, there was something I could only express through a fairy tale. That's why *Pan's Labyrinth* exists.

This movie continues the fascist fairy tale concept that was a key facet of *The Devil's Backbone*.

The idea was that *The Devil's Backbone* represents the end of the Spanish Civil War, but the sad truth is that *Pan's Labyrinth* shows that the war never fully ended, it just kept going on secretly, underground. If the character of Jacinto in *The Devil's Backbone* was a proto-fascist, *Pan's Labyrinth*'s Vidal is a full-blown, shiny-boots fascist – he's the guy Jacinto wishes he was. So it's a continuation of the fact that, if you pit innocence against fascism, or you pit innocence against war or brutality, there's a story to be told about it.

***Pan's Labyrinth* is so well-developed, it feels as though the story is one that you've been carrying around and aching to film for some time.**

The first sketches of the idea for *Pan's Labyrinth* have been in my notebooks since 1993, so in a sense that's true. But the story itself emerges from many things. Some of them were in the first draft of *The Devil's Backbone*. The other thing that helped a lot is I discovered a book called *The Science Of Fairy Tales* [Edwin Sidney Hartland, 1891] – that explained how these fables essentially dwell in primal archetypes. Which was very interesting, because that made it connect with two of my favourite things: Carl Jung – the Jungian idea of the archetype – and alchemy.

When I started designing the movie I did some of it very esoterically. For example, finding alchemical stuff for the phases of the moon. I didn't know where I was going, but I was studying the symbols and the possibility of doing a fable in that sense. *The Science Of Fairy Tales* made me realise that there's this primal form of human oral fable – the purest form of narration. I really started digging into it, which is what this whole thing is about. [Flicks through a wonderful book full of delicately written notes and phantasmagorical drawings.]

With your movies, it seems as though your intention is to creep-out rather than horrify the viewers.

As much as I absolutely love horror, it seems to me that – and I'm not being ironic here, I swear to God – the only time I've attempted a full-out horror film was *Mimic*.

I love the visual coding of horror, but I don't like the jump scares. I like the idea of the pervasiveness of certain types of images. I like the fact you can have certain textures, sounds, surfaces and shapes that subliminally sink under your skin – if you're paying attention. A scary movie, as such, is more like an attention-deficit-syndrome type of movie that needs a different type of audience. Many people who like horror movies may not even get my movies, they may not think they're scary movies. Maybe that's because my movies are more interested in the poetics of horror than in the form.

Whenever I watch your films I always sense that there are subliminal links between them.

There are. The way I phrase it is that these movies all rhyme, but you'll not be able to see it movie by movie. The best way to watch *Pan's Labyrinth* is after you've seen *The Devil's Backbone*, to realise how they rhyme together. At the end of the day, all my movies more or less rhyme with each other, they create a little stanza of what I think life, or the world, is. They are important movies to me, not necessarily to the rest of the world. But to the people that do get them, they'll be strong movies.

I actually think of *The Devil's Backbone* and *Pan's Labyrinth* as mirror movies. One is a male movie and the other is a female – *The Devil's Backbone* is the brother and *Pan's Labyrinth* is the sister.

Do you think every film you've made was leading towards the creation of *Pan's Labyrinth*?

I think so. For instance, it's impossible for me to understand *Pan's Labyrinth* without *Hellboy*, either thematically or aesthetically. Everything in *Pan's Labyrinth* is sets – I've always been obsessed with building them – and I think they're better than in any of my other films. I also think the creatures are better than any of the other creatures – with the possible exception of Abe Sapien in *Hellboy* and the Reapers in *Blade II*, which are absolutely beautiful monsters. But how could I acquire the craftsmanship without doing the other movies? I couldn't. I had to fuck up X number of times before getting it right, and I think this time I *did* get it right. I think, unapologetically, that it's a movie I love more than my others – without a doubt.

One of the greatest facets of your work is that you've retained that unquestioning, all-embracing fascination with the fantastical that most kids originally possess, but have drummed out by schooling and the system.

I do... I remember Picasso saying it took him decades to relearn how to draw like a child. That's a very interesting and a very real thing, because essentially we all grow up like the girl in *Pan's Labyrinth*, with someone screaming, "Magic doesn't exist – not for me, not for you, not for anyone!" And I had, "Fuck you, you were born in Mexico, you cannot make fantastic movies... screw you, you'll never do this, you'll never do that!" But I willingly, stubbornly, and at the same time innocently, grew up through those things saying: "No, I know there's magic." So I have the certainty that things like fauns exist.

That's a secret magic I've never, ever lost – even throughout the most harrowing experiences in filmmaking. That primal lustre of still believing in purity and the state of grace that can be achieved by remaining true to yourself in the direst of circumstances. I think the moment you lose that, that's the moment you start to stumble without purpose, because before that you stumbled *with* a purpose.

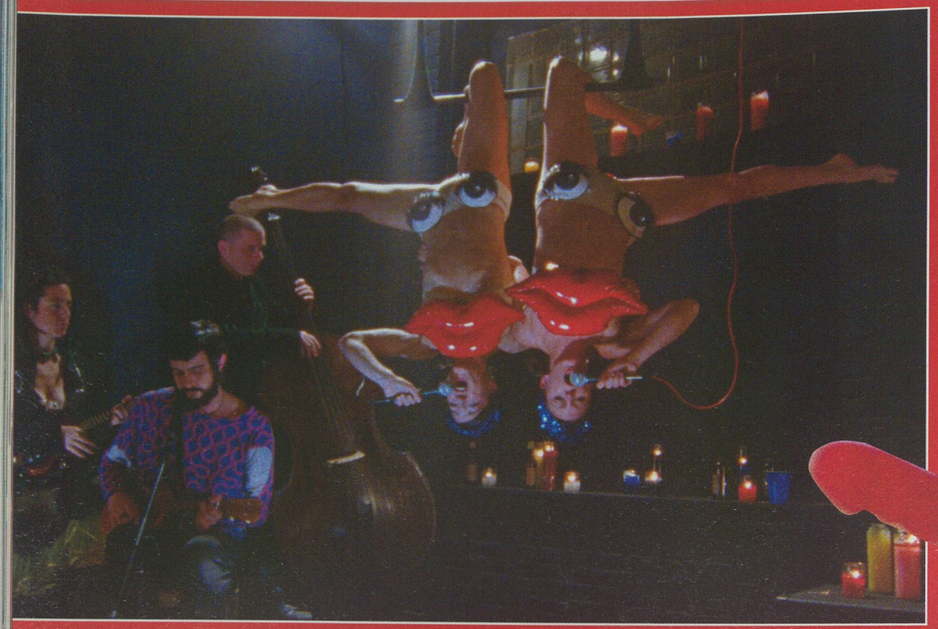
The golden rule I repeat over and over again is that art is not about being right, it's about fuckin' up on your own terms. That's the main reason my movies remain wide-eyed. But there's a second, very simple reason – the fuckin' monsters! You should get a boner every time you create a monster. And if you get that boner when you create that monster, God bless you, man!

Billy Chainsaw

"You should get a boner every time you create a fuckin' amazing monster!"

Pan (Doug Jones) guards a giant labyrinth into which the child star stumbles

Ivana Baquero stars as Ofelia, a young girl in Fascist Spain who's lost in an otherworldly fantasy



SHORTBUS

BRACE YOURSELF FOR A CINEMATIC SEXUAL ASSAULT

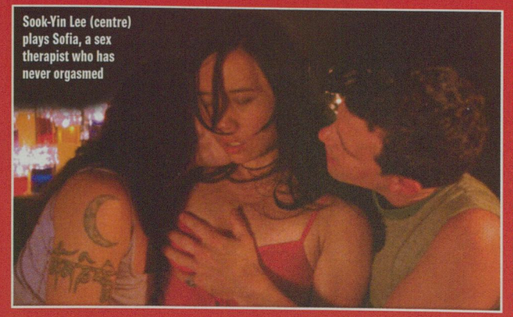
OUT 1 DECEMBER

John Cameron Mitchell follows up his spectacular 2001 debut *Hedwig And The Angry Inch* this month with *Shortbus*, a very funny, touching journey through the lives of multiple characters, each with their own sexual agendas or problems. Taking in repressed sex-therapists, uptight dominatrices, stalkers and drag queens, it's one of the best ever films about sexual relationships, and the most effective and entertaining use yet of hardcore sex scenes in a dramatic feature film. We spoke to JCM in Chicago, just as he was bracing himself for the release of the film.

Director John Cameron Mitchell hopes his film will be attacked by hysterical right-wingers in the US

How is America responding to the film?

It's going really well. It's opening on more screens than we thought it would, we were kind of shocked; we thought people would wait to see what happened in LA and New York, but we're already booked in some small towns, it's amazing. I'm sure there'll be a few battles in the press, which I'm kind of relishing. You know, people get kind of upset about things here. It can be very isolationist, people get afraid of new things, and in some ways the right wing will equate this kind of film with terrorism and illegal immigration, something threatening to our culture. People get rather militant about this sort of thing being in their neighbourhood. You get boycotts. Just look at all our right-wing press, they just like to whip up hysteria. Although even with *Brokeback Mountain*, which was obviously milder than *Shortbus*, the right-wing press eased up on it as they knew it would whip up public opinion to go and see it. I'm hoping we have a few little fights just to get people talking about it.



Sook-Yin Lee (centre) plays Sofia, a sex therapist who has never orgasmed

Well, good luck. One of the great things about your film is that a lot of it is fun – it doesn't isolate sex as some serious, miserable experience, like *9 Songs* and *Intimacy* did.

I think people who *do* push it in cinema have some issue with it. I certainly grew up very conservative Catholic... no-one's gonna really go somewhere extreme unless they came from somewhere extreme. Cos if you have no problem with it you don't need to investigate it, generally. And all these films kind of came after Aids, and they're not like films from the 70s, which had a little more freewheeling joy about them. These ones, the filmmakers are maybe working out some of their own demons. I am too, but to only connect it to the negative seems as disrespectful to sex as porn, just sort of looking at it at one little angle, eroticism. For me it's like, come on, it's funny, and it's also connected to all these other emotional parts of our lives that we don't always acknowledge in film. Why not use every paint in the paintbox?

Paul Thomas Anderson once said, when he was promoting *Boogie Nights*, how fascinating it would be to be to see a character like Forrest Gump having sex. I just read a similar quote from you somewhere saying you can learn so much about a person by how they have sex.

I think it's true, it's almost like reading a palm or something, if you have some knowledge of sex in your own life you can just guess some things about them. People often ask me, "Couldn't you have done *Shortbus* without the explicit sex?" Well, yeah, and I could have done *Hedwig* without the songs. I could have done the same story, but why not? Why not use the musical form, or sex, or comedy. It's just one of those revealing, multi-faceted things. So I always ask people, "Why are you asking that?" Think of the assumption there that there *is* something wrong with it. I also ask how complicated sex is in your own life. Isn't it more than porn? Isn't it more than abuse or elation or everything else you see in sexual things lately? Why isn't the 'why' a 'why not'?

And the thing that lingers from the sex scenes in *Shortbus* isn't dick-size or cumshots, but the characters' faces and emotions and communication. It does enhance the narrative.

Yeah, in a way, by presenting it warts and all, or bodies and all... I had this specific strategy of frontloading the sex, and getting less explicit as we went along, so that right away people were aware of the language we were using and having to get through it, instead of us teasing them, which I think is kind of a false tension, like some films do: "You know it's coming up!" Even *Brokeback Mountain* does that for the first half hour, if you didn't know what the film was about you'd be yawning. But there is tension, because you're like, "When are the movie stars gonna fuck..." And it seems to have worked, because at the end of *Shortbus* sex is really not on your mind, it's kind of integrated into the mix, and you're thinking about whether they're gonna be alone or not, about the blackout, terrorism... and the cum hitting the Jackson Pollock, it kind of disappears into the tapestry, as it *should* in life, as it does often at the end of the relationship. Sex is not the first thing you think of at the end of the relationship, you're down the line a bit, it's *one* of the things. And I think that decompartmentalisation of sex is really healthy in our lives, but I almost had to kind of oversell it at the beginning to bust through the hymen, so to speak... thrust harder to get through it. You know, the first time you have sex is always shocking, in life. And the second is usually something else.

And within each relationship.

Exactly, sometimes it's boring the second time, sometimes it's much deeper. But it's definitely something else as you can get into it. And part of the strategy was also to delay the gay male sex, because a lot of straight guys think of it as a deal-breaker: "Alright, that's my limit, I don't wanna go there." But as it's put in later, and you've seen all those other people, it's more in the mix a bit. People know how it feels, when you start cracking up in the middle of sex, or singing the national anthem. And it becomes more than a gay-rights plea, it's a plea for everyone's humanity and vulnerability.

The performances are extremely convincing, it's great to have unknowns and none of the baggage you get with most actors. Kubrick thought it would be great to watch A-list actors having sex on film, but even when you have a real-life couple doing it, look how unnatural it seemed in *Eyes Wide Shut*. And I think when you have Hollywood stars doing sex scenes it's almost voyeurism, you might as well get Paris Hilton's DVD.

Yeah there's something slick and impenetrable about it with certain actors. I didn't want stars in this even if I could get them, as it would have distracted; "Oh, Meg Ryan's getting eaten out." No, the character is. You know what I mean.

Do you think a successful narrative film/porn hybrid can ever exist?

Yes, in fact I would love to make... You know what, I think a hybrid is a bit of a quixotic quest, because porn is for jerking off to, and complex narrative has too many other layers. And sex, if the environment isn't right, if you're thinking too much, the situation is de-eroticised. No, I don't think it's a good idea. And personally I think a lot of porn lately is really bad, everyone's having sex in the same order. Good sex requires spontaneity and imagination, and that's not what 95 per cent of porn is, in fact it's worse than it ever was. I used to like porn a lot – granted, I was randier, but it really was better in the 80s, pre-Aids, people looked as if they were having a good time, the camera got out of the way, and it wasn't just a series of coded positions that had to happen in a ritualistic order, like "Do this, now eat out, then fuck in this position, then this position, cum on the whatever..." That's so boring. And video is not as erotic to me as film. So I would actually love to make a porn film some day, but from what I've learned from *Shortbus*. It would be quite different, completely non-narrative, or non-linear, certainly. And it would be much more impressionistic and not getting all fancy, just letting the actors go. And couples that have some kind of actual rapport.

Alex Godfrey

Lindsay Beamish as Severin, a tough-as-nails dominatrix

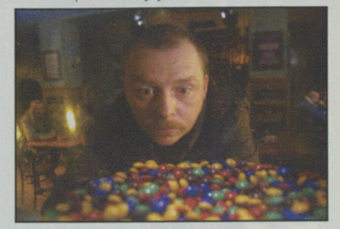
Things get hot and sweaty at the Shortbus club of the movie's title

"People know how it feels when you start singing the national anthem during sex"

BIG NOTHING

OUT 1 DECEMBER

There's a hint of early Coen Bros lurking in this frenetic black comedy. Blending film noir aesthetics with sick-puppy slapstick, it delivers its message that crime never pays with sledgehammer subtlety and a welcome blast of Rammstein. Simon Pegg is the sneaky scammer who entices unemployed teacher David Schwimmer into a 'foolproof' blackmailing scheme. The spiralling mess that follows gets a little convoluted, but it's performed with enough anarchic brio and verbal wit to keep events enjoyable. ***Sloan Freer***



JACKASS 2

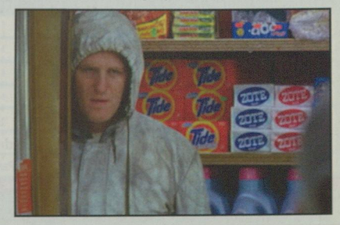
OUT 24 NOVEMBER

There's nothing new here, with Johnny Knoxville and co indulging in tests of human endurance, moments of sheer stupidity and acts of utter grossness. But who cares when the car-crash-entertainment menu includes Steve-O being used as human shark-bait, Chris Pontius disguising his dick as a mouse to taunt a starving snake, Bam Margera getting a cock-brand on his ass, and Knoxville riding a giant rocket. In fact, apart from an overlong finale, this is funnier and even more puke-inducing than the first. ***Billy Chainsaw***

SPECIAL

OUT 17 NOVEMBER

A comicbook fan (Michael Rapaport) is convinced he's a superhero after participating in a pharmaceutical trial in this indie black comedy, which skilfully knits together two realities. Initially there's a sense of dark playfulness as Rapaport tries to put his 'powers' to good use, shocking those around him. It's only when his delusions attract negative attention from the drug's creators that the film loses its charm, plummeting uncomfortably into violence and tragedy. ***Sloan Freer***



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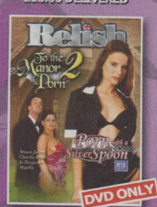
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LITTLE CHILDREN

TODD FIELD'S EXPLOSIVE SUBURBAN DRAMA

OUT NOW

This film won't leave me alone. It infects your mind, its characters leaving such indelible impressions on you that it keeps yanking at your emotions and challenging your world view for ages after you've seen it. The second film (following 2001's *In The Bedroom*) from director Todd Field, adapted from Tom Perrotta's novel, it's a suburban drama about sexual tension, dysfunction and perversion, telling intertwining stories of a handful of people who find themselves in situations which can come to no good. Sarah (Kate Winslet) has had it with her unexciting husband, who's spending an unhealthy amount of time in the sluttier nether regions of the internet. She falls for new hunk on the block Brad (*Hard Candy*'s Patrick Wilson), who's married to flawless beauty Kathy (Jennifer Connelly). Meanwhile, there's a registered sex offender (Jackie Earle Haley) living in the neighbourhood, who once exposed himself to some kids, and his mere presence is having wild and varied effects on the pent-up townsfolk.

Twisted tales of doomed relationships, misdirected lust and sexual fruitloops

With its twisted tales of doomed relationships, misdirected lust and sexual fruitloops, the film is somewhat similar to Todd Solondz's *Happiness*, but while *Little Children* is often very funny, it's also a much darker, heavier experience, with edgy characters you will undoubtedly relate to, for better or worse. And when all the stories come together for an explosive final 20 minutes, it's both scary and upsetting. Todd Field is a force to be reckoned with. Go and see for yourselves. ***Alex Godfrey***

THE NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS 3D

OUT 17 NOVEMBER

Tim Burton's animated classic, still raking in the cash with its stripy-clothing spin-offs, is back for more in the form of an impressive 3D overhaul. It wasn't filmed with this in mind, so there are no gimmicky characters jumping out at you and flying over your head, but it's all the better for that – it looks truly stunning, and as Burton says, now "you can literally see in through the eye sockets of Jack Skellington". It's as if this is how the film was always meant to be seen. Good work. ***Alex Godfrey***

HOLLYWOODLAND

OUT 1 DECEMBER

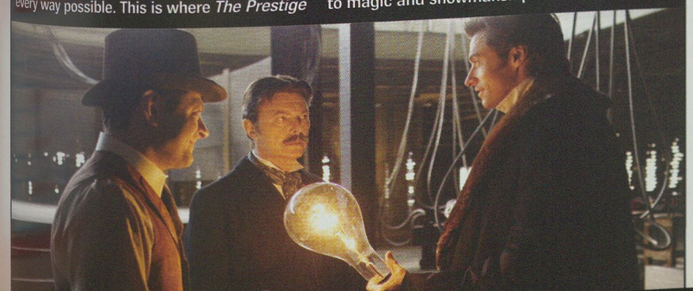
Ben Affleck's in this, but I can assure you he really is excellent as the late George Reeves, who played Superman in the 1950s TV series before his life mysteriously ended with a bullet in the head. Officially it was suicide, but murder theories abound, and this almost excellent detective thriller explores them from numerous angles. The ever-reliable Adrien Brody is the man on the case in the non-flashback scenes, and although his own journey of self-discovery is kind of lame, this is a meaty, compelling look at the dark side of fame. ***Alex Godfrey***

THE PRESTIGE

OUT NOW

Clever-clogs Christopher Nolan, who confounded the masses with backwards film *Memento* before reinventing *Batman*, has a nifty suspense thriller for you that's (loosely) structured like a magic trick. Set in the early 1900s, when enormous, glamorous magic shows were a big draw, it has Hugh Jackman and Christian Bale as rival magicians, relentlessly attempting to top each other in every way possible. This is where *The Prestige* works best, as a story of mad obsession and revenge, with Bale and Jackman on top form. And there's a great supporting cast, including Michael Caine (just getting better with age) and David Bowie (as inventor/scientist Nikola Tesla).

On the downside, there's an overwhelming amount of *Dr Who*-esque twists, and when the plot secrets are finally revealed, just like when you find out how magic tricks are done in life, it's deflating, and feels a little shallow. Still, it's a gorgeous, edge-of-seat film, and a great tribute to magic and showmanship. ***Alex Godfrey***



ALSO OUT

On 24 November there's TENACIOUS D IN THE PICK OF DESTINY, which we haven't seen yet but have high hopes for. Involves the formation of the band, something about a magical guitar pick, and probably lots of face-pulling and songs about Satan.

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HARD CANDY

THE PAEDOPHILE FILM EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT

OUT NOW

Hard Candy is an immensely powerful film, one of the best thrillers of the year, despite being set in one or two rooms, with two people and hardly any music. Throwing up more questions than answers, it's an extremely tense study of a paedophile (Patrick Wilson) and the 14-year-old girl (Ellen Page) who turns the tables on him, investigating the moral grey area between the black and white that usually accompanies such subject matter. Written by playwright Brian Nelson and directed by David Slade, it's out now on DVD with documentaries, deleted scenes and commentaries, and you need to own it immediately. We spoke to Nelson about the impact the film has had on audiences.

Hard Candy reminds me a bit of that great Hitler film from last year, _Downfall_, in that it isn't afraid to portray the bad guy in three dimensions. Did you see _Downfall_?

Yes, I thought that was an *amazing* film. It really blew me away, and actually, what was really striking to me was not so much the Hitler business, but the subsidiary characters who were sucked into it, and how they faced that or rationalised what they had done. Our film is very similar; it faces you with the totality of what your revenge fantasy might be like. Because everybody has had those moments where they think, "You know what should be done with these paedophiles, you should just cut their balls off." And those fantasies are very human and understandable, and yet at the same time, we often make social decisions based on those fantasies. If we act on those urges and give in to that, then what happens to us? And that's one of the questions our film asks. And does not answer, because we don't tell you what happens to Hayley. We hint at what might happen, but you look at her face at the end and you have a lot of questions to consider. And that's what we like.

Has anyone attacked you because the film *does* present a grey moral area?

Oh absolutely, that's certainly happened, and I'm sorry it has happened. But you know, if you're going to give people the right to respond in any number of ways you can't really be surprised when that happens, and in fact from the very beginning... I write so much that I don't ask my wife to read everything, but when it looked like this film was going to happen I handed the script to her and said, "You'd better read this just so you know what people might say about me." There hasn't been a whole lot of that but there certainly have been people who feel like, "Well, if you don't present a clear delineation then aren't you being amoral?" And I'm not sure how to respond to that, my feeling I suppose is, "Well, then you're abdicating your duty as an audience to sit and appraise something, if you just want the morality of a situation handed to you..." That's not what this film is for, this film is to provoke questions you have to wrestle with so that the film continues after it's over. And there are some people who are uncomfortable with this because they want the film to be over when it's over; the idea that these issues aren't clearly buttoned and sewn up at the end of the day feels very threatening to them.

I'm sorry to say we've also had a couple of people who feel we were being exploitative. I don't believe so, I think we dressed Ellen as androgynously and non-sexually as we could, except for an exceedingly brief sequence where she is using herself as bait, but even that is frankly nothing compared to what you see in any Britney Spears or Christina Aguilera video.

And look at the difference between her in this film and *X-Men 3*.

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And look at the difference between her in this film and *X-Men 3*.

"This film provokes questions you have to wrestle with"

Fourteen-year-old Hayley is a self-appointed vigilante

Well, absolutely, absolutely. And so we thought we actually went to great pains not to be guilty of the thing we were decrying, and we went to great pains to actually be quite respectful and even prudish compared to what many filmmakers might have done. But regardless, there are some viewers/critics who see a young woman in that situation, and there's no right way to do it, in their minds. So we've gotten a bit of criticism on that front. But again, I guess my feeling is that's as it should be – if this film were somehow to meet with universal acclaim it would mean on some level we weren't doing our job. We knew from the very beginning we were working in an area where people should have deeply held hopes and fears and feelings that the film would explore and challenge.

I hear you're working with [director] David Slade again for your next film.

Yes, we're doing a big vampire epic, but we are looking at vampires in a way you are not used to seeing them, and looking at what you're willing to sacrifice when you're up against a threat you cannot stop. It's a movie called *30 Days Of Night*, it's adapted from a graphic novel, it's set in Alaska at the time of year when the Sun goes down for a month. Therefore when these vampires attack you won't be able to feel better in the dawn, because the dawn won't be for a month. It's a rather gruelling take-no-prisoners-style story of what it takes to survive.

Alex Godfrey

PISTOL OPERA

OUT NOW

Seijun Suzuki re-imagines his 1966 thriller *Branded To Kill* – the movie responsible for getting him fired for delivering incomprehensible and unprofitable features. A winner-takes-all battle between hired assassins competing for the title of No 1 killer, it perfectly illustrates Suzuki's disregard for linear narratives. It's a trait that gives his highly stylised work an overwhelmingly surreal quality that's as poetic as it is preposterous. You simply have to go with the flow and enjoy the show. ***Billy Chainsaw***

HOUSE OF THE DEAD 2

OUT NOW

If a film sucked in its original incarnation, chances are the sequel will be even worse. Which is why this superior follow-up to serial dross-maker Uwe Boll's 2003 horror is a pleasant surprise. Unfolding 29 days after uni professor Sid Haig inadvertently unleashes a zombie virus on his campus, it charts a government super-team's messy attempts to annihilate the undead menace. Perfect late-night fodder, it's gorier, faster-paced and way more fun than *HOTD 1* – exactly how a no-brainer, videogame-based shoot-em-up should be. ***Sloan Freer***

SUPERMAN COLLECTION

OUT 20 NOVEMBER

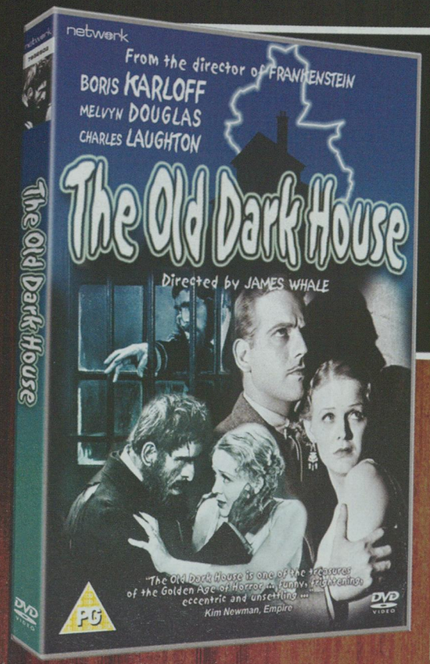
Obviously forget about the third and fourth films. You know the first one is a masterpiece, especially the extended cut included here, but the diamond is Richard Donner's new cut of *Superman II*, which is about 70 per cent unseen material, including a shitload of amazing Brando footage. Read online about what happened and why Donner was replaced, but buy this now – suddenly, *Superman II* is a much meaner, cooler, heavyweight superhero film, by the man who directed *The Omen*. Geekgasm! ***Alex Godfrey***

THE HOUSE WITH LAUGHING WINDOWS

OUT NOW

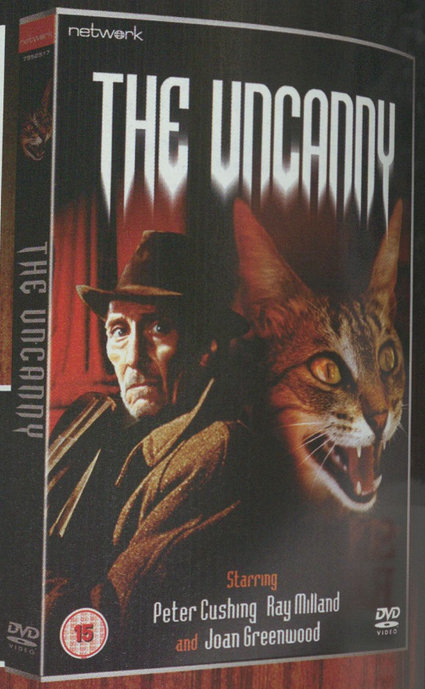
This Pupi Avati-directed thriller has topped Euro-horror geeks' most-wanted list for more than two decades. Set in a rural Italian village, it's a coolly constructed gothic tale regarding the restoration of a church fresco, that resurrects the gruesome local legend of the 'painter of agony'. Spurning the era's slasher-type *giallo*, Avati utilises the slow-burning pace of movies such as *The Wicker Man* to chilling effect, giving us plenty of sinister shenanigans to sink our teeth into – especially during the disturbing finale. ***Billy Chainsaw***

THE BEST IN FILM HORROR...



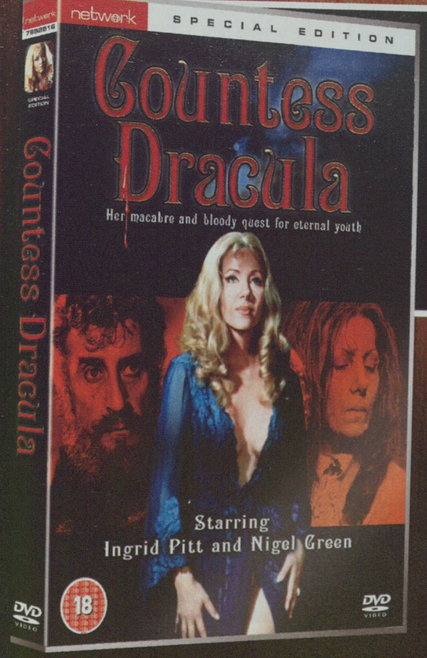
THE OLD DARK HOUSE
RELEASED 21 AUGUST

Made the year after the seminal FRANKENSTEIN, THE OLD DARK HOUSE reunites director James Whale with his star monster, Boris Karloff, in an equally terrifying tale, as five travellers take shelter in an old house inhabited by the grotesque, and possibly mad, Femm family. This film has never been available on DVD and features a commentary with horror authorities Kim Newman and Stephen Jones



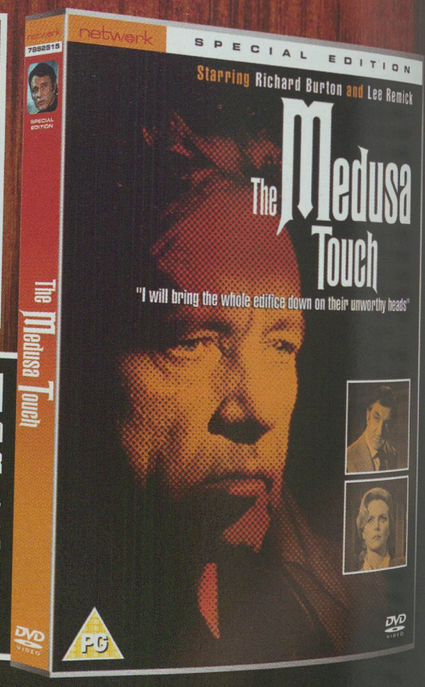
THE UNCANNY
RELEASED 4 SEPTEMBER

THE UNCANNY stars horror legend Peter Cushing (DRACULA) as author Wilbur Gray, who tries desperately to convince his sceptical publisher that cats are evil, with the aid of three chilling tales. Special features include a number of archive news and interview clips featuring Cushing.



COUNTESS DRACULA
SPECIAL EDITION
RELEASED 11 SEPTEMBER

Hammer Horror icon Ingrid Pitt (WHERE EAGLES DARE) stars as the evil Countess Elizabeth, whose quest for eternal youth gives her an insatiable lust for blood! Special features include a commentary with Pitt and Kim Newman, archive interview and news clips and a commemorative booklet.



THE MEDUSA TOUCH
SPECIAL EDITION
RELEASED 18 SEPTEMBER

When novelist John Morlar (Richard Burton, CLEOPATRA) is attacked and left for dead, the investogator soon discovers he has a terrible secret - the ability to create death and destruction through the power of his mind. Special features include a stills gallery and behind the scenes footage.

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"I tried to stab the film's director but I was so pissed and full of pills I couldn't get my penknife out"

SIR HENRY AT RAWLINSON END

THE BEST FILM EVER MADE. OR POSSIBLY THE WORST...

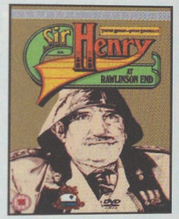
OUT NOW

The only movie based on the absurd world of Vivian Stanshall – the eccentric frontman of the Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band – *Sir Henry At Rawlinson End* is either a work of sublime genius or unmitigated crap, depending on who you speak to. In fact, Stanshall himself – who co-wrote the screenplay – was so horrified by the final cut, he tried to stab the director at a preview screening ("My wife knew what I was doing," Stanshall said, "but I was so pissed and full of pills and nerves that I fumbled getting my penknife out and she managed to arrest me in time."). But despite its failings, anyone willing to put up with *Sir Henry*'s leaden pace and bewildering plot will be charmed by Stanshall's skewed vision of the last days of the British Empire.

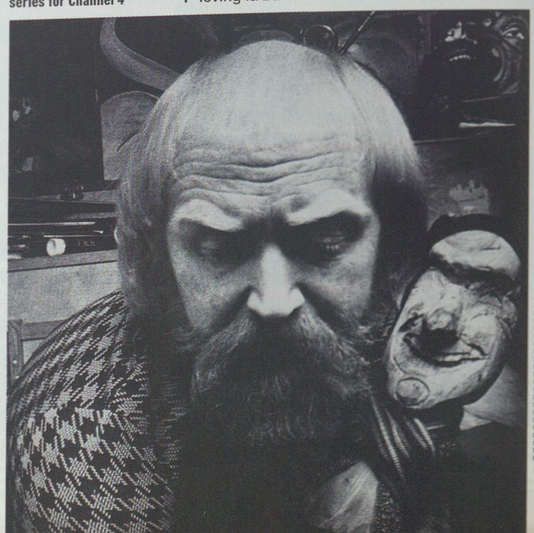
Making a movie based on *Sir Henry* was always going to a challenge; the story began life as a sketch on the last Bonzo album, appeared in instalments on John Peel's Radio One show, and eventually evolved into a full-length spoken-word LP. Like all Stanshall's work, the appeal of *Sir Henry* was his masterful use of the English language and lavishly posh, richly fruity accent (you'd never believe the man was from east London's Walthamstow), a commanding vocal presence that whisked listeners on a fleet-footed tango through the narrator's inscrutable imagination. On film though, the power of Stanshall's verbal gymnastics is cruelly diluted, amounting to little more than some nutty old snob reading tangled yarns over a series of muddy, sepia-toned scenes. And even for the most forgiving Stanshall devotee, the disjointed delivery of a very simple tale soon becomes irritating.

Stick with it, though, and *Sir Henry* offers some unforgettable gems. The performances are stunning throughout, especially from Trevor Howard as the perpetually pissed Sir Henry, who captures the humour, tragedy and extraordinary brutality of Stanshall's embittered antihero. Sir Henry's faithful manservant, Old Scrotum (the "wrinkled retainer", you see – that joke never gets old), is also beautifully brought to life by TV regular JG Devlin, and Stanshall's turn as Henry's demented brother, Hubert, is a delight for fans of the great man (especially when he's confusing a priest with twisted riddles, or chewing on a mouthful of writhing worms).

Much like an Ealing comedy directed by Darren Aronofsky, *Sir Henry At Rawlinson End* is a difficult, confounding and frustrating experience. Strangely, though, I can't help loving it. ***David McComb***



Tragically, Vivian Stanshall (below) died during a house fire in March 1995. At the time, he was developing a *Sir Henry* animated series for Channel 4



CLIVE BARKER'S THE PLAGUE

OUT NOW

Don't be fooled by the Clive Barker production credit – this alleged 'horror' is a total celluloid abortion. Not even so bad it's good, the film features abysmal acting, hackneyed direction and the dullest, most pointless narrative I've seen in years. Former *Dawson's Creek* heartthrob James Van Der Beek wears a constipated frown as one of the few survivors when the world's children awake from an annoyingly unexplained 10-year coma and decide to wipe out adults. Barker should be ashamed. ***Sloan Freer***

THE GREEN MILE

OUT NOW

If you can't handle sentimental three-hour-long Tom Hanks films about miracles it's safe to say you might not like *The Green Mile*. Your loss; this is a stellar adaptation of Stephen King's tale of supernatural happenings on 1930s Death Row, concerning psychotic guards and inmates, urine infections, murder, a giant with magical healing powers, and horrific electric chair disasters. This two-disc special edition has a great new making-of documentary, deleted scenes, and aborted make-up tests of Hanks as an old man. ***Alex Godfrey***

THE NUN AND THE DEVIL

OUT NOW

As with Ken Russell's dark, controversial epic *The Devils* (1971), this splendid slice of Italian nunsploitation cinema from Domenico Paolella is also based on historical records. A scandalous trip behind convent walls, it focuses on a trio of nuns hell-bent on being the next mother superior, and the political implications their promotion will bring. Steeped in stark yet lushly shot imagery, the movie follows the genre's template of seriousness peppered with moments of steamy lasciviousness and hideous torture. Cruelly compelling. ***Billy Chainsaw***

LOUDQUIETLOUD

OUT NOW

Intimate film following the Pixies around on their 2004 reunion tour. It's not exactly an explosive documentary, but nosey fans will love it: it begins with scenes of them before they reformed (Joey playing an in-store gig to a handful of people, David skulking along the beach with a metal detector), and then there's lots of footage in hotels and tour-buses, great gig bits, an odd episode concerning David's narcotic problems, journalists, babies, hero-worshipping fans losing it, etc. Nothing much happens, but it's a revealing, candid portrait of a fascinating band. ***Alex Godfrey***

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TAKES IT FROM BEHIND
FITS ALL FINGERS
WATCH ME GET MYSELF ALL WET & CREAMY
SKIRT UP, ASS POUNDING
DEEP THROAT
TAKING BIG GEAR UP THE REAR
HORNY OFFICE SLUT PLAYS WHILST BOSS IS AWAY
CAUGHT ON CAMERA IN LOCKER ROOM
HORNY COLLEGE SLUT VERY TIGHT 1ST ANAL
SLIPPERY A**HOLE ACTION
2 LESBIANS TEACH THEIR BITCH TO LICK PUSSY
WATCH ME POKE MY PUSSY TILL I CUM
C**K IN ONE PUSSY, TONGUE IN THE OTHER
GRATEFUL SLUT GETS CUM SHOWER
PUSSY EATERS
SQUEEZES C**K INTO VERY TIGHT ASS
ANAL ADDICTS
C**K TEASER WILL GET U HARD
OILED UP, SLIPPERY ACTION
STUDENTS EXPERIMENT FOR THE 1ST TIME
DIRTY SLUT
LESBIAN FIRST
2 HOT BLONDES PLAY WITH STRAP ON
VERY SLOW, VERY HORNY CUT LICKING
SUCKS OFF HER BOSS
CUMS ALL OVER HER ASS
C**K TEASER GETS IT UP THE ASS
WATCHES HIM W*NK, CATCHES CUM IN HER MOUTH
SLUT EATS HER BOSS' PUSSY

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BORED HOUSEWIFE, C**K SUCKING, ASS F**KING
MOUTH F**KED & SNATCH STUFFED
BEST MATES MUM GETS DOWN & DIRTY

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SERIOUSLY BAD ALBUM COVERS

BECAUSE MUSIC CAN HURT YOUR EYES TOO

NICK DIFONZO

NEW HOLLAND; £9.99; ISBN 1845375890

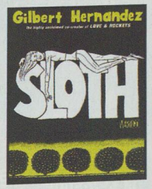
Difonzo has scoured charity shops across the USA for the worst examples of record sleeves imaginable: some are merely cheesy and outdated, others invoke stereotypes that wouldn't pass muster today, and some are just downright bizarre. The educational records – how to fly an aeroplane, how to make crêpes, how to train your bird, or tap your ESP – are especially mystifying. It's hugely entertaining, although the comments by the author are trite and mundane. Best to ignore them and stick to looking at the pictures. ***Kate Hodges***

A MAP OF THE DARK
JOHN DIXON

VERSE CHORUS PRESS; £9.99; ISBN 1891241214

Dixon's first novel is a creepy and very readable account of Halloween 1963 in small town Wisconsin. Whether it's realistic I wouldn't know, but it's believable and engrossing. With kids roaming the streets, the adults hanging out in bars and neither group going to move one inch out of the way of trouble if it heads their way, there's a palpable sense of menace throughout the book. And the climax doesn't disappoint, as the previously separate lives of the locals converge and implode. ***James Doorne***

SLOTH
GILBERT HERNANDEZ



VERTIGO; £15.99; ISBN 1845763734

From the award-winning co-creator of the legendary Love & Rockets comic comes his weirdest offering to date. Sick of life, a teenager slips into a self-induced coma. When he wakes a year later he becomes an instant urban legend as, while looking unchanged, he's adopted a sloth-like demeanour. Set against a background of haunted lemon orchards and adolescent love affairs, this is compelling and dark. One for fans of Charles Burns and David Lynch. ***Billy Chainsaw***

GORILLAZ: RISE OF THE OGRE
GORILLAZ, CASS BROWNE, JAMIE HEWLETT

MICHAEL JOSEPH; £25; ISBN 0718150007

Meaty 300-page hardback telling the story of Damon Albarn's fictional band. For me, this is all about Jamie Hewlett, who achieved godlike status when he created Tank Girl for *Deadline* magazine in 1988. We've been starved of his work in actual paper form of late, so this book is a joy, packed with amazing full-page artwork for you to gawk at. ***Alex Godfrey***

AN ALPHABETICAL BALLAD OF CARNALITY
DAVID SANDLIN

FANTAGRAPHICS; £9.99; ISBN 1560977310

Not a book but not really a comic, this is a sexually explicit hellish trip, in rhyming couplets, through the A-Z of sinning and wrongdoing, from adultery to zealotry via onanism, necrophilia, incest, sadism and uxoricide (wife-killing to you and me). The pictures are so vivid and warped they look like they might leap off the page and attack you at any moment, but the way the text flows makes it easy to miss parts. Good, not great. ***James Doorne***

EAT THY NEIGHBOUR
DANIEL DIEHL & MARK P DONNELLY

SUTTON PUBLISHING; £20; ISBN 0750943726

Tracing cannibalism through the ages – from Greek legends to modern flesh-eater Marc Sappington, via Inca sacrifices, shipwrecked sailors and historical favourites Sweeny Todd and Alfred Packer – *Eat Thy Neighbour* is a well-researched and, um, easily digestible overview of one of mankind's most enduring taboos. A fascinating study that puts cannibalism in its social and historic perspective. ***David McComb***

MOVIES OF THE 30S
JÜRGEN MÜLLER

TASCHEN; £19.99; ISBN 3822840106

In the 1930s, filmmakers were still finding their feet, experimenting and pushing boundaries. The Depression meant people were flocking to features that provided the most escapist entertainment, and movies made before the strict enforcing of the Hays Code (a self-censorship agreement) in 1934 were also surprisingly sexy and full-on. This book is jammed with luscious stills, mostly black-and-white, and great appraisals of films from *Freaks* to *Fantasia*. ***Kate Hodges***

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EX75062	cum slut	EX75645	ride + suck	EX75188	godess!
EX75227	rough ride	EX75602	sex orgy	EX75294	filthy beast
EX75178	beauty banged	EX75563	ass play	EX76494	hilarious fart porn

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RULE OF ROSE

CREEPY EVIL KIDS BULLYING OTHER KIDS IN AN ORPHANAGE. AND A ZEPPELIN

OUT 17 NOVEMBER; PS2; £29.99

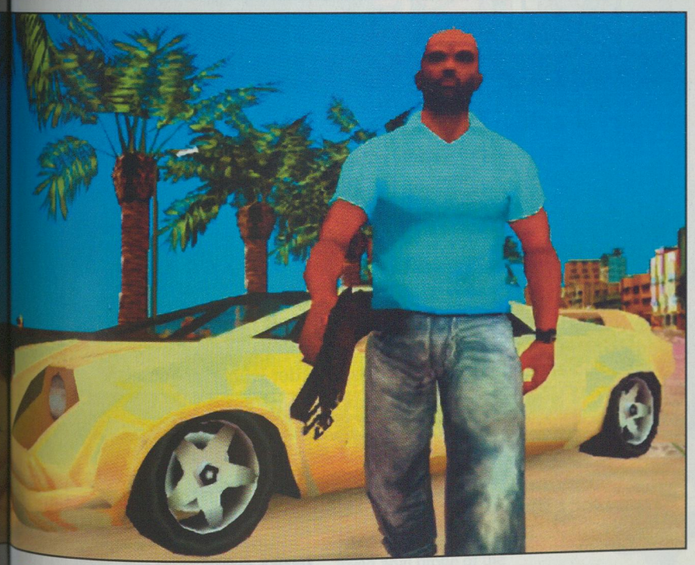
Arriving alone at a dilapidated orphanage in 1930s England in the middle of a dark night, a young girl, Jennifer, tentatively explores what is to be her new home.

But things are not what they should be in the gloomy, creepy mansion house she nervously enters. Children's whispers and giggles behind doors, pattering footsteps, and the fact there is not a soul in sight make it clear from the off that something is very wrong.

The house's sinister juveniles soon have their new visitor captive, and she is whisked away in a coffin onto (what else?) a giant zeppelin.

Jennifer has been captured by The Aristocrats of the Crayon, a sadistic and hierarchical group of children for whom she must carry out tasks or be punished. Devils with fish heads, giant murderous stork men and evil imp rabbits populate this huge airship, and must be fought off (with the help of a rescued sidekick dog, Brown) as you find gifts to offer your 'superiors', in order to find out what is happening to you.

Despite an atrocious combat system, terrible camera angles, and lots and lots of annoying door-opening screen-loads, *Rule Of Rose* is creepy and strange enough that, as long as you think of it as a surreal interactive movie with puzzles thrown in, rather than a true game, you'll get a spinechilling thrill out of it. And watch out for the scene where a little girl torments another little girl with a rat tied to a stick. *Greg Hughes*



GRAND THEFT AUTO – VICE CITY STORIES

OUT NOW; PSP; £39.99

It's 1984, two years prior to the original *Vice City* game, and you're back in the sun-drenched town for the usual barrel-full of shady dealings, this time as Vic Vance, brother of *Vice City*'s star, Lance. That obviously means drug-running, dodging the cops, and shooting every motherfucker in motherfucking sight, plus, in an improvement on last year's excellent *Liberty City Stories*, the first *GTA* instalment for Sony's handheld system, driving a whole new batch of vehicles, including helicopters and jetskis. All this in handy bite-sized missions that are the ideal length for PSP-sized journeys (or until the battery runs out). Very good. *Greg Hughes*

KELSALL'S KORNER

GRIDRUNNER++

LLAMASOFT; FREE TO PLAY ONLINE OR £3 FOR PHONE DOWNLOAD

Remember Jeff Minter? The legendary hippy programmer who lives in Wales and shares his house with a load of llamas and a sheep called Flossie? No? Well, he did this game. It's perfect for mobile phones – you just move your ship around and it autofires the crap out of everything in its path. Collect sheep icons for power-ups and try not to die. I think all games should be like this. But I am old.

MARVEL: ULTIMATE ALLIANCE

OUT 27 NOVEMBER; X360; PS3; Wii; XBOX; PSP; PS2; GBA; PC

I only had time to play this for half-an-hour, but that was long enough to tire of relentlessly bashing my way through enemy after enemy, even with the choice of playing as 20 different superheroes – Spider-Man, Wolverine, Elektra, Captain America, Thor, you name it, they're all here. And this is Ultimate Alliance's 'thing' – it features more than 140 of Marvel's favourite characters. If that's your thing too, you might well love seeing so many of your heroes together in one game. If not, you'll probably find this a playable but uninspiring beat-em-up. It's out just in time for Christmas (on every conceivable platform) and will probably do very well. *Greg Hughes*

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Bizarre

CANIS CANEM EDIT

BULLY TAKES A NEW NAME AMID MINDLESS CONTROVERSY

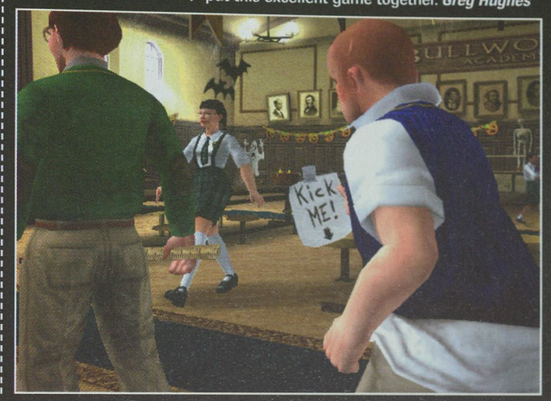
OUT NOW; ROCKSTAR; PS2; £39.99

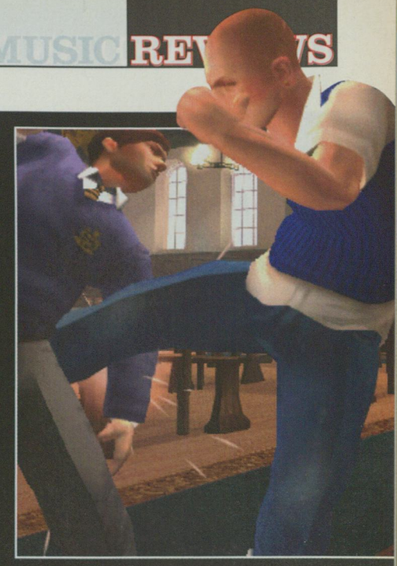
Shooting up the school cafeteria, raping the gym mistress and setting fire to the headmaster's dog. None of these is the sort of thing you'll be able to do in The Game Formerly Known As *Bully* (that new mouthful means 'Dog Eat Dog' in Latin, by the way), but this is still the release that's bound to get *Daily Mail*-reading curtain-twitchers frothing at the mouth just in time for Christmas.

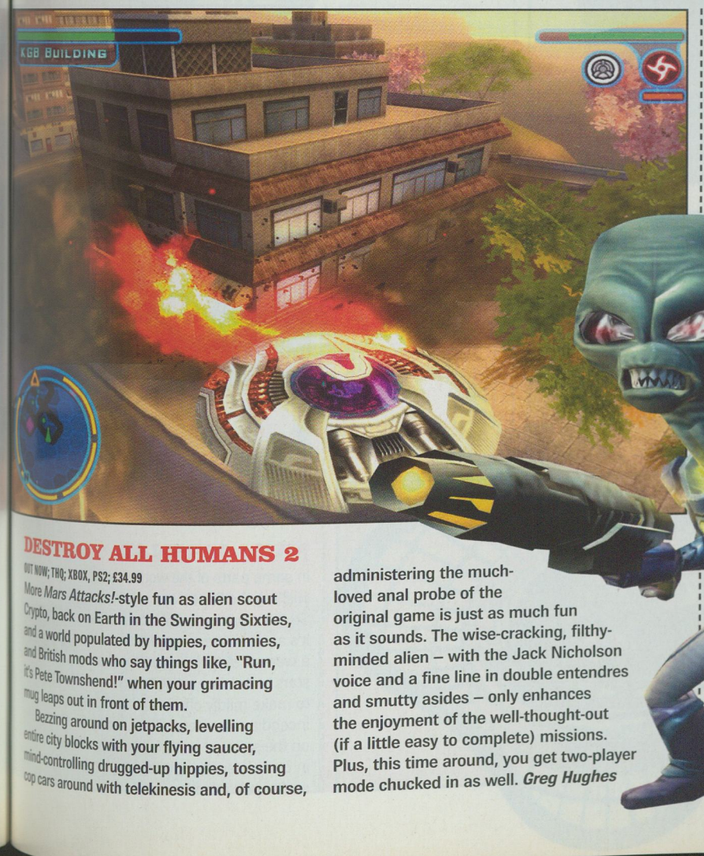
Unreasonably, as it turns out, as *CCE* isn't about picking on the weak and tormenting the defenceless, but instead concerns itself with surviving a year at run-down boarding school Bullworth Academy as tough 15-year-old rascal Jimmy Hopkins, dumped there by your mother as she disappears on her umpteenth honeymoon with your latest stepdad.

CCE plays a lot like Rockstar's famous *Grand Theft Auto* series, with a free-roaming but mission-based structure, and you'll soon be wedgying and Chinese-burning your way along, falling in and out with the five cliques the pupils are split into (nerds, bullies, preppies, greasers and jocks), and completing missions with names like Panty Raid. Studying in chemistry teaches you to make stink bombs and the like, while attending English class turns you into a smooth talker, better able to chat up girls or worm your way out of trouble (and gruelling punishments such as snow-shovelling) with teachers or prefects.

Rockstar's usual wit and colourful characters permeate *CCE* – the school cook tells you she hasn't changed her knickers for a month, while she sneezes in the stew and sends you off on a mission to buy rotten meat; you catch a teacher buying porno mags in town – but that's as nasty as this game gets, and the 'misbehaviour' is more *Grange Hill* than Columbine. Anyone seeking to create 'negative' publicity for *Canis Canem Edit* will have to be even more creative than the Rockstar team who put this excellent game together. ***Greg Hughes***







Crypto prepares to apply his infamous anal probe to an unsuspecting human arse

DESTROY ALL HUMANS 2

OUT NOW; THQ; XBOX, PS2; £34.99

More *Mars Attacks!*-style fun as alien scout Crypto, back on Earth in the Swinging Sixties, and a world populated by hippies, commies, and British mods who say things like, "Run, it's Pete Townshend!" when your grimacing mug leaps out in front of them.

Bezzing around on jetpacks, levelling entire city blocks with your flying saucer, mind-controlling drugged-up hippies, tossing cop cars around with telekinesis and, of course, administering the much-loved anal probe of the original game is just as much fun as it sounds. The wise-cracking, filthy-minded alien – with the Jack Nicholson voice and a fine line in double entendres and smutty asides – only enhances the enjoyment of the well-thought-out (if a little easy to complete) missions. Plus, this time around, you get two-player mode chucked in as well. ***Greg Hughes***

CALL OF DUTY 3

OUT NOW; ACTIVISION; PS2, X360, XBOX, PS3, Wii; EVARIOUS

Yes, it really does look this good. Alas, after wasting our time bashing through *Marvel: Ultimate Alliance* at the PR offices, we didn't have nearly as much time to play this as we'd have liked, but what we did get to see looked AMAZING.

Roaring noise, rock-hard battles and very sneaky Germans stand in your way, as you take them on on foot, in tanks and jeeps, and even riding in motorbike sidecars, with up to 24-player online capability.

All the unutterable misery and horror of war in a dazzlingly enjoyable package. ***Greg Hughes***

URINALS

IT'S NOT ALWAYS BETTER TO LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAK

WORDS **JAMES DOORNE**

It's a little-known fact (because it's not very interesting) that if a man lives to be 65 he'll have drained the snake, pointed his pink pistol at the porcelain, and bled the lizard around 142,000 times. And while an array of euphemistic dysphemisms and fucked-up women below you can make the mundane chore of urinating ever so slightly more interesting once in a while, that normally stops helping somewhere in your late 20s.

Thankfully, like a Jimmy Saville with years of art school and decades of solvent abuse behind them, some people have fixed it for Man, and created the following works of art/gaudy pissholes to make peeing that little bit less dull. Wring your anaconda's neck in one of the following before you die or spend the afterlife regretting it, as a PR would no doubt say.

FACE URINAL

Did you know there are hundreds of thousands of people who love to be pissed on and to drink piss? As a *Bizarre* reader, you probably do. People like that guy in his 50s who was arrested in Ohio earlier in the year for 'harvesting' urine from a urinal in a cinema by shutting off the water and putting a cup in the bottom. "Listening to him describe it, it's like listening to a crack or cocaine addict. He's addicted to children's urine," a police officer said. Mr Pissy allegedly said: "I like it because it makes me closer to them – like I'm drinking their youth." Anyway, piss-freaks aside… no, wait, more piss-freak information: You can buy one of these for people to urinate straight into a little urine-catching trough, tilt your head back, and then drink it without all that cloak-and-dagger and cups-in-the-urinal stuff.

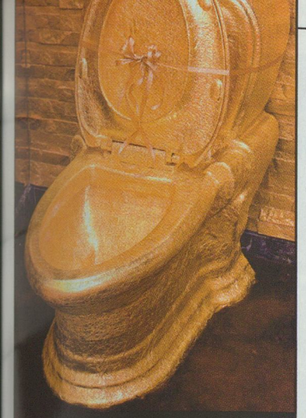
7/10

REX; EMPICS; WORLD PICTURE NEWS

-4/10

LEGS URINAL

We don't know the exact location of this; all we know is it's in a bar somewhere in Vienna. It's OK to be apathetic and detached about things like this and just think, you know, whatever, but they don't just appear on the wall one day; it's the result of a process. Which means someone thought it was a good idea in the first place, and at no point afterwards did anyone think to ask: "Why do you want to create, albeit crudely, the impression that you're pissing in the capacious vagina of a dismembered woman? Over time, won't her thighs rot from piss and look like she has shit smeared on her? Can't we spend the money on something else?"



GOLD NON-URINAL

Not strictly a urinal, or indeed a urinal in any sense whatsoever, but worth including all the same as you can piss in it. According to reports, this is the most expensive toilet in the world bar none; a record it will probably hold until they auction off the throne Elvis was sitting on when his blue suede shoes began matching his face and he was returned to sender. It resides in the Hong Kong store of the 3D gold company that's owned by famous jewellery manufacturer Lam Sai Wing, and cost HK$38million to make, which is just over £2.5million. Since then, it's become something of a tourist attraction, with some of the most simple-minded fuckers on the planet paying a disgustingly rich man just to stare at his gold toilet. Which makes me want to send them all individual invitations to the opening of my new gold rifle range.

1/10

9/10

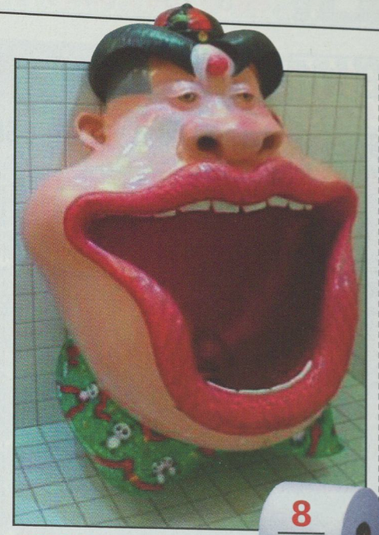
NUN URINAL

In some parts of the world, hating Catholics and wishing the Pope dead is just part of growing up. So there are two ways you can look at this. Either it's an absolute outrage that you could demean a woman of faith, or you can thank your lucky stars people are using their manual dexterity to make mildly offensive urinals rather than incendiary devices. I like to think of it as a musing on the spiritual wastefulness of celibacy, located in one of very few places that can actually hold someone's attention.

TALKING URINAL

This isn't so much about the urinal itself as what the urinal becomes when the Wizmark Urinal Communicator is added. The WUC can sense you coming in front of it (not in a George Michael way) and prepares a message for when you start peeing, conveyed via the miniature LCD screen and speaker it includes. Early messages were things like, "Don't drink and drive!" but there are apparently plans to expand this to incorporate other things like, "Pay your taxes on time!" "Drive slower!" and "Stop killing hookers and dumping them in the canal!"

8.5/10



GIANT HEAD URINAL

I'm not so sure about this as a freestanding, plastic urine receptacle. To me it looks like it's actually part of a kids' play area that some drunk thought he could piss in, and ever since then it's been dumped in someone's shower because of the smell that just won't go away, but that's good enough for me. Its power as a *pissoir* comes from the fact it helps those people who just cannot go when other people are around. By creating something that looks like Will Young in fancy dress it has ensured that everyone will make that extra effort and piss their heart out on it. Not literally. Paruresis is a complex medical condition. Still, a marvellous invention.

8/10

THE LONGEST URINAL IN THE WORLD! EVER!

Apparently, this is the longest urinal in the world. It isn't a permanent fixture; it only comes out once a year, for the New York marathon, when it services the bursting bladders beneath the Verrazano-Narrows B ridge. It would be nice to see it in action to gauge how interesting it is. Is it so long that hundreds of people can use it at once; is it that length so that you can keep running while you piss? If it's not the latter then this is just an enormous piss trough, and I'm sorry.

4/10

VIRGIN MOUTH URINAL

The people from the National Organisation for Women went absolutely fucking apoplectic when they heard this urinal was being installed in the men's room of the newly opened Virgin Atlantic Clubhouse at John F Kennedy Airport, New York, a couple of years ago.

"This is insulting to women, but it's also insulting to men," said their president, Kim Gandy. "I don't know many men who think it's cool to pee in a woman's mouth, even a porcelain one. It's juvenile."

Just a few things…

1) Notice that Kim said: "I don't know *many* men," and not, "I don't know *any* men."

2) Also, when did juvenile become a bad thing? It's not exactly grown-up to slap your girlfriend on her nose with your penis as foreplay, but anyone who's done it will tell you it's the most fun you can have in exchange for doing the washing-up.

3) Between consenting adults it's not so bad, is it? It's hardly being a rapist. Lots of people like a bit of piss-play.

4) Campaigning against 'sexist urinals' makes your organisation look a touch mental and you might have been better off addressing the risks of passing Hepatitis B, Cytomegalovirus (CMV), and genital herpes through urine.

6/10

FLOWER URINAL

Artist Clark Sorensen created these porcelain urinals, which are fully functional and can be plumbed in if you're the kind of person who wants a floral *pissoir* in your house. If you're not Elton John, but are still interested anyway, the daffodil one costs $6,500, and the orchid $8,500. He's also made hibiscuses of various colours, a bluebell, tulips, and lilies. "I had the idea while standing over a urinal many times a day and letting the shape inspire me, Sorensen said. "I saw a shoe, a mouth, a shovel, a cup… then the flower became the shape I finally chose, partly because I love flowers and partly because it is the perfect contradiction: taking a mundane, even ugly object and transforming it into something different, even something beautiful."

7/10

MY NAZIS ARE MOSTLY NOT GAY

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MY LITTLE NAZI DOLLS

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"My hobby is collecting nazi dolls. they are actually called 'action figures.' right now, i have around 65 of them, plus three big vehicles, two motorcycles and a pair of bicycles.

"Here's Marius the SS officer and Fritz the panzer cadet. they are gay. a lot of people in the 'action figure community' are mean to me because some of my dolls are gay. i have around 65 action figures, but only 5 or 6 are gay. but meanwhile, the people in this hobby act like all my guys are gay. they are all mean to me.

"Here's a bunch of guys in a cardboard box before i hide them – i have to hide them when my family comes to visit, or else they'll think i am retarded."

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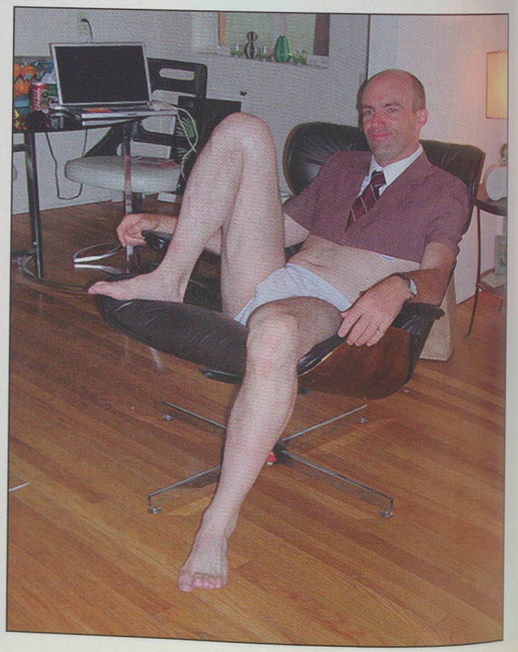

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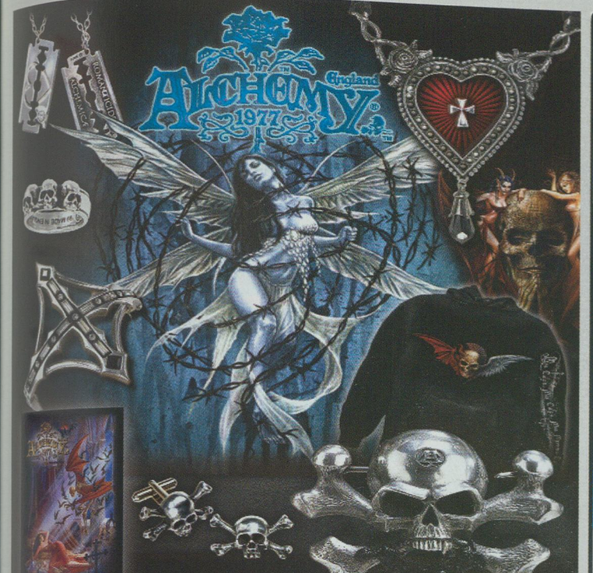

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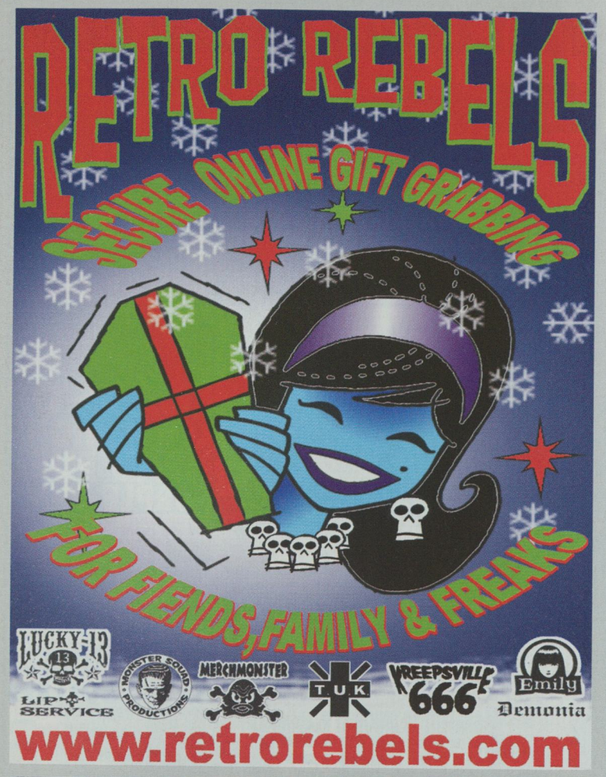
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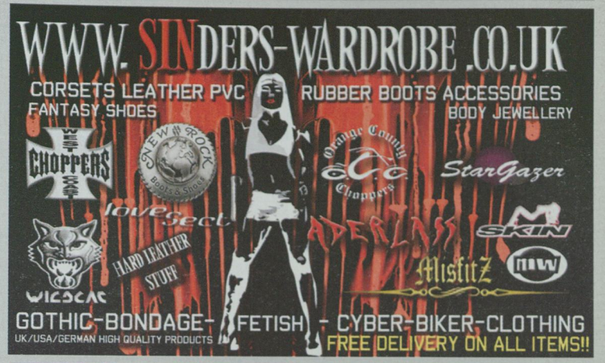
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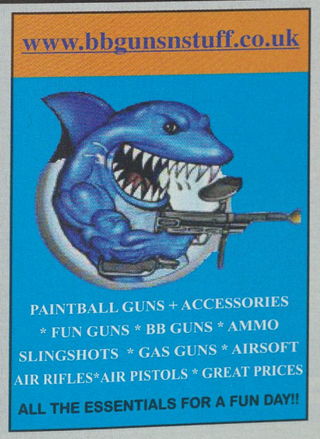
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"A DOG'S DICK?"

PIXIE PEARL DISCUSSES THE PROS AND CONS OF INVITING CHEWBACCA TO AN ORGY

WARNING

THIS **'SPECIAL' SUPPLEMENT** HAS BEEN SEALED BECAUSE IT CONTAINS LOVELY FLOWERS, NICE WATERCOLOURS AND INFORMATION ABOUT CULTURE AND ART. PLEASE LOOK INSIDE, ESPECIALLY IF YOU ARE EASILY OFFENDED. NO, WAIT! NOT REALLY!

EXPLICIT CONTENT

SICK MAN

WHY DID CHRIS NIERATKO VOMIT ON HIS SISTER REPEATEDLY?

RIP TO OPEN

Chris talks suicide, pixie wings, *Star Wars* orgies, and gonorrhoeal seepage with a painted angel

Pixie Pearl

WORDS
CHRIS NIERATKO

When new porn starlet Pixie Pearl opened the door to her apartment building she greeted me with a smile and a handshake. She seemed distraught. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Oh. I'm having a rough day. I just found out that I got gonorrhoea while I was out working in LA." I stopped dead in my tracks. I looked down at my poor hand and asked her if I could have my handshake back. She laughed. I wasn't kidding. I didn't know how the hell I was going to explain to my wife that my hand had contacted gonorrhoea. Throughout the entire interview I kept starring at my palm, then the top of my hand, then the palm again, and thinking, "This is it. I'm going to die. My hand, hell, my *life* will never be the same." Luckily, Pixie told me they make a pill that gets rid of gonorrhoea in week. I was still pretty grossed out.

Why are you having a bad day?
I just found out I've got gonorrhoea. I got it from someone I shot with in LA. It's pretty common; chlamydia and gonorrhoea get passed all over the place. This is the first time I got it. It's just stressful if you have to go to a set and do a shoot because it means you're probably not going to make it in time and it just takes more money out of your pocket, because every time you get AIM [Adult Industry Medical Health Care Foundation] tested it's, like, $200. So you have the first test then the doctor and the medicine then the retest; it's over $400 and it's almost as much as you get paid for a scene.

Can you find out from AIM who gave you it?
It will show up eventually. It's pretty common for a guy to give it to a girl, so I'm guessing it was one of the four girls I had to sleep with. It's frustrating, because I had three shoots lined up this week. That's money I lose because someone was not safe. Usually, gonorrhoea and STDs come from when a performer has sex with someone outside the industry, we call them pedestrians. It's easier to catch something from a pedestrian than it is in the business.

If they find out who it was can you sue them for loss of wages?
No, I wish.

What does it feel like? Is it burning or itchy?
No, I don't have any symptoms but my boyfriend thought he had a urinary-tract infection. He had discharge.

Is it thick like pancake mix?
Why? Do you have symptoms? No, it's like greenish-yellow, like pus. It looked like semen. We thought he was having wet dreams at first, but then realised it was actually gonorrhoea.

What if the only way to get rid of your gonorrhoea was to stab your vagina with a fork?
That sounds more painful than the disease. I'd just live with it.

Do you feel part of the club now?
Yeah, right. The STD club. Totally.

I read that you were Mormon.
I was baptised Mormon but I'm not active in the church. I was baptised because my family is Mormon. My family is split in two. They're either really crazy or they're super-religious Mormon. They made my life miserable in high school. They made me wear tank tops underneath my T-shirts so I wouldn't expose my stomach when I lifted up my arms because that's a sin.

And look at you now.
Exactly.

Are you going to let your husband have multiple wives?
They don't do that any more, actually.

That's the only good thing they had going for them.
In Utah there's a totally separate group who believe their prophet is actually the President of the United States. They don't use radios or televisions, have multiple wives and expect 14-year-old girls to marry 60-year-old men. Some women claim they're literally being raped, but can't escape. It's a very creepy, cult-like city.

They think George Bush is their prophet?
No, they think their prophet, their guy, is the President.

Are those tattoos on your back angel wings or fairy wings?
They're actually pixie wings. I drew them.

Are you one of those weird Renaissance Faire fairy-folk?
No, but I do remember those girls in school who were really into wizards and dragons. They're almost like a female version of Napoleon Dynamite.

Have you ever tossed off to *The Lord Of The Rings*?
No. I like the movies. I've done it while channel surfing but I never got off to Gollum.

Have you ever tried to commit suicide?
Yes, I have actually. When I was 13, I OD'd on Morphine and I died for 30 seconds. It was scary but they brought me back and I decided it was uncool to do that again.

Did you see the white light?
I did not see the light. I saw Han Solo waiting for me at the end. No, it was rather peaceful, but coming back really hurt. It was like being electrocuted, which I guess was what was happening when they charged my heart. It leaves burn marks on your chest, that's how much electricity they have to use.

Do you know why you did it?
Yeah, I was in a broken home. I just moved from my mother because she was a belligerent alcoholic and I moved in with my father, who was supposed to be remarried and happy and sober and not doing drugs any more, but then we found out he'd started smoking crack again. I was only 13 and I was like, 'Where do I go now?' It was the only thing I could think of. As I lay there on the floor, numb, I was like, 'I really, really wish I hadn't done this.'

I think there might be a deeper meaning to your suicide attempt. All the girls I've known that have had wings tattooed on them have attempted ▶

Pixie and fellow Burning Angel model Chapel Waste get cosy

▶ **to kill themselves. I think there's something about that tattoo that makes you go crazy.**
The tattoo made me want to kill myself? For me, the wings are a form of freedom. I probably won't ever try it again and didn't have the wings at the time so I don't know about that.
As a kid, what did you want to be when you grew up?
I wanted to be Indiana Jones. Not an archaeologist. I wanted to wear the bad leather jacket and the fedora and I wanted to carry a whip. Then, later on, I found out there's no more Nazis to beat up so I gave up on that dream.
You're a *Star Wars* nerd. Do you masturbate to Luke or Han?
Always Han Solo, because he's a hot asshole. Luke Skywalker is just whiny. He gets cool in the end, gets some balls, but definitely Han Solo. He's played by a young Harrison Ford, and let's be honest, even guys think he's good-looking. He's like the Johnny Depp of the 70s.
If you could cast a porn-scene gangbang only featuring *Star Wars* characters who would you cast?
How many people? Man. Definitely Boba Fett, because he's my all time favourite and he doesn't even have to take his mask off while we have sex. The mask is what makes him hot. Han Solo. We'll throw Luke Skywalker in there but I'm not too sure how well he'd perform.
How about Chewbacca?

"My buddy's pierced dick got snagged on this girl's tonsils. She almost choked to death"

BRENDA STAUDENMAIER

No way. Chewbacca has got a little too much bush going on there.
What if Chewbacca shaved himself bald around his penis?
He's like a dog so that would be weird. Definitely Oola the dancing girl. Captain Needa was always really cute – that little British guy. Obviously who wouldn't want to see Carrie Fisher naked?
What about Jabba the Hutt?
He's clearly a voyeur so he would just watch.
How about that little fucker, Salacious Crumb?
He's awesome but we'd probably have to keep him out of the room because he'd just keep laughing the whole time.
If you won best blowjob scene at AVN would you thank God and your mother in your acceptance speech?
Definitely not my mother. God is not the reason I got into porn. I think maybe the Mormons who twisted me around might have something to do with it.
Do you have any phobias?
Yeah, I'm actually terrified of cockroaches and earwigs; when you were a kid you called them pincher bugs. I am so scared of them. I'm not afraid of rats. I think it's kind of cool when you see a really big one. I saw one last night that was the size of a small cat.
Joanna Angel says you want to have sex with her really badly and she won't let you.
I do, yeah. She won't. She hasn't yet. We were going to set up a scene but we haven't yet. Maybe it's because we're in that friend zone or something. I'm way into it, though.
Maybe you need to buy her some flowers.
Yeah, right. I'll get a dozen roses for Joanna Angel and then maybe she'll sleep with me. Maybe I'll get her some strawberries dipped in chocolate.
Joanna also said you were better at fucking than she is.
Yeah, that's what she says but I don't know. No comment. She's my boss. How am I supposed to respond to that? It's very awkward. I'm proud of it but she still gets more shoots than me so she's more liked.
Maybe you need to get a briefcase and be more of a salesman, like Willy Lowman from Arthur Miller's *Death Of A Salesman*. You could go door to door.
Door to door selling my body? I'll probably get pulled in by creepy guys who'd yank me into their apartments and rape me. It's not a really good idea to go door to door in New York.
You have a weird history with piercings. Why did you remove your nipple piercings?
Oh, it got really cold, like 18-degree weather in New York, and because the metal was in a sensitive area I had to remove them. It was so cold that even though I was wearing layers I could still feel the burn of the metal freezing in me.
And you had to remove tongue piercings?
That was because of deep-throating. I had a six-gauge piercing and the ball on it was really big and it was acrylic. I did a couple scenes with Tommy Pistol and, as I was deep-throating, the ball was always in the way and it would always get caught. My tongue would go back in my mouth and my tongue ripped a little bit. It just wouldn't heal, and a week later I'd have to do another scene, so it was time to take it out. It was too much of a casualty to keep in there.
I had a buddy whose dick was pierced and it got lodged behind that dangly thing in this girl's throat and he almost killed her, choking her with his dick.
I've heard of that. I've always been sketchy about guys with dick piercings because they are uncomfortable. It feels like a piece of metal ramming down your throat.
For more of Pixie Pearl go to Vividalt.com or Burningangel.com

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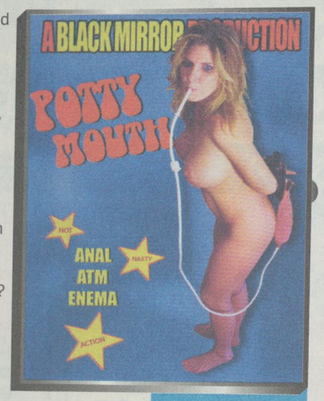
Bottom Feeder

Chris Nieratko laments his early-life incontinence, vomits over family members, and bows down before a lady who can fit a double-ended 14in dildo up her colon

POTTY MOUTH

BLACKMIRROR.COM
DIR: JOE GALLANT
RATING: 9

I'm not big on talking during sex. I don't mind it – it certainly turns me on to have a woman say filthy things to me in the throes of passion – but as far as my dialogue goes… it's lacking. For a while now I've been concerned that maybe my wife needed more talk during sex; perhaps I wasn't satisfying her completely as a husband. I began to force conversations in the middle of love-making, which threw everything off. "This is fantastic. Don't you think? I'm really enjoying myself. This is better than the circus. The last time I had this much fun was…" "Shhh!" she'd tell me. Then I thought perhaps I should practise. I'm not much of a public speaker naturally (my voice cracked dozens of times while making my brother's best-man speech a few years ago). I opened up a Word document and typed up dirty phrases to use; nothing too wordy, just effective: cradle the balls, suck that cock, dance for me; that kind of shit. I really thought I'd turned a corner with this sex talk business but I forgot what I wrote as soon as I turned my computer off and it did very little good. Then I started to think to myself, "Why am I bothering? She hasn't complained. Why fix something that ain't broke?" I put my mind at ease that sex talk isn't my forte. Yet I couldn't stop thinking about it. Then I got angry; angry at the fact that I put so much time and effort dwelling on the matter. I'm too old to change. What was I thinking? From the moment I wake up at 6am to when I go to bed 19 hours later I am expected to produce witty, humorous banter for everyone I come across. Everyone! I always have to be 'ON'. Well, damn it! Sex should be the one time I'm not expected to say anything. Nothing. Nothing hot and steamy, no instructions, no affirmations; I want my humping to be as quiet (if not quieter) than a library. When Crissie came home I scowled at her. "What's your problem," she asked. "I don't want to talk,"



Will my wife run away with a plumber because he is dirtier than me?

I said. "That's not very fair. You're clearly mad at me but you won't talk about it?" she replied. "No, I'll talk about it. I don't want to talk. During sex. I don't think I should have to." "Who said you had to talk?" "Society." "Really? Society emailed you and said you need to talk more during sex?" "Well, no. I just figured, you know, that's what people do. They talk during sex. And I don't want you to run away with the plumber because he has a foul mouth and I don't." She laughed at me. "I don't need you to talk to me during sex. We talk enough throughout the rest of the day. What else do I need you to say?" Looking past her I saw a photograph from our wedding. Us cutting our replica Elvis cake. We were so happy then. The picture and her words reminded me why I married her in the first place.

AXEL BRAUN'S SQUIRTING 101

DIGITALSINDVD.COM
DIR: AXEL BRAUN
RATING: 5

I've been pissing myself recently. I don't know what the hell is wrong with me. I feel like an 80-year-old invalid. I haven't even been drinking excessively as of late. It's not full-on uncontrolled wetting myself, where my pants are soaked through. It's more like my penis goes through some sort of post-piss depression and it cries. I pee with normal regularity, and when I'm finished I try to wring any excess drops out of the pipe, I even shake it about to dislodge any urine that might be caught in the line. Sometimes I shake it for a good 30 seconds in hopes of getting all of it out despite the old adage that more than three wiggles is considered playing with it. I've taken to using a piece of toilet paper to dab the head of my penis like some sort of tart just so I can be certain everything is dry before putting it away. My piss routines are that clinical and thought-out each and every time. It's quite a production really. The whole thing can take up to five minutes, at the end of which I always feel in my heart of hearts that the prick I'm zipping back up is free and clear of any and all fluids. But fuck me if the second I remove my two fingers from the zipper I don't get dribbles of piss emitting from my schlong and wetting my undies. What the hell? Am I the only one that has this problem? Is this a medical condition? Is it going to get worse? Am I eventually going to do a half piss in the toilet and the other half in my pants? It's not that it's embarrassing; I don't get embarrassed. It's just downright annoying. In 30-some odd years I can honestly say I have mastered very, very few things on this earth. Not writing, not love-making, not washing dishes, but being able to urinate properly was one thing I truly felt I knew how to do blindfolded. Now I don't even have that. I'm wondering if I should start wearing adult diapers. I feel bad for my wife. I can only imagine what she thinks when she's washing my drawers and sees those massive yellow stains. It was bad enough that she's been dealing with the brown skidmarks but now yellow too? I'd imagine brown and yellow makes her green in the gills. I know it's only a matter of time before she leaves me. Or worse… asks me to do my own laundry. Oh. The horror. I think I'd die. I'm not ashamed to say it: if I had to do laundry, I would commit suicide. There would be no reason to continue living. None.

I wonder if I need adult diapers – Crissie can't enjoy my skidmarks…

MULTIPLE CHICKS ON ONE DICK 2

STONEYCURTISXXX.COM
DIR: CHARLIE MANSON
RATING: 12

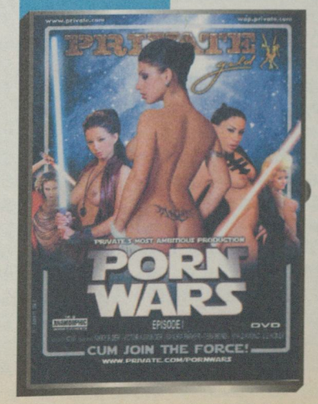
I mentioned two months ago I was smitten with brunette covergirl Carmella Bing because of the zest she displays in her scenes and the fact that she was able to jerk two men off to completion with her armpits; an act I'd never seen before. Well, upon release of the review I emailed it to Carmella at Myspace.com/carmellabingxxx. Surprisingly, she liked it and she was a fan of *Bizarre*. She told me, "Yeah the armpit was a bit off-the-wall, wasn't that the one where I spat into the camera? I saw stars getting slapped, it was totally hot! When the armpit thing was brought up before the scene, I laughed, I was sure it was a joke." She then told me her mom bought *Bizarre* for her when she was sick at home and she loves the readers' pictures and she'd love to do a shoot for the cover: "I've always thought about getting super-freaky make-up and costume. Maybe I can stick an electric eel up my ass or something." "That's a great idea," I thought. Sadly, she was only kidding. But she did tell me, "I can make a 14in double whammy disappear!" I didn't believe it was possible. I'd seen thick things go in vaginas but length is something different – 14in is all up in your stomach. Well, friends, she wasn't talking about her pussy. She fit a 14in double dong in her ass! She said, "Yeah, it was for a bachelor party. I was doing an anal show for the guys. They kept throwing more and more money at me, so I went deeper and deeper. One guy said, 'One inch more and I'll give you $100,' then another guy says, 'Yeah, shove it all the way in and blink, and I'll give you a grand.' I smiled and took a deep breath as my arse loosened. My two fingers, slimy from all the ass cum and strawberry-flavoured anal lube, pushed the 14in 'pinky' double whammy all the way in. I released my index finger, pulling my ass cheek aside, and blinked my beautiful brown eye. The guys were going crazy at this point. Then I shot/shat it out of my ass! I think that was the most fun I have ever had. I wish I could have seen it for myself! The look on their faces was unforgettable." I proceeded to tell Carmella, "You, my dear, are my new favourite human. Ever. Gandhi and Mother Theresa have nothing on you. You are a true humanitarian. I am amazed. That is the best thing I've heard in… forever. I thought you had it in your pussy, now you're telling me it went in your ass… it's like you're a goddamn superhero. I applaud you. When I come to Vegas in January I'd like interview you and have you show my wife your superpower as I know when I go home and tell her she won't believe me." As I type this I'm still in awe. Just when I thought I'd seen/heard it all, along comes a trailblazer like Carmella Bing to remind us that anything is possible. We should all bow to her greatness.

"I'd love to model for *Bizarre* – maybe with an electric eel up my ass"

PORN WARS

PRIVATE.COM
DIR: KOVI
RATING: 8

You have to assume that *Bizarre* interview gal Pixie Pearl is a bit saddened that she wasn't cast in this *Star Wars* rip-off porn, what with her very detailed description of the space characters she'd like to have an orgy with in her interview. I am not the least bit upset that I wasn't asked to be in *Porn Wars*. I don't consider myself a real 'outer space' kind of guy. I dislike earthly forms of flight; I don't see myself enjoying the constant motion of a spaceship. To get to outer space you have to go through that rocky lift-off stage with all the shaking and pressure and turbulence. I don't like roller coasters. I think I went on one. Once. It made me cry. And I was 30 years old at the time. I'm more of a hold-my-wife's-purse kind of guy while she rides the roller coaster. I'm a puker. Even growing up I couldn't be in the car too long or else I'd vomit on my sister. My parents always brought a puke bucket for me; I just chose to throw up on my sister instead. My sister didn't really mind too much because it got us out of many unnecessary family functions. My parents were forced to turn around to clean up my sister and change her clothes and by that time it was too late to make the party. After a while they got hip to our game and either made my sister stay in her dress soaked in bile or they'd have a change of clothes ready in the car. The funny thing is, Crissie's uncle Lonnie is 58 years old and mentally disabled. He thinks he's four years old. Sometimes, he thinks he's seven. Four or seven, either or, that's how old he'll say he is. He's amazing. He has the most crude and off-coloured vocabulary. He doesn't really know what he's saying. It's like a form of turrets: 'go fuck yourself', 'go shit in the toilet', 'fuck your shit' are all commonly used Lonnie phrases. Like any intelligent child, Lonnie has mastered the art of pissing himself to get out of situations he's doesn't like. If he's ready to go home then he's ready to go home. He'll sit quietly in the corner and wet himself, giving Crissie's mom no choice but to take him home. A few weeks ago Crissie's parents went away for the weekend and Lonnie stayed with us. He could not grasp the concept that no-one was at his house to watch him and he couldn't go home. He just kept on pissing himself, thinking it would make us take him to his place. Crissie kept giving him a change of clothes and yelling at him, "You're not going home, Lon!" As quickly as she could wash them, he would soak them. We must have changed his clothes 20 times or more in the three days he stayed with. Eventually, he gave up. He must have realised Crissie had an endless supply of outfits for him to change into.



I used to throw up all over my sister and she didn't mind at all – I'd soak her dress in vomit

Filthy 30 Second Wank Off

AFTER YOU HAVE HER...I'M NEXT	0909 022 8001	MY BOYFRIEND ARSE FUCKS MY MUM!	0909 022 8063
YOUNG COUPLE HAVE HER	0909 022 8002	I PISSED MY PANTIES! HE LIKES IT...	0909 022 8064
HAD BY TWO MEN...HER ARSE is NEXT!	0909 022 8003	HIS COCK UP ME & HE FINGERS HER!	0909 022 8065
DILDO'D HER NEW CLEANER	0909 022 8004	I LICKED HIS COCK CLEAN! I CAN TASTE HER!	0909 022 8066
HER FIRST BUM TRICK!!	0909 022 8005	HIS FINGERS UP MY TIGHT VIRGIN ARSE	0909 022 8067
HER FIRST GANG BANG! NO CHOICE!	0909 022 8006	ONE UP MY CUNT & ONE UP MY ARSE!	0909 022 8068
SALTY SPLATTERED ON HER FACE	0909 022 8007	ME IN MY SCHOOL UNIFORM...SHINY SHOES!	0909 022 8069
SHE LICKED HER MATES XXXX	0909 022 8008	I HAD TO LICK HIM CLEAN THEN HIS MATE!	0909 022 8070
SHE & HER GIRLD MATE..HEAD WATCHED	0909 022 8009	I WILL IF YOU BUY ME A NEW TOP!	0909 022 8071
I WATCHED HER GET HER FIRST ARSE XXXX	0909 022 8010	LIKE IT WHEN I ACT MUCH YOUNGER?? Well??	0909 022 8072
MY MATES SISTER GAGGING...AVE IT!!	0909 022 8011	WILL IT HURT OR WILL I LIKE IT??	0909 022 8073
I WATCH HIM SUCK HIM OFF! ME NEXT	0909 022 8012	MY FIRST TIME DOGGING! HE MADE ME DO IT!	0909 022 8074
MY WHITE SOCKS DOWN, NOW MY PANTIES!	0909 022 8013	I DIDN'T LIKE THE TASTE AT FIRST!	0909 022 8075
HE BUYS MY FIRST BRA & PANTIES!	0909 022 8014	I LET THE OLDER GIT SUCK MY 34DD TITS!	0909 022 8076
I SUCKED HER TITS IN SHOWER	0909 022 8015	I LIKED HIS PORSCHE SO I SUCKED HIM OFF	0909 022 8077
THE 18" DILDO IS TOO BIG FOR ME!	0909 022 8016	HE SPREAD MY LEGS WIDE & THEN XXXXXX	0909 022 8078
34DD TITS & MY FIRST FUCK! BE GENTLE!	0909 022 8017	MY FIRST TIME WATCHING THE STEAM RISE	0909 022 8079
MY FIRST TIME DRUNK! IN MENS BOG!	0909 022 8018	I LIKE BEING A TART...THEY ALL HAD ME!	0909 022 8080
MY DAD'S BOSS FUCKS ME!	0909 022 8019	HE SHOWED ME THE MEANING OF F*STING!	0909 022 8081
FRENCH GIRL! I TOOK ALL HER FINGERS!!	0909 022 8020	I WATCHED HER WET HERSELF!	0909 022 8082
HE SNIFFED MY DIRTY PANTIES!! 21	0909 022 8021	I BENT OVER THE DESK FOR THE NEW HEAD!	0909 022 8083
MY FIRST DAY AT COLLEGE! HE HAD ME!	0909 022 8022	ME & MY MATE GET FIRST BLACK COCK!	0909 022 8084
HE THOUGHT I WAS YOUNGER!	0909 022 8023	I GAGGED AS HE PUSHED IT IN HARDER!	0909 022 8085
STRICT MATRON SPANKED ME!	0909 022 8024	MY BOYFRIEND HAD MY MUM & I JOIN IN!	0909 022 8086
MY BOYFRIEND MADE ME DO IT!	0909 022 8025	I FISTED MY B/F FOR HAVING MY MUM!	0909 022 8087
I WAS DRUNK & HE MADE ME AVE IT!	0909 022 8026	I WAS HAD BY LESBIAN PRISON OFFICER!	0909 022 8088
SHE GAVE ME AN ENEMA...HOLD STILL	0909 022 8027	I KNEW THEY WERE WATCHING.SO I STRIPPED	0909 022 8089
HE CAUGHT ME STEALING! I HAD TO OR ELSE!	0909 022 8028	MY PERVY UNCLE CAME INTO MY BEDROOM!	0909 022 8090
HE PARTED MY VIRGIN CHEEKS!	0909 022 8029	I WILL IF YOU DON'T TELL MY MUM!	0909 022 8091
THEY HAD ME OVER THE TABLE!	0909 022 8030	FIRST HE BUMMED HIM & THEN ME!	0909 022 8092
THEY WATCHED ME MASTURBATE & THEN!	0909 022 8031	MY FIRST 3-SOME WITH MY B/F'S MATE!	0909 022 8093

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30 SEC FIRST FUCK. JUST 18

Just call: 0909 640 1294

THEY PARTED HER VIRGIN ARSE CHEEKS	Story 0839
TEACHER FUCKS HEAD GIRL 18YRS OVER DESK	Story 0606
LESBIAN FUCKS VIRGIN GIRL.....OPEN WIDE!!	Story 8530
TWO 18YRS GIRLS GET BLACK 12" COCK!	Story 0630
VIRGIN SHAMED BY HER SKID MARKS	Story 0641
GYM SLIP PULLED UP FOR MOTHER IN LAW	Story 0642
EX-MODEL GETS FIRST ARSE FUCK.....DEEP!	Story 0682
VIRGINS WHITE PANTIES YANKED DOWN!	Story 0844
YOUNG TART FUCKED IN THE PARK	Story 0852
JUST 18 & DADS MATE SPUNKED IN MY MOUTH	Story 0834
POSH GIRL JUST 18..THEY ARSE FUCK HER!	Story 0832
18YRS GIRL FUCKED IN VAN BY LESBIANS!	Story 8533
I LET MY MUM WATCH ME FUCK HIM FIRST!	Story 0869
LANDLADY FUCKED IN LIEU OF RENT....	Story 0695
COUPLE FUCK OLDER WOMAN....ME FIRST	Story 0696
JUST 18...TEACHER FINGERS HER VIRGIN CUNT	Story 0924
HER VIRGIN ARSE PARTED FOR THEIR 18" DILDO	Story 0860
STRANGERS FUCK HER IN BUS SHELTER!!	Story 0761
MISTRISS STRIPS & FUCKS VIRGIN AU-PAIR	Story 0600
HE WHIPS & FUCKS BOTH STABLE GIRLS	Story 0634
MY MATES FUCKED ME & MY MUM!	Story 0921
DAD'S BOSS FUCKED ME & MY MATE!! JUST 18	Story 0942
ASIAN BABE JUST 18 & GETS ARSE FUCKED!	Story 0960
MY BOYFRIEND FIST FUCKED MY MUM!	Story 0931
MY 18th PARTY! HE FUCKED MY TIGHT ARSE!	Story 0935
JUST 18. HE FUCKED MY MUM & THEN ME!	Story 0945
HIS OLD GRUBBY FINGERS IN HER NEW PANTIES!	Story 0844
JUST 18 & DRUNK..THEY FUCK HER EVERY HOLE!	Story 0836

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30 Sec Wank Line!

DIRTY SLUT FUCKED BY ROAD GANG!	0909 799 5114
18YRS FEMALE FIRST ARSE FUCK!	0909 799 5115
HEADMISTRESS SUCKS 18YRS VIRGIN COCK	0909 799 5116
GRANNY GETS ARSE FUCKED HARD!!	0909 799 5117
POOL CUE SLID UP HER TIGHT ARSE	0909 799 5118
BARMAID FIST FUCKS YOUNG ASSISTANT	0909 799 5119
LICK MY CREAMY COCK CLEAN	0909 799 5120
18YRS TWINS FUCKED IN BACK OF VAN	0909 799 5121
I LICKED MY BOSSES WIFES CUNT OUT	0909 799 5122
GYM TEACHER FUCKED MY VIRGIN CUNT	0909 799 5123
ARSE FUCKED IN BUS SHELTER	0909 799 5124
UNCLE SAM FUCKED ME AND MY MATE	0909 799 5125
I SAW HIM SUCK MY BOYFIEND OFF	0909 799 5126
TEACHER TONGUED MY VIRGIN CUNT	0909 799 5127
FIRST ARSE FUCK IN LADIES LOO	0909 799 5128
COLLEGE GIRLS DILDO EACH OTHER	0909 799 5129
IS THAT SPUNK IN YOUR KNICKERS?	0909 799 5130
I WANKED THE HEADMASTER OFF	0909 799 5131
WE SUCKED EACH OTHERS TITS IN SHOWER	0909 799 5132
MY BOYFRIENDS MUM PISSED OVER ME	0909 799 5133
PATHETIC WIMP GROVELS TO MISTRESS	0909 799 5134
ME & MY MATE GET BIG BLACK COCK	0909 799 5135
VIRGIN GIRL FUCKED IN BARN BY FARMER	0909 799 5136
SHE PUSHED THE HARD DILDO UP HIS ARSE	0909 799 5137
MALE NURSE LICKS PATIENTS CUNT	0909 799 5138
MY MATE 18YRS FUCKED MY GRAN	0909 799 5139
NAVY LADS FUCK OLDER WOMAN IN BAR	0909 799 5140
PENSIONER PAYS RENTBOY FOR SHAG	0909 799 5141
THEY ALL PISSED OVER GRANDMA	0909 799 5142
AIRPORT CUSTOMS EXAMINED MY CUNT	0909 799 5143
I'M A FILTHY SPUNKBUCKET	0909 799 5144
SPUNK SPLATTERED ALL OVER MY ARSE	0909 799 5145

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Tug my tit rings	0322
Yellow code	0323
Gates of hell	0324
Virgins spread them	0325
Your initiation	0326
Bottom worship	0327
Sucking fiesta	0328
Gay experience by straight man	0329
Boys in blue	0330
Cock tales	0331
Gay Sucking action	0332
Paramedics emergency fuck	0333
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Rugby Tackle	0335
Inmates get intimate	0336
Gangbang	0337

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Sharing my wife	0339
Housewife fucks the bulldog	0340
Orgy with my husbands mates	0341
I fucked my son's best mate	0342
Postman always bangs twice	0343
Housewife's day time romp	0344
Shy housewife	0345
Dildo fucked by my bf's mother	0346
Donna goes dogging	0347
Housewife's office seduction	0348
Desperate housewife	0349
Kinky housewife	0350
Hardcore hotel	0351
Lonely housewife	0352
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Naughty nurse Natalie	0361
Fetish heaven	0362
Cum in thirty seconds	0363
Hot and horny smut	0364
Play with my pussy	0365
Nice girl turns bad	0366
Female sex slaves	0367
Cheap 30 second wank	0368
Bend me over and ram it in	0369
Fuck any hole you want	0370
Clean my pussy and my hole	0371
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Suck my hungry hole	0373
Cocksucking whore	0374
Big bootie bitches	0375

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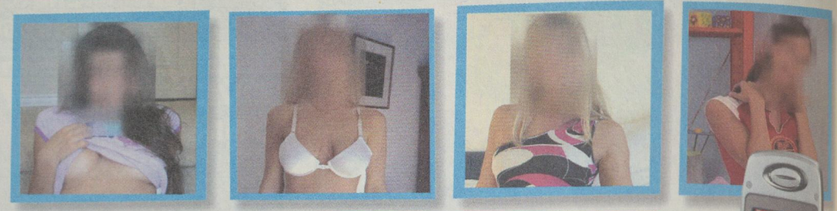

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SQUALID PERVERTED FILTH

MUMS LEGS SPREAD WIDE FOR FIST FUCK!	0909 988 6821	AMPUTEE SWALLOWS ALL FOR THEM!	0909 988 6836
MUMS HEAD HELD AS HE SPUNKED OVER HER FACE	0909 988 6822	CATHETER OUT, COCK IN & RIGHT UP!	0909 988 6837
HELD FIRM AS THEY SHAVE MY VIRGIN CUNT!	0909 988 6823	GRANNY STRAINS OVER HER NEW POOR LODGERS!	0909 988 6838
POLICEWOMAN TAKES HER TRUNCHEON UP HER ARSE!	0909 988 6824	DILDO GO's UP DIVORCEE'S TIGHT ARSE!	0909 988 6839
HELD FIRMLY AS THEY FIST FUCKED HER ARSE!	0909 988 6825	THEY RIPPED OFF HER NEW WHITE BLOUSE!	0909 988 6840
PUNISHED HARSHLY BY HEADMISTRESS!!	0909 988 6826	LETS SEE IF THIS FITS UP HER CUNT!	0909 988 6841
SLAVE IS FORCED TO SUBMIT!	0909 988 6827	THEY ALL FUCK DIRTY SLUT & TEACH HER A LESSON!	0909 988 6842
STUDENTS GIVE TEACHER A GOOD FUCKING!	0909 988 6828	FIRST THEIR THUMBS UP HER TIGHT ARSE!	0909 988 6843
STEP MOTHER IS SEX SLAVE FOR THEIR USE!	0909 988 6829	ITS NO USE! THE DOORS ARE LOCKED.....HMMMM.	0909 988 6844
STRICT MOTHER SPANKS THE NAUGHTY BOYS (18YRS)	0909 988 6830	SHE PISSED OVER THE PATHETIC PIECE OF SHIT!	0909 988 6845
PERV SNIFFS HER SOILED PANTIES.	0909 988 6831	THEIR SPUNK SMEARED HER POSH MAKE UP!	0909 988 6846
HEADMISTRESS TEACHES HER A LESSON WITH DILDO	0909 988 6832	DIVORCEE GETS HER FIRST FIST FUCK!	0909 988 6847
HANDS HELD TIGHT AS THEY REMOVE HER PANTIES!	0909 988 6833	HIS PENIS, BUT ITS HER WHIP! STAND STILL.	0909 988 6848
HOLD HER TIGHT! I WANT TO FUCK HER ARSE!	0909 988 6834	TIT SUCKING GUY SUDDENLY FEELS HER COCK!!	0909 988 6849
SHE PISSED ALL OVER THE TIED SLAVE!	0909 988 6835	ARSE LASHED AS HE GROVELLED AT HER FEET!	0909 988 6850

Perverted Pain

ANUS STRETCHED FOR HER DILDO	0909 988 6851
HIS PENIS....HER WHIP!!	0909 988 6852
TIED UP & COVERED IN HIS OWN FILTH!	0909 988 6853
NIPPLES CLAMPED...BEND FOR DILDO!!	0909 988 6854
HER ARSE WIDENED FOR TWO COCKS!!	0909 988 6855
HER FIRST ENEMA! AFTER ARSE FUCK!	0909 988 6856
TWO THICK COCKS UP HER VIRGIN ARSE	0909 988 6857

WATERING DELIGHTS

OPEN MOUTH FOR HER STRAINING GIFT	0909 988 6858
HE SPRAYED HER & SHE LICKS IT ALL UP!	0909 988 6859
SHE PISSED ALL OVER THE TIED SLAVE	0909 988 6860
WE NOT WORKING!! OPEN YOUR MOUTH	0909 988 6861
OPEN FOR US!! WE HAVE TO GO NOW!!	0909 988 6862
YOU WET YOUR NAPPY! LICK IT UP NOW!	0909 988 6863
SWALLOW MY AMBER NECTAR!!	0909 988 6864
USED LIKE PORCELAIN!	0909 988 6865

She-Males Corner

HER FIRST TIME!!	0909 988 6866
HIS HAND SLIPPED UNDER HER SKIRT!	0909 988 6867
HE HAD TO SUCK HER COCK!!	0909 988 6868
SHE SENT HIM FOR TRAINING!!	0909 988 6869
THEY FUCKED HIS PUSSY!	0909 988 6870
HE FELT HER TITS! THEN HER COCK!	0909 988 6871

Correction Corner

BLACK LEATHER HOOD & HANDS TIED!	0909 988 6872
SHE STRUGGLED BUT STRAPS HURT!	0909 988 6873
GYM SOCKS OFF FOR HOODED MEN	0909 988 6874
THE RESTRAINTS CUT INTO HER !!	0909 988 6875
HE CUFFED HER ARMS BEHINED HER!!	0909 988 6876
THE WHIP STRUCK HER NAKED ARSE!	0909 988 6877
HOODED & TIED FOR HER PLEASURE!	0909 988 6878
SPREAD FACE DOWN! ARMS TIED TO BED	0909 988 6879
LEATHER HOOD ON! AIR FLOW CONTROLLED	0909 988 6880
ARSE LASHED AS HE GROVELLED AT HER FEET	0909 988 6881

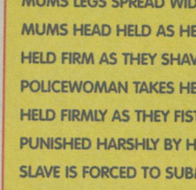
Calls cost 100p/min EL PO Box 68 M40 7XZ

SUB/DOM SEX CONTACTS

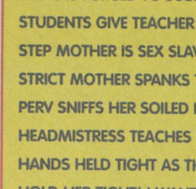
Call & Meet TONIGHT!!! LADIES: IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO ADVERTISE for FREE SIMPLY CALL: 0871 222 0124

LOOKING TO MEET A SEX MAD FEMALE? WHETHER MALE/FEMALE OR COUPLE - CALL 0909 • 640 • 0879

UPMARKET SUB FEMALE SEEKS STRICT MASTER! 26yrs.
Very attractive & very submissive. In charge during day & seeks total domination with discretion. High limits & sexies more experience. Can travel.
SOUTH 0909-640-0880



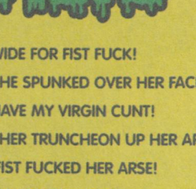
SUB FEMALE 32yrs.
Single and reauires further training from MALES/COUPLES any age/race. I like to be dominated & roughly treated before being fucked or made to give oral etc.
MIDLANDS
0909-640-0881



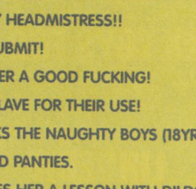
STRICT MISTRESS SEEKS MALE/FEMALE WIMPS!
My cane rules! Unhurried & controlled. Maybe overnight / bondage. CP, etc. ! MAY let you lick my boots. Maybe more.
SOUTH
0909-640-0882

YOUNG TRAINEE SUB 22YRS.
Long blonde hair, slim & 34D firm tits. Trimmed pussy & virgin arse waiting for first fuck. I fantasise about being tied up & gagged & mauled by older men. (25-65yrs). Maybe
gagged&blindfolded & made to do things sexually. I would LOVE 2 men, black man etc. Firm rough hands tying me up/bent& stripping me & fucking me everywhere. I LOVE oral too. Always swallow! No strings etc. 100% genuine.
0909-640-0883

BORED MARRIED SUB FEMALE 36yrs.
Fed up with hubby. Seeks MALES & COUPLES for discrete daytime meetings. VERY submissive & VERY high limits. Prefers rough sex, oral & anal. Always dresses to please. It I fail to please use your cane or whip & I will satisfy your EVERY wish!! Can travel.
LONDON
0909-640-0884



SUB VERY ATTRACTIVE EX MODEL 26YRS.
Fed up with failers!! Seeks MALES/COUPLES over 40. preferred to give TOTAL domination. Has limited wardrobe but eager to please in EVERY way! Enjoys whips, gags, leather etc. High limits & use me any way you like. Prefers sex gagged, bound & blindfolded, any fantasy, tried! Interested? No strings!
ESSEX
0909-640-0885



STUNNING STRICT BITCH SEEKS SLAVES!
I am gorgeous & will be obeyed or I will punish & humiliate you severely! Bring your own maids outfit & cleanly my house. If you please me I MAY be nice to you & let you watch me undress, maybe more! Any age/race.
MIDLANDS
0909-640-0886

RUBBER WHIPPING BITCH 30YRS.
I am beautiful, fantastic naked body under my tight rubber outfits. Strict discipline at ALL times! Whips, canes & spanking undertaken. I may reward your pain & allow too! body worship. Fully fitted dungeon totally no fees just for OUR pleasure! 100% genuine & waiting!
0909-640-0887

AC, 7 Leonard Sheet, EC2A 4AQ. Calls cost 150p min at all times.

WILD SUB BITCH 28YRS NEEDS TRAINING!
Fantastic looking, great slim busty body & shaven pussy. I need a very firm hand & teaching a lesson. High limits & willing to try anything, maid duties & maybe water sports? Tie me up & fuck my brains out! No strings. I promise you will enjoy me! Come on guys, anyage/race. Couples too!
0909-640-0888

GORGEOUS STRICT MADAM 25YRS.
Very pretty, fantastic body & very experienced. Body worship, maid duties, CP, maybe more! Extensive range of leather & pvc outfits. Selection of whips & canes. Dildo optional! Come on you wimpy pathetic guys, I'm waiting to teach you a good fucking lesson. No fees just STRICT OBEDIANCE!
Any age/race.
0909-640-0889

100% ATTRACTIVE SUB 38YRS.
Firm 36D tits, shaven cunt & gagging to be fucked any way you want! The harder the better. Tie me to the chair, rip off my clothes & cane me or spank me before using me for your total sexual depraved pleasure! I deserve everything I get!! No strings only rope! Call me & let's meet.
0909-640-0890

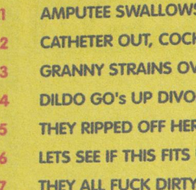
STUNNING SUB FEMALE 26yrs.
Very sub & has extensive wardrobe & equipment.Enjoys leather, gags & blindfolds. Tie me up, spread my legs & use me for your own satisfaction. If I fail to please tum me over & whip my arse & I'll do better next time! Swallows all & very Bisexual. Prefers older MALES/COUPLES. Can travel anywhere!
0909-640-0891

EXTREME GENUINE SEX CONTACTS

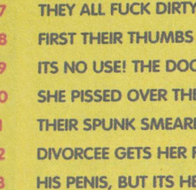
FOR OVER 18's ONLY • 24 HOURS • FOR OVER 18's ONLY • 24 HOURS • FOR OVER 18's ONLY • 24 HOURS • FOR OVER 18's ONLY • 24 HOURS

BROWSE OUR LATEST SUBS & DOMS ETC ON: 0909 640 0892

100% STUNNING SUB DIVORCEE 28YRS.
Very pretty & fit f**kable body! Seeks genuine dominant men to puts sh- her sexeasy! Very high limits & 100% obedience in EVERY WAY! After being restrained enjoys physicalmental & sexual punishment. Do as you wish 100% genuine & no strings. LONDON & can travel
0909-640-0893



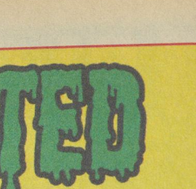
STUNNING STRICT INDIAN BITCH 30YRS!
Long dark hair superb figure & ASIANS wears lace! VERY strict & VERY DOMINANT! Love whips, handcuffs, paddles & spanking! Body worship positive, maybe more! Wimps MOST welcome! Any Area/Can travel
0909-640-0894



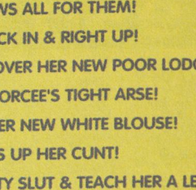
MATURE SUB DIVORCEE 52YRS.
Very attractive, superb busty figure! 36D. Wants to meet very dominant men! I want to be tied/cuffed & blindfolded & well & truly fucked & used! I want TOTAL domination in every way. Both physically & mentally. I will meet you ANYWHERE & I am 100% genuine! Any age/Race, 22-65yrs.
0909-640-0895

FRESH MILK AVAILABLE!
Gorgeous busty female with lots of fresh milk. If you want to suck my tits & taste truly fresh milk please leave me your number so we can meet. I will dress as Nanny. If you want & you can have sex with me too! I get SO turned on giving milk to men. I prefer older men, say 35 to 65yrs. No strings & 100% genuine!
0909-640-0896

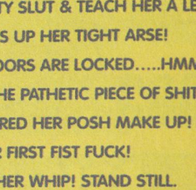
STRICT STUNNING BITCH WANTS WIMPS!
If you seek SEVERE domination by a gorgeous strict bitch I am the one for you! This could be you in the photo? Grovelling Wimps need only apply with HIGH limits! Body worship MAY be allowed! Maybe more!
0909-640-0897



PREGNANT INDIAN BABE 20YRS.
Very pretty & gorgeous busty body!! LOVE being RUDE! while I'm pregnant! Imagine me on top of you & an abuse fucking me you get lovely fresh milk as you suck my big juicy tits! Come on guys, no strings. Any age/race! I will fuck you hard & rude!
0909-640-0898



YOUNG ATTRACTIVE SUB 23yrs
VERY attractive & although limited experience VERY keen to learn! Prefers older experienced MALES poss COUPLES say 40 to 65yrs. Enjoys ropes, leather masks & being tied up. Always dresses to please. Tie me up & then strip me off before fucking me! SCOTLAND can travel.
0909-640-0899



VERY SUBMISSIVE FEMALE SEEKS NEW OLDER MASTER.
34yrs, attractive & EXTREMELY submissive. Seeking older MALES 40-65 who can be VERY dominant. Enjoys ropes, gags & handcuffs. Prefers being roughly fucked after beingtotalty restrained. Can travel.
LONDON
0909-640-0901

ARSE FUCKING BITCH 26YRS!
Truly stunning with superb busty body! I restrain my men & then I strap on my dildo & fuck their arses! If you like the look of the photo, lets meet & it could be you being fucked by me! My dildo will go right up your tight arse! Any age/race. Come on guys, I know you want it! Any area! Can travel.
0909-640-0902

FEMALES ADVERTISE FOR FREE! CALL: 0871-222-0124

CRUEL POSH BITCH 24YRS WANTS OLDER WIMPS!
(35 to 65yrs) Imagine this gorgeous babe lying you up firmly, then applying torture to your cock! Fist the pegs & then the bilngs!! Maybe the cock whip too! She ALWAYS dresses in leather & knows how to punish! 100% genuine & no strings. I can travel!
0909-640-0903

ATTRACTIVE SUB FEMALE 22YRS.
Pretty face, slim firm body. Inexperienced but very eager to learn. Very forceful strict older MALES preferred to teach me humiliation. I will serve & obey you & if I fail to please simply bend me over your knee for firm caning. I LOVE to suck cock while tied & blindfolded.
SOUTH 0909-640-0904

STRICT BIKER BITCH 30YRS!
I am your Goddess & YOU will obey me!! I have handcuffs, ropes, gags & blindfolds and of course WHIPS! I will restrain you before whipping you severely! body worship possible & maybe slave duties! No strings & 100% genuine!
0909-640-0905

100% STUNNING INDIAN FEMALE 24YRS!
Very pretty, long dyed hair & GORGEOUS 34DD tits! Enjoys all bondage but REALLY likes it bondage! After tying me up I can totally do you! mercy! Anything goes & I mean ANYTHING you desire! Gags, cruel, s*adistic! too. Can travel & always dresses to please!
0909-640-0906

STUNNING DIVORCEE 55YRS WANTS WHIPPING!
Gorgeous long blonde hair, superb body, 34DD tits & clean shaven. VERY high limits & wants dominant men 35 to 55yrs to whip,smack it cane my firm tight arse. After punishing me, do as you wish. I LOVE anal! No strings & 100% genuine!
0909-640-0907

GORGEOUS PISSING BEAUTY 28YRS!
Gorgeous busty blonde seeks MALES 25 to 55YRS who share her LOVE of watersports! I LOVE piss & never spill a drop! Any race. Imagine gazing into my lovely mouth, over my pretty face & over my young firm body! Afterwards you can fuck me if you want. I get SO turned on being pissed over! No strings etc. Call me & let's meet!
0909-640-0908

Calls cost 150p/min at all times. AC 434 SK11 7GJ.

0909 771 1488

MISTRESS AMBERS MOBILES CALL 89159 EXT 203

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SUBMISSIVE 0909 771 1750

SHANDY'S 1ST BONDAGE EXPERIENCE 0909 771 1735

SANDY MANDY WANTS TO BE SPANKED 0909 771 1781

ANAL PUNISHMENT LIVE! 0908 313 8576

SQUIRT YOU WANK LIVE 0908 313 8578

MASTER OR SLAVE? 0909 771 1823 MOBILES CALL 89159 EXT 208

BITCH NEPHEW HUMILIATES SEX SLAVE 0908 313 9326

KINKY SLUTS WILL MAKE YOU CUM IN SECONDS 0909 771 1984 MOBILES CALL 89159 EXT 229

LISTEN TO MISTRESS PUNISH HER SLAVE 0208 2... 89990

SLAVES TEXT DOMXXX TO 89885 LIVE

YOU WILL OBEY ME TEXT FETISH TO 89990 WAIT TIL MISTRESS CALLS YOU BACK

Data token PO Box 364, Cardiff, CF10 5LR. Helpline 08704 541000 (national rate). T&C's www.thechatsnetwork.com. Over 18 bill payers only. All live calls are recorded. 09064ukb1 0.50min. 89885 calls cost only £7.50 by reverse SMS (88482) for 30 mins. We call you back, our caller id 01223 212200. 89159 calls £1.50/min.

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JOIN FOR £1.50 per day for UNLIMITED ACCESS TO ALL CATEGORIES

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09098 711727

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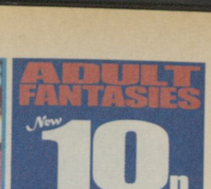
ANGLIA	ANG5	NORTH EAST	NE5
WEST COUNTRY	WES5	MIDLANDS	MID5
WALES	WAL5	SCOTLAND	SCO5

MCPO Box 50285 EC3P 3WY. 10 Txts Total cost 900p We may contact you with other offers and services

LIVE with our Mistresses ONLY 35p PER MIN 0909 742 0564

RELIEF IN 60 SECS LIVE CHAT 0909 742 1004



ADULT FANTASIES New 10p 0871 550 0260 GAY 0871 550 1835

Call 0871 550 then:

Eavesdrop real life	6160
Lesbian dildo action	6161
American girl & 3 studs	6162
Submissive TV	6163
Chat 2 genuine girls	6164
Experienced 18	6165
Postmen's sex tip	6166
TV underwear	6167
Horny stories	6168
Wank you	6169
Slut gets it twice	6170
Chat - Live & dirty	6171
Strict Matron	6172
Punishment hell	6173
Horny gay chat	6174

Yank Quick 10p PER MIN

DIRTY LIVE CHAT WITH COUPLES NEW 0p PER MIN

COUPLES 0871 550 1899
MEN 0871 550 1890
WOMEN 0800 075 0174

ONLY 35p PER MIN MATURELADIES LIVE 0909 742 0166

CHEAP & DIRTY HOT & HORNY LIVE 1-2-1 CHAT 35p 0909 742 0100

LIVE 0871 550 0403 RAW HORNY GIRLS NOW! 10p per min

women: 0800 075 0713 gay: 0871 550 0410

RED HOT STORIES Naughty girls live 1-2-1 or listen in 9p PER MIN 0871 300 0110 GAY 0871 300 0302

VERY CHEAP LIVE 0909 CHAT 742 0352 ONLY 35p PER MIN

PLEASURE YOURSELF Only 10p PER MIN

Call 0871 550 then:

Eavesdrop genuine filth	6180
Sex toys & lesbians	6181
Sexy black nurse	6182
WPC interrogation	6183
Chat & date	6184
Dirty Debbie	6185
Get horny x2	6186
Bisexual in stilettoes	6187
Hot fantasies	6188
Big tits - no knickers	6189
Submissive	6190
Live dirty talk	6191
Girls & perverted	6192
Gay dirty talk	6193

EXPLICIT GAY CHAT LIVE WITH OUR HORNY MEN 35p PER MIN 0909 742 0557

WWW.ADULTPHONECHAT.CO.UK

WE ARE COMMITTED TO PROVIDING THE BEST IN QUALITY TELEPHONE ENTERTAINMENT. NO LONG INTROS OR LONG DELAYS OR ADVERTS. NO RIP-OFFS - JUST STRAIGHT INTO HOT SEX ACTION! ALL MATERIAL COPYRIGHT. ALL CALLS ARE RECORDED. PO BOX 56502, LONDON SW18 9AY. 0800 = 0p ANYTIME. 0871 = 10p PER MINUTE. 0909 = 35p PER MINUTE. OVER 18's ONLY. SUBJECT TO OUR TERMS AND CONDITIONS. VISIT WWW.ADULTPHONECHAT.CO.UK FOR MORE DETAILS.

CHAT OR DATE from only 0p per min

WOMEN: 0800 075 1704
MEN: 0870 345 0080
GAY: 0870 345 8144

As seen on TV - Sky 874

0845 = Local rate, 1p eve & wknd
0870 = 1.5p w/end & 3.9p eve

GAY CHAT As seen on TV GAYNETWORK SKY - 873 FROM ONLY 1½p PER MIN 0870 345 0182 0870 = 1.5p w'end, 3.9p eves

DATE CHAT FROM 0p PER MIN

WOMEN: 0800 075 0806
MEN: 0844 999 0121
GAY: 0844 999 0141

0800 = Free at all times 0844 = 5p per min at all times

CHEAP TEXT CHAT from 5p per text 24hr PARTY PEOPLE

Text: BIZARRE to: 69292

Join for 5p per msg for first 10 msgs sent/recvd; 20p per msg thereafter. This is a subscription service, it will cost 30p per msg until you send STOP to 69292. Standard Network charges apply. 18+ only. Helpdesk 0870 442 4202

GAY TEXT CHAT from 10p per text with genuine guys & girls

MEN: TEXT 'GSEX' to 88199
WOMEN: TEXT 'LSEX' to 88199

Helpdesk 0870 442 4202. Standard network charges apply. 18+ only. Join for 10p per msg for 1st 15 msgs sent/recvd; 25p per msg thereafter. This is a subscription service, it will cost 25p per msg sent/recvd until you send STOP to 88199.

CHAT 4 FREE! From 0p

WOMEN: 0800 075 1138
MEN: 0870 345 7041
GAY: 0870 345 6303

0800= Free at all times 0870 =1.5 w/end & 3.9p eve

Join TXT Chat 5p from only per text 1 FREE text to send every day FREE for Women!

text: BIZ to: 69900

Women: Free. Men: Join for 5p p/msg for 1st 15 msgs sent/ rcvd; 45p per msg thereafter. This is a subscription service, it will cost 45p p/msg until you send STOP to 69900. Standard network charges apply. 18+ only. Helpdesk 0870 442 4202

TEXT CHAT

women text: ebizarre
men text: mbizarre
gay text: gbizarre
to: 69866

FREE 4 WOMEN FREE 1st 5 TEXTS !

Helpdesk 0870 442 4202. Standard network charges apply. 18+ only. Women: Network charges only. Men/Gay: Join for 10p per msg for 1st 5 msgs sent/recvd; 30p per msg thereafter. This is a subscription service, it will cost 30p per msg sent/recvd until you send STOP to 88866.

Text Chat with genuine guys & girls from 10p per text

Men: Text 'mbizarre' to 88199
Women: Text 'wbizarre' to 88199
Gay: Text 'gbizarre' to 88199

Helpdesk 0870 442 4202. Standard network charges apply. 18+ only. Women: Network charges only. Men/Gay: Join for 10p per msg for 1st 15 msgs sent/recvd; 25p per msg thereafter. This is a subscription service, it will cost 25p per msg sent/recvd until you send STOP to 88199.

HOT GAY CHAT only 9p per min 0871 300 0887 As seen on TV 'Gay Network' Sky - 873

FREE CHAT As seen on SKY channel 874 FROM 0p PER MIN

WOMEN: 0800 075 0841
MEN: 0871 300 0030
GAY: 0871 300 0045

0800 FREE AT ALL TIMES. 09PT = 9p/min

SEXY GAY TEXT text: GBIZ to: 69900

Join for 5p p/ msg for 2nd, 3rd, 4th & 5th msgs sent/recvd; 30p per msg thereafter. This is a subscription service, it will cost 30p per msg until you send STOP to 69900. Standard network charges apply. 18+ only. Helpdesk 0870 442 4202.

text chat text: bad to: 69866 TEXT STOP TO STOP ANYTIME

Helpdesk 0870 442 4202. Standard network charges apply. 18+ only. Women: Network charges only. Men/Gay: Join for 0p per msg for 1st 5 msgs sent/recvd; 30p per msg thereafter. This is a subscription service, it will cost 30p per msg sent/recvd until you send STOP to 69866.

TEXT MATCH FROM ONLY 5p PER TEXT

WOMEN TEXT 4 FREE! SWAP PICS! text: GLAMOUR to: 69900

VTL Helpdesk 0870 442 4202. *Women: Free of premium rate charge. Pic msg 65p each. Men: Join for 5p p/msg for 1st 15 msgs sent/ rcvd; 50p per msg thereafter. This is a subscription service, it will cost 30p p/msg until you send STOP to 69900. Standard network charges apply. 18+ only.

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We'll help you to make contact, you take it from there!

TO MEET LOCAL GIRLS CALL: 0908 019 6384

Browse our members gallery: www.LocalSex.co.uk Don't delay, get laid today!

BCM Box 2621, London WC1N 3XX. Calls cost £1/min at all times. All calls are recorded.

LIVE 1-2-1 WITH DOMINANT MISTRESS 0908 019 8219 CALL IF YOU DARE!

BCM Box 2621, WC1N 3XX. Calls cost £1/min at all times. All calls are recorded.

RANDY GRANNY 'I'M GAGGING FOR IT!' LIVE CALL ANNIE 0908 110 3427

BCM BOX 2621, WC1N 3XX Calls cost £1/min at all times. All calls are recorded.

FONE-A-FETISH ANYTHING GOES! EVEN YOUR MOST SECRET DESIRES CATERED FOR 1 ON 1 ACTION 24 HOURS 0908 110 8796

BCM Box 2621, London WC1N 3XX. Calls cost £1/min at all times. All calls are recorded.

HEAR ME LICK MY BEST FRIEND'S PUSSY LIVE! XXX LIVE ACTION! 0908 110 4076

BCM Box 2621, London WC1N 3XX. Calls cost £1/min at all times. All calls are recorded.

HORNY OLDER LADIES EXPERT PHONE FUCKING CALL ME AT HOME NOW! 0908 019 9665

BCM Box 2621, WC1N 3XX. Calls cost £1/min at all times. All calls are recorded.

PRIVATE 1-2-1

Sexy, experienced older lady (40+) is waiting by the phone for RED HOT SEX CHAT! Explore your fantasies . . .

0908 019 9666

BCM BOX 2621, WC1N 3XX. Calls cost £1/min at all times. All calls are recorded.

STRICT MISTRESS YOU WILL BOW TO MY DEMANDS 0908 019 9753

BCM Box 2621, London WC1N 3XX. Calls cost £1/min at all times. All calls are recorded.

KINKY CONTACTS

- Naughty Nurse Rosie will administer enema with full rectal examination CALL 0908 110 3407
- Fat girl is desperate for a good, hard cock between her tits and in both of her holes CALL 0908 110 4053
- Big Mama will pamper, feed and change adult babies CALL 0908 110 8797
- Mistress X will fuck your arse with 10" strap on CALL 0908 019 9754
- Caught wearing my sexy bra & knickers - now you must face your punishment! CALL 0908 110 3408

BCM Box 2621, WC1N 3XX. Calls cost £1/min at all times. All calls are recorded.

TEEN FIRST TIMER HEAR ME MOAN AS I SIT ON YOUR COCK! 0908 110 7984 18+

BCM Box 2621, London WC1N 3XX. Calls cost £1/min at all times. All calls are recorded.

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YOU WILL OBEY!!! CALL NOW FOR LIVE 1 ON 1 DOMINATION 0909 980 6587

BCM Box 2621, WC1N 3XX. Calls cost £1/min at all times. All calls are recorded.

RANDY GRANNY EXPERIENCED & HORNY Call Angie for a live 1-2-1 0909 980 6940

BCM Box 2621, WC1N 3XX. Calls cost £1/min at all times. All calls are recorded.

HORNY LIVE GIRLS 24/7 CALL ME FOR HOT SEX 0909 980 6906

BCM Box 2621, WC1N 3XX. Calls cost £1/min at all times. All calls are recorded.

How rude would you be to me Chat to me Text "rude" to 69697

NAUGHTY FORTIES! OLDER LADIES CHAT LIVE FROM HOME 0908 110 2918

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24hrs
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I'm wet & willing!
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JUST 18!
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0909 799 6780

I licked his aunts aching cunt
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HEADMISTRESS GIVES HER THE DILDO
0909 022 8762

35P MOTHER IN LAW GETS FIRST ARSE FUCK
0905 034 0136

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LIVE CHAT CALL HER NOW... YOU MAGGOT!
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I WILL HURT YOU 0871 550 6018
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MEN 0871 550 2088
WOMEN 0800 075 1013

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CUM OVER MY FACE & HAIR 0871 550 7019
MOTHER & DAUGHTER 0871 550 7020

DIRTY MOTHER-IN-LAW
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LIVE CHAT ONLY 35 PER MIN

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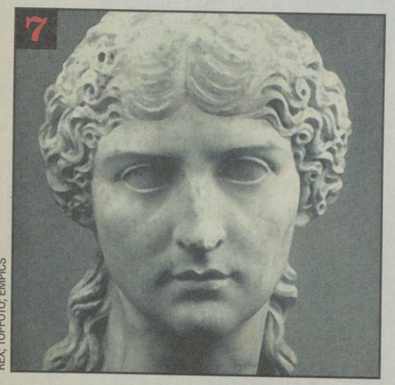
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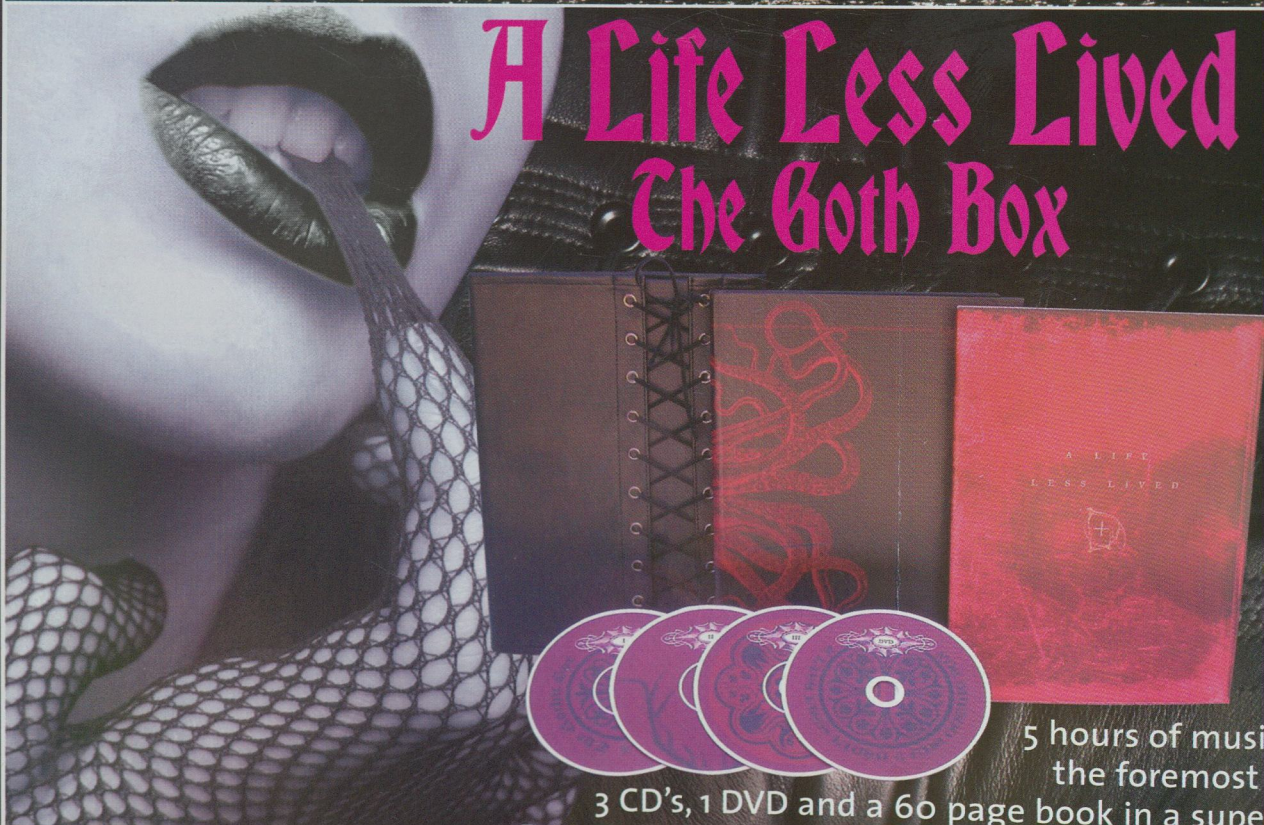

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